

## Ram Part Division

Xzibit

I'm the police, I'm the police  
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I love my fucking rob, and I don't want to stop  
Ever since I was a child, I wanted to be a cop  
You know protect and serve, a couple traffic stops  
I make a bust, and take something out the top  
A thin blue line, we run these streets  
You bang on them, but never bang on me  
I cell search, stepping on pillows and sheets  
I'm the police, treat a nigga just like fresh meat  
I got a short wick, on some New York shit  
Take you to the precinct and fuck you with a broomstick  
I patrol your hood, put you on my hood  
Leave you in the wrong hood, got it understood  
PC 647b, that's a prostitute, plus she kind of cute  
She don't want to jail, well bitch I'll tell you what  
Get on your muthafuckin' knees, suck my partner up

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You know a couple of muthafuckas was giving us grief  
Pulled a couple strings, dodge the media beef  
Ever since them niggaz in black said "Fuck the police"  
I been grinding on the back of my teeth, loading my piece  
Waiting for some, get back like it or not  
We investigated the shots, that killed Biggie and Pac  
Ever wonder why nobody ever figured it out  
Cause we the ones that got to figure it out  
I shout freeze at the top of my lungs  
I'm the cream of the crop  
You don't stop you get popped by my warning shots  
And if you try to come back, with a civil suit  
I sit back and watch my system take a shit on you

Order in the court, Order in the court  
That muthafucka shot me, case dismissed  
Ha Ha Ha Ha, police  
I'm the police

You see this fuckin' badge, you see these fuckin' lights  
I'm in your neighborhood rolling on you every night  
You faggots run and duck, look at you scared as fuck  
You see me coming in your mirror niggaz straighten up  
Turn that hat around, I'm here to take you down  
Hey partner look at these weapons and this coke I found  
I'm going to let it slide, show you who you can trust  
And if you want to keep selling, nigga you sell for us  
Make you a 1030, I'll get you hands dirty  
Murder for hire, professional liar  
I plan to make police chief and then retire  
I remember when you set your own hood on fire  
I reinforce the freeways, to bring the tanks  
So the next time y'all trip, fuck bloods and crips  
Cause we the biggest gang in L.A.  
Ramp Part, fuck with us, get blown away

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