

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Black and Blue"

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[Sadat X]

Cool-ass Al, he got a badge from the neighborhood yo
Fly police car, the ninety-two mod-el.. now check it out
Now Al used to rob, used to smoke, used to steal
and he rolled a mean game of dice
A factor boostin he was nice as he proved on the daily
tip
at Macy's, he and this kid up in Lacy's
Throw his head to blow when he turned into a Fed
I seen him, one day, I tried to get inside his head
There's two fit ill, glock cops, with passion
Black shoes fit, like they was made, from ashes
Another brother, a sister or somebody's pops
And when I see Al, he never stops
unless it's to make an arrest
He can't kick it, unless he writes a ticket
He got a nasty way, attitude everyday
It makes me kinda mad cause I really can't hit him
But brothers scheamin to get him
(Shoot 'im inna de busta bumba claat)
At any level the worst devil is a black one
And if you see one you gots to attack 'um
One day, I had the cell lit, up on Lewis Park
Cool Al appears, backs up, fresh Clarks
It's a hot day black, and the sun's beamin down
but I gotta get on the ground?
You're, sworn to whitey, do you think that you're
mighty?
You take the honor of bein the black Bull Carter
It's a shame cause use done out your righteous name
for a little rank and more fame
You're whole style is chump, you forgot to use the
pump
so instead of warnin brothers, better hide and take the
picture
You know the brothers wanna hit ya
("Gimme a gat I'm bout to smoke this motherfucker!")
So carry your gun, especially off duty
Don't forget that there's a price on the booty
Hidin upstate won't make you safe
By the way, are you of Christian faith?

Then prepare to meet your Mystery, become a place in
history
Force come shot down with some brothers from
Uptown
And if we're not totally through
Then you'll be left black and blue

Man these black ones is just as bad as the
motherfuckin white ones
They get a BULLSHIT badge, and think that they God
But yo I ain't havin that shit, I put a hole in they fuckin
ass
Then they see who's God
Comin in our midst causin this motherfuckin confusion?
I send that ass back to the essence quick fast

[Lord Jamar]

I knew a cop named Roy, a good nigga boy
To pull the trigger on another brother was a joy boy
Didn't give a FUCK if your face was black
He'll blow out your back, and say you sold crack
He'll see you in your car and don't like your look
He got beef with gold teeth so now you're a crook
Flash the lights, pull to the right
Put up a fight, well say night night, cause Roy boy
might
pull out the heater, for him there's nuttin sweeter
Eight to your head, from his nine millimeter
Roy had a thing about young black males
He wanna see em dead or either locked in jail
Down with every drug bust, for him it was a lust
Kickin down doors is like dickin down whores
I remember when he was a rookie, a tough cookie
Beatin down kids for playin hookie
You see Roy is the type of ne-gro
with a alter-ego that's illegal
He like shakin down niggaz on the block
Take you face down, let you hear the sound of the
hammer cock!
No need to fill out a report
Cause everybody know Roy doesn't get caught
Now he's feeling like Superman
to the trooper stand, with an Uzi in his hand
Now Roy's gotta answer
The pig's gonna get smoked like cancer, sticks
for all the tricks that Roy's ever played
Toy with the wrong nigga, boy you get, sprayed
For all the fucked up shit, that you put a brother
through
Black man, learn to love you
Cause even if you're dead, me and my crew

will beat you in your head, and leave your ass full of
lead
Black and blue

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