

Flagrant Cops

N.O.R.E.

Hey yo, the same old G, yo that's my shit
Switch CD's threw on Nas shit
Yo in the whip yo the windows clogged up
Shorty givin' me head mouth clogged up
Flusher Meadow we call it "Lovers Lane"

Every nigga probably here probably doin' the same
From the front seat back seat
Stashed in the glove compartment where we keep the heat
Shorty try to kiss me, I'm like "I don't kiss
Don't take it personal yo some ass this

But it's all good you could still suck my shit
She star-struck bitch just wantin' to fuck
Askin' me repeatedly to say what, what
She sucked my dick till I can't even bust
She sucked my shit I had no more nuts

Hey, yo it's time to break before it get too late
Had my wife out while I think I'm on a date
But I rolled the Philly and I counted my bread
She said, "One more time" and she grabbed my head

I'm like wow she spittin' on it gettin' on it
Actin' like she never had it, like she really wanted
I heard a knock on the window said, "Don't move"
Yo, I'm nearly stuck shorty jumped right up
Heard a nigga say, "Don't move and give it up"

At this point I'm shook turn around and I look
Bang, bang, yeah nigga just shot his ass
Broken window plus I got blood on my glass
Get the car door open gat in my hand
Still soapin' lookin' for who was approachin'

Blue suit damn I couldn't see through the tints
Ah fuck, it I'll say that it was self defense
But the bitch started yellin' raisin' hell in
I probably gotta body or two to see tellin'
But then yo a nigga just shot a cop

Pig's blood on my clothes, pig's blood on my glock
But they just shot a black man forty one times
He had no gat I got murder rhymes
What choo think they would've did if they see mine
The chick out of control wildin' screamin' and yellin'

I told her to chill before we get a felon
My hand over her mouth I told her cut it out
Gat to the stomach I took the highway hit a hundred
Scared to death wishin' I left

The heat in the crib but I didn't it was all red
The bitch sayin' she sick stop bullshittin'
I gotta cat crib in Jamaica
My little cousin he ain't gonna say nuttin'
"Son it's hectic right just hold me down aight?"

I'm on Wanted Most America
All of my phones is tapped now God, yo even my cellular
Me and Marty more shout for sure now we gang bangin' yo arc the sore
I gotta letter from the government the other day
Yo, I opened it up and yo I peep what it say

It said, "You can't get away ya hear? The KKK"
My niggas is sayin' I'm hot makin' 'em hot
I'm all over the news for hittin' the cop
But I'm still poppin' partyin' with John Chalkin
He said, "Before we talk we need a meal"

I need to get myself up and he can make a deal
I said, "Fuck no I don't give a fuck though
Yo the cop asked for it plus a nigga got dough"
The same bitch that I was with I'm still wit'

Hey, yo I felt her neck and I felt her tits
Hey, yo the bitch wired then I heard a gat fired
Remembered real quick feeling real sick
I fell to the floor handcuffed the bitch got me

I was tangled in this all along Poppy
Police got one and my Moms got the other copy
I got bagged up for a bad suck
I guess it's over now nigga got bad luck

Yo to the mutha fuckin' police uptown that shot that man
I hope one of y'all got to fuckin' Attica
The other one go to Con stalk
The other one go to Clinton

And the other one go to Sing-Sing
And y'all all wear wigs and lipstick
And get fucked in y'all fuckin' assholes
Fuck the fuckin' NYPD