

W.C.**"Behind Closed Doors"**Visit "[Behind Closed Doors](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dear mr chief of police, excuse my handwriting but try to understand I wrote this with a broken hand, im just one outta many from the inner city who beens the victim of unseen police brutality. Beatin with a billy club until I became numb. Brusies from a handgun, said I was speedin going over the limit. But when they pulled me over they never gave me a ticket. They just said put both of hands up out my window real slow or else ill be a dead negro. But I was use to the routine I moved in a slow pace cause I didn't wanna make a mistake but that's when your boys pulled me out my car and both started kickin on me. I dropped to my knees and I covered my head tight but that's when they bust my neck with a flashlight. But still I stayed calm and took the pain. Picturing my ancesters going through the same thing, then I thought about the brother from Altadena who woulda thought I woulda been next on the list. I hit the corner. But when I woke up another black and a white room paralyzed waist down from a bullet wound. And now being charged for resisting arrest but it was either take a bullet or be beaten to death. Now for the rest of my life I got tubes connected to my lungs just because your boys wanted to have some fun. So here's a complaint to let the whole world know, this is what goes on behind closed doors.

(Chorus) The policemen are your friends. Theyre here to protect and serve, but as long as your white youre alright and you wont get beat to the curb. The policemen are your friends their here to protect and serve. But if you're black cause if you do then you will get burned.(end chorus) Back up on the streets after five long hard years I did my time on concrete and still here. No it wasn;t the crime of the century and no I didn't enjoy the penitentiary . but that was in the past now im back on the pavement. Would you did to go It feels kinda good not to carry a shank. I got 500 hundred dollars on my way to the bank. Oh oh here come a black and white ima get jacked tonight. The same crooked cop from a long time ago who planted in ounce in my homie's el camino. With a smile on his face he said welcome back nigger. Had his partner on

the side with his finger on the trigger. I knew the routine so I assumed the position, started searching through my pockets like he was on a mission. That's money that I made in the metal shop. Put it in his pocket said this is the end of the conversation and you better start walking or face a violation. I looked him in the eyes and knew he was a punk. Another sissy with a badge just tryin to front. I told him take off your gun and we can go some. He didn't hesitate and threw the first punch but kooke reacted and went straight for the nuts. And that's when his partner put his gun to my side said get in the trunk punk we're going for a ride. they took me to a hood that my hood was feud with locals in a park drinkin 40s and kickin it. They let me out the trunk and said sick him. That's how the story goes in a rat hole cause ima second class citizen, behind closed doors. (chorus)

Hanging at the crackhouse, im getting about 20,000 a day or so. But here comes Johnny the narco, the neighborhood cop from around the block.but wait a minute hes solo oh no something smelling fishy cause that aint like 5-0. I wonder wassup I see him slowly step outta his ride, now hes calling me off to the side. I peepin round the corner for backup nowadays smokers be snitchin on niggas and settin em up. But it was far from a set up it was more like a proposition to stay in my business. A little side money for the dirty cops to keep the feds off my back while im flating my rocks. I shoulda listen to my homies and told em to go to hell and took a chance of getting busted or going to jail but instead I got the paying the cops off weekly. Until they took advantage and started getting gritty that's when I told em paying them was in the past and they can kiss my ass. But that's when they started black mailing me and started yelling and telling me, you black chicks will be sorry. So later at night when I was at home asleep somebody kicked in my door and they yelled out freeze. "this time the suspected drug dealers spotted the officers before they hit the front door"

Visit [W.C.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.