

Fuck The Police

Kottonmouth Kings

Ah fuck, not this asshole again
(All right, superstar, hands on the steering wheel)
What's the fuckin' problem, man?
(Any drugs or any weapons in the vehicle?)
Kind of
(I'm Frank Babbit, goddammit I mean business, punk)
I know who you are. Fuck that
(I told you boys I got my eyes on you)
Yeah, right

(Fuck the police) Man, lick these nuts
What did you just say?, (Fuck the police)
Why you gotta sweat us? I'll tell you why I'm sweating. (Fuck the police)
They say protect and serve, then why the fuck am I handcuffed on the curb?
Hey, outta of the car before I fire gun.

Well here's another tale from the Subnoize shot callers
Put it on the scale and we show you how to clock dollars.
Banging down the block, got my system on hit
Fly ass bitch all over my dick.
Take another hit of the chronic than I bounce down to
Johnny Richter's house so I could score another ounce,
Well that's the way it is I'm a Kottonmouth King
Rolling through the 'burbs, blowing big smoke rings
Cops on my tail; they in hot pursuit
I got my 215 but no excuse for the loot
I'm holding over 10 Gs, mostly big face bills
I got some old warrants and a bottle of pills.
I gotta think fast, so I'm heading to the pokey
I banged a quick left and I ditched Old Smokey
Pig flew by, didn't look my way
I must be higher than I thought today's a damned good day.

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Fuck you I buy bacon, we don't need it on the streets
If a problem crackin' off I sure don't call the police.
I'm calling snipers in your city code, cops I smell
Only trying to make a buck up off us crooked as hell.
I smashed on 'em by the simple fact that I'm holding 30 pounds
Make my way up into Michigan, smoke it with the clowns
You are not dealing with illegal people
No longer safe or sound
Bullets are flying all over the place
And blood is soaking the ground
I'm squeezing the hell out of Rugers and Glocks
You seeing them flatten their flocks I speeding away and heating the box
Beat rocks We play some weed and flip a bitch up in the hurry fashion
And who now do I see? It's Violent J, hatchet slashin'.

(Fuck the police) I'm sick of swine on my area
(Fuck the police) Yeah, it's Mr. Dirt Bags.
Pigs all up in my biz (Fuck the police)
What did you just call me? All together now fuck 'em Fuck me?

They got for sales in my distribution grid. Fuck you, punk ass.

Dispatch, I got a '78 Cutlass sedan, smoke billowing out.
Two Caucasian males with paint.
A license plate ICP. Run a check please.

Cruising down the street With the big fat hog
It's the do-gooder Duke of the wicked Violent J Jake the Big Dog.
Drinking Faygo like a madman Yes I do I'm screaming "Fuck the police!"
(Fuck you too) Well if I see them lights flash I'm fast to trip
With the shoka soogy back flip I fatten that lip.
Cuz fuck going to the stone bone Is what I say
I'd rather bury one of you butt nuggets away
I'm a wicked ass clown (with stiff's in the trunk)
And when I grip the whip (you can sniff in the funk)
Kid, cuz where I'm from it ain't about all that playin'
(Nooo!) Now that's what I'm saying (whoop!)
I hear the sirens blare My axe in your hair
Red mist in the air In the middle of your donut treat is my meat
You can quote me now, bitch, cuz I'm so sweet.

(Fuck the police) I'm trying to roll this blunt Yeah,
I'm gonna roll your clown ass (Fuck the police)
What the fuck you want? Is that a hatchet in the back seat? (Fuck the police
)
Yeah, it's all fun and games
'Til I saw your face off and choke your brains

Yeah, looks like I got myself a little Richter here
What's your fuckin' problem, man?
Get out of the car, asswipe.
I thought I told you I didn't want to see you
Why'd you even pull me over?
Yeah, some people never learn.
Hey if you run I'm pulling steel
Man, fuck you motherfucker!

Man I just hate it when I start the blaze and see the blue and red behind my
head
Now they're harassing me, asking me where I'm going, where I've been
There's people passing me laughing and now I'm starting to get upset.
Why you harassing me, pig? Yeah, I gotta fuck you for the boys in blue
And all the undercovers, yeah, fuck you too Got a big old bowl of fuck you s
oup
And if yous fuck gonna catch you soon Keep your mouth shut
About my stash and grow room or we might have to hunt you down
Touch tomb, desert for a dunes doom
Trying to fuck the police ones with real big boo, boo, boobs

Yeah, fuck the police
That's become a straight from the leg (you know)
Up on the hill you know we puffing on the dank
And taking on the fakes is what we do
We shuckin' rocks, you know, at your crew
We drink and brew, you know we getting tattoo
We killing sex in the afternoon
And talk about me (what?)
Talk about who (you know)
Get this popo out his blues

(Fuck the police) Y'all make me sick.
(Fuck the police) Y'all can suck my dick.
(Fuck the police) I want some weed shit I'm saying fuck the police

Coming straight from J Rich.