

Xzibit

"Ram Part Division"

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[Chorus - Xzibit]

I'm the police, I'm the police
I'm the police, I'm the police

[Verse 1 - Xzibit]

I love my fucking rob, and I don't want to stop
Ever since I was a child, I wanted to be a cop
You know protect and serve, a couple traffic stops
I make a bust, and take something out the top
A thin blue line, we run these streets
You bang on them, but never bang on me
I cell search, stepping on pillows and sheets
I'm the police, treat a nigga just like fresh meat
I got a short wick, on some New York shit
Take you to the precinct and fuck you with a broomstick
I patrol your hood, put you on my hood
Leave you in the wrong hood, got it understood
PC 647b, that's a prostitute, plus she kind of cute
She don't want to jail, well bitch I'll tell you what
Get on your muthafuckin' knees, suck my partner up

[Chorus]

I'm the police, I'm the police
I'm the police, I'm the police

[Verse 2 - Xzibit]

You know a couple of muthafuckas was giving us grief
Pulled a couple strings, dodge the media beef
Ever since them niggaz in black said "Fuck the police"
I been grinding on the back of my teeth, loading my
piece
Waiting for some, get back like it or not
We investigated the shots, that killed Biggie and Pac
Ever wonder why nobody ever figured it out

Cause we the ones that got to figure it out
I shout freeze at the top of my lungs
I'm the cream of the crop
You don't stop you get popped by my warning shots
And if you try to come back, with a civil suit
I sit back and watch my system take a shit on you

[Bridge]

Order in the court, Order in the court
That muthafucka shot me, case dismissed
Ha Ha Ha Ha, police
I'm the police

[Verse 3 - Xzibit]

You see this fuckin' badge, you see these fuckin' lights
I'm in your neighborhood rolling on you every night
You faggots run and duck, look at you scared as fuck
You see me coming in your mirror niggaz straighten up
Turn that hat around, I'm here to take you down
Hey partner look at these weapons and this coke I
found
I'm going to let it slide, show you who you can trust
And if you want to keep selling, nigga you sell for us
Make you a 1030, I'll get you hands dirty
Murder for hire, professional liar
I plan to make police chief and then retire
I remember when you set your own hood on fire
I reinforce the freeways, to bring the tanks
So the next time y'all trip, fuck bloods and crips
Cause we the biggest gang in L.A.
Ramp Part, fuck with us, get blown away

[Chorus]

I'm the police, I'm the police
I'm the police, I'm the police

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