

Veruca Salt

"Drug Warz"

Visit "[Drug Warz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* Pam the Funkstress scratches the phrase
"We wanna get it on - cause we don't get along" *

[Boots]

Now the FBI monitors with no feedback
Saw me on the street, ask me where the weed at
or the coke I don't sell and yet I don't believe that
Set me up I'm runnin breathin like a Sleestak
Ran into a car and almost bent my knee back
It's better than a cell while my lawyer's fee stack
Ducked into a liquor store they ask what you do
Wearin FUBU it was my man N'Duku
The bat and tote go through, I said, "Merci beaucoup
If they ask who was I runnin tell the bastards I flew"
Maybe to my block, plans to catch a few flicks
Police did a sweep, terrorizin grue shit
Bustin doors, beatin mammas while makin Cool Whip
Face down, gettin dirt on my back to school fit
My neighbor that was next to me got black and blue lips
When the fuse lit, you don't see the few flip
Kick our boot up they ass and ask em if the shoe fit
Til then, they wanna see us pushin up tu-lips
Frisk my nuts so much, shit I think I'm sterile
Got up, brushed the gravel off my apparel
This girl Cheryl got parole violation
Said she was high cause of pupil dilation
If you never got arrested now since infinity
You get searched livin in this vicinity
or harassed, beat the shit out - I mean, the livin
daylights
Wouldn't be no dope slangin if McDonald's paid right
They target areas of black, Chinese and Mexican
Mow you down men, or they'll find your next of kin
Whites sell more cocaine and amphetamines
but the justice sentence us, more than like to credit
dem
The ruling class shifts dope to you and me
And don't get arrested, this is lunacy
or is it pimp low magic in unity
Is it a war on drugs, or just my community?

Now who gets paper and who gets perved?
Who gets slapped and who gets served?
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve
Who gets paper and who gets perved?
Who gets slapped and who gets served?
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve

I got a commonest plot to get the federales hot
So many cops around the block ?? Tupac
You gotta flake and two rocks, and tissues in the
shoebox
Convincin after two knocks, who heard of fences in
your socks?
Now this is for la gente, keep it calliente
Let's send the presidente on a one way trip to casa
permanente
Not a teacher but a sensei
These rhymes are for battle plus you gotta get the rent
paid
I bust the donut up in front of Wenchel's
Makin police state officials with fat bones
that's made of gristle test they torque to differential
Now it's essential, our problems ain't provincial
'fore a nurse call our bodies white chalk stencils
Broke as fuck, eatin lentils with no utensils
That type of struggle motivated my pencil
It ain't mental it's material
Police are the fist of the imperial, I'm spittin through
your stereo
Babies need cereal, folks need currency
My job got a crowd wavin applications fervently
Some'll get accepted, most'll get rejected
Guess they gon' til the new prison get elected
and that'll solve they unemployment streak
They'll be makin microchips for two dollars a week
That's why they packin us in there in droves and fleets
And Channel Two gon' call it cleanin up the streets

Now who gets paper and who gets perved?
Who gets slapped and who gets served?
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve
Who gets paper and who gets perved?
Who gets slapped and who gets served?
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve

