

## Reef the Lost Cauze

### "Bad Lieutenant"

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[ VERSE 1 ] I walk the mean streets jackin' for funds,  
harrassin' black kids for fun What seperates me is the  
badge and a gun They call me Rambo, yeah you know,  
the cop who got grazed Back in the days, chasin'  
niggas through your project maze As fast as they ran,  
them monkeys never got away If you slingin' in these  
parts, best believe I got a stake A vested interest, if you  
resistin' Get beat within inches of your life and then I  
spike the interest I want in, you get 20, I want 10 You  
got 10, I want 5, pay attention or you'll die Simple as  
that, I took a bite out of crime, got bitten back Started  
sniffin' packs, beat my wife cause the bitch was fat My  
son's a scumbag wigger, the kid thinks he's black I  
guess it's just the good Lord's way of gettin' me back  
On top of that shit ain't been right since '86 when my  
partner got 86ed By some crazy mick, it made me flip  
I'm out here shakin' down coons and prostitutes Got  
snitches in every building - you get money, then we  
watchin' you A dedicated team of sheisty cops, you  
want them white tiny rocks? We control everything  
within 90 blocks [ CHORUS (2X) ] Protect and serve,  
that's a joke, steal coke and get rich Fuck these  
animals, crackheads, niggers and spics That's why I'm  
takin' your bricks, rapin' your bitch, you can't do shit My  
badge prevent it, I'm a bad lieutenant [ VERSE 2 ] I sit in  
hallways snortin' cocaine Buggin' out, chasin' niggers  
on my horse in the rain, this is pain This is my wicked  
castle, my fortress to reign Thats how I'm sportin' this  
chain and supportin' Loraine And Teneesha, this black  
bitch I shack with On nights I got the pitch black shift,  
and she sucks my white fat dick When I get the coke  
she cuts it for me Such a lovely story, rob niggers who  
hustle for me See the thing thats fucked up, I set 'em  
up in drug busts Take the money and pass the coke on  
to the next young dumb fuck The ones who get  
cuffed'll never touch us Cause the American jury  
system will never not trust us This is how it works in the  
hood Why you think there's so many guns, hoes and  
work in the hood? I said, this is how it goes in the hood  
Why you think there's so many guns, and dope and  
work in the hood? [ CHORUS (2X) ] [ VERSE 3 ] I got a tip

this kid wasn't breakin' bread, so I'ma take his bread  
Break his head, he made his bed, next time I'ma make  
him dead I seen him on the ave, he can't be more than  
21 From a distance I watch the money come, yo, this  
dummy done I hopped out and seen all of his dunnys  
run He tried to bounce, but had a funny run, bum leg  
and his tummy plump I ran up on him, gripped him up,  
put my knee on his back Pistol-whipped his ass, made  
him bleed with the gat Raped his pockets, took all his  
stacks Told him he know the deal, the cops get a part  
of all of his packs A kid named Nathaniel, he was  
blacker than a cocker spaniel We searched his crib,  
found three ki's and lots of ammo Day's work done, I  
went to get my knob slobbered Teneesha was waitin' with  
fried chings and won tons Sat back on the couch, put  
my back on slouch Relaxed my feet up, then I put my  
joint in her mouth She started suckin' it, thats when I  
heard the buck-buckin' and The door kicked in, what  
the fuck is this? Yeah, Nathaniel come back to get his  
revenge And sadly, this is where my twisted tale ends

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