

## Crooked Officer

Z-Ro

Too many times I done been hated on, by 5-0  
Fuck your badge, I wish all of you bitches would die slow  
I'm just trying to survive hoe, and feed my family  
And I ain't killed nobody, but still rough is how they handle me  
I ride one deep, suspended license and all  
My middle finger out the window, screaming fuck the law  
I know what you protect and serve, not a god damn thang  
But give a nigga five years, for lessing the crowd mayn  
They got me feeling Devin, tell me why they do us that way  
The got me searching for the doja, in a doobie ashtray  
So I can cope with it, not trying to travel up and smoke with it  
My kinfolk in the maximum security, for no bidness  
Sick of I'm missing you, so here's what I'm fin to do  
Bounty hunting for badges, fuck a ditch I'ma dig a few  
The odds are against us, because we black  
So keep your heat in a stash spot, and always be strapped

Mr. officer, crooked officer  
Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya  
We been living hard, so it won't be soft for ya  
Fiending to see your blood, until you cough it up  
Mr. officer, crooked officer  
We just trying to feed, our sons and daughters sir  
We been struggling to make it, in America too long  
All we wanna do is live our life, and be left alone

Illegal search 45 minutes, what the fuck you looking for  
I roll on 24's, so the Dopeman is what they get me for  
And that's a shame, a nigga can't ride nice  
Without getting harassed, and facing 25 to life  
I wish I could make a citizen's arrest  
Knock the busters in the hole, and blow the badges up off of they chest  
Controlled substance on the ground, and it just had to be mine  
Fucking with me about weed, and they look blacker than mine  
Six months for getting caught up, with a soldier strap  
They'll put the felonies on me, but keep your doja sack  
That's why they proud to be, an American  
What about my Negro people, look how they stare at them  
With evil eyes, they hang a brother daily G  
The Judicial system, is our modern day slavery  
We ain't picking cotton no' mo' bitch, we picking off cops  
Negro life in association, we issuing out glocks

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I put my hands up too slow, and I got shot in the back  
Thrown in the back of the paddy wagon, left to ride in the pack  
What about my medical condition, it's some bullshit  
We don't give a damn if you die, one less nigger to deal with  
Ask me why, I don't give a fuck about the police

Cause all they offer is the penitentiary, with no peace  
They planting dope on niggaz, just to get a commission  
And if we don't cooperate, it'll be a longer stay in prison  
Everytime I had a flat, they'd just pass me by  
And if I was laying on the ground, they'd never ask me why  
But when I'm looking great, and rolling in something they can't pronounce  
They looking for any reason, not to let a nigga bounce  
Whether expired registration, or inspection stickers  
The only thing be on they mind, is we gon get them niggaz  
And it don't matter if we working, on a 9-to-5  
We rerouted by the system, facing 99

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