

Z-Ro "Crooked Officer"

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[Z-Ro]

Too many times I done been hated on, by 5-0
Fuck your badge, I wish all of you bitches would die
slow
I'm just trying to survive hoe, and feed my family
And I ain't killed nobody, but still rough is how they
handle me
I ride one deep, suspended license and all
My middle finger out the window, screaming fuck the
law
I know what you protect and serve, not a god damn
thang
But give a nigga five years, for lessing the crowd mayn
They got to feel me Devin, tell me why they do us that
way
The got me searching for the doja, in a newbie ass tre
So I can cope with it, not trying to travel up and smoke
with it
My kinfolk in the maximum security, for no bidness
Sick of I'm missing you, so here's what I'm fin to do
Buy me hunting for badges, fuck a ditch I'ma dig a few
The odds are against us, because we black
So keep your heat in a stash spot, and always be
strapped

[Hook]

Mr. officer, crooked officer
Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya
We been living hard, so it won't be soft for ya
Fiending to see your blood, until you cough it up
Mr. officer, crooked officer
We just trying to feed, our sons and daughters sir
We been struggling to make it, in America too long
All we wanna do is live our life, and be left alone

[Z-Ro]

Illegal search 45 minutes, what the fuck you looking for
I roll on 24's, so the Dopeman is what they get me for
And that's a shame, a nigga can't ride nice
Without getting harassed, and facing 25 to life
I wish I could make a citizen's arrest
Knock the busters in the hole, and blow the badges up
off of they chest
Controlled substance on the ground, and it just had to

be mine
Fucking with me about weed, and they look blacker
than mine
Six months

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