

## Ayman

### "Constables"

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[Chorus](8X)

"Police be clocking me" -> KRS-One - Hip Hop vs Rap

[Verse 1]

I make wax, I pay tax, I don't show cracks  
Something to kick back, you callin' on dispatch  
The deal you'd did with a dealer you the distel  
Took Gladys from his box now he's burried in the  
system  
You see me comin' out of my building  
All types of days and nights, wondering if I got a nine  
to five  
Those I always do, so you cry I spy  
A flashin' goes smile, you in the corner of my eye  
Walkin' I feel the hawk over right the side  
It's over from the act, lyricist start to walk live  
Shop lift or what, then I start to jog  
Hearin' speed accelerated from the J-8's car  
The sirens sound violent they expect more not ready  
I'm on the stoop my man named Little Eddy we started  
laughing  
He's nextdoor from me, is a house that has traffic like  
drugs are free  
But I'm a new face in a new place of a melon race  
Gets black in 'em makes a good fellow case  
And that's not so and I get mad cause everywhere I go  
Long as I'm dark walkin clarks in my village tho

"Police be clocking me" -> KRS-One - Hip Hop vs Rap  
(8X)

[Verse 2]

They clocking, shocking and knocking me  
Wantin' a reason for whocking me  
But I ain't committin' no crime  
Soon as they stoppin me O.C. roll if a dolo went solo  
Cop car come screechin in my presence in a second  
yellin "Freeze!"  
I'm scared how can I stop hopped over a fence  
Runnin' frantic sendin' O.C. into a panic  
I 'fused to be rock me hardly you won't scar me beatin'

me down  
Yellin' smellin old and coffee sender  
Fuckin' hard, but soft to a stick  
Some cops are cool and some are just downright dicks  
You won't in 68 me in a choke hole, death mockin' me  
So for that even my dousin keep clockin me  
Check my abdominal check how I'm fashion  
Nice sticks if you don't had the same type of fashion  
Two blocks behind me two jakes who want blue and  
white  
Pair glocks equals 32 shots I think not

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(8X)

[Verse 3]

What for!? Is it my B-Boy presence mixed with mature  
Is it the way Stone and me comb the city in a Benz  
Legitimate plus without ends  
Paperwork was right, we sat aside a red light  
Givin' dirty looks, I guess assumin' we were crooks  
Scopin' the car, tags of the par, rims shinin' in ya face  
With the tires all along and I dig it  
All young is my complexion been through gettin' stress  
So I know you understand what I manifest  
A friend of me, uncool, that squares a black cop Jones  
All crooked with fat rides and homes  
Watch your own BB with the APP on your side  
And corrupt cats corriscatin on the margin  
Next time read me my rights check out the snipes  
Look behind ya on the wall sucker I rocks mics

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