

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony**

### **"F Tha PoliceRemix"**

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[Sirens blaring.]

Layzie:

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em . . .

Krayzie:

Surprise.

You're muthafuckin' right.

Krayzie:

Yo, fuck the police, comin' straight from the underground. A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown and not the other color.

Some police think they have the authority to kill a minority, but muthafucka mad, 'cause I ain't the one for a punk muthafucka

with a badge and a gun to be beatin' on and thrown in jail. But we can go toe to toe in the middle of the cell.

Fuckin' with a

nigga, 'cause a nigga turned major, and got a little bit of money and they play us, search a nigga car, lookin' for a product,

thinkin' every thug nigga sellin' narcotics. They'd rather see me in the pen, than me blowin' indo rollin' in my Benz-o. I send the

police to the grave, and when I'm finished, nigga, bring the yellow tape to tape off the scene of the slaughter, still gettin' swoll off

bread and water. I don't know if they fags or what-- search a nigga down and grab on his nuts. And on the other hand, without

a gun they can't get none, but don't let it be a black and a white one, 'cause they'll slam ya down to the street top. Black police

showin' out for the white cop, but Krayzie Bone will swarm on any muthafucka in a blue uniform. Just 'cause I'm from the

C-L-E, the punk muthafuckas are afraid of me, huh. A young nigga on the warpath, and when I'm finished, it's gonna be a

bloodbath of cops dying around my way. Yo, bitch, I got somethin' to say:

[Sirens blaring.]

Layzie:

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em . . .

Krayzie:

Surprise.

You're muthafuckin' right.

Krayzie and Layzie:

Fuck the police and Bone said it with authority, 'cause the niggas on the street is a majority, a gang, and it's whenever I'm

steppin' that a muthafuckin' weapon is kept in the stash spot for the so-called law, wishin' Bone was some niggas that they

never saw. Lights start flashin' behind me, but they scared of a nigga, so they mase me to blind me, but that shit don't work. I

just laugh, and plus, it gives 'em a hint not to step in my path. The police, I'm sayin', "Fuck you, punk."

Readin' my rights and

shit. It's all junk. Pullin' out a silly club, so you stand with a fake-ass badge and a gun in your hand, but take off the gun, so we

can see what's up, and I'll go at it, punk, and I'm a fuck you up. Made ya think I'm a kick your ass, and drop the gat, and

Bone's gon' blast. I'm sneaky as fuck when it comes to crime, and I'm a smoke 'em now and not next time.

Smoke any

muthafucka that sweats me and any asshole that threatens me. I'm a sniper with a hell of a scope, takin' out a cop or two.

They can't fuck with me. The muthafuckin' killa that's mad with potential to get bad as fuck. Now I'm a turn it around--dig in

the clip, yo, and this is the sound: [Two Gunshots.]

Yeah, somethin' like that, but it all depends on the size of the strap.

Takin' out a police will make my day, and the niggas like Bone, don't give a fuck to say . . .

[Sirens blaring.]

Layzie:

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em . . .

Krayzie:

Surprise.

You're muthafuckin' right.

Layzie:

I'm tired of these muthafuckin' jackins. Sweatin' my thug, while we be thuggin' in the shack and shinin' the

lights in my face and  
for what? Maybe it's because I'm kickin' so much butt. I  
kick ass, nigga. Maybe, 'cause I blast on a stupid-ass  
nigga when  
I'm playin' with the trigger of an uzi or an AK, 'cause the  
police always got somethin' stupid to say. They pull out  
my picture  
with silence, 'cause my identity along with my groups  
causes violence. It's Bone with the criminal behavior.  
Yeah, I'm thugsta,  
nigga, but still I got flavor. Without a gun and a badge,  
what do you got? A nigga in a uniform waitin' to get  
shot by me or one  
of my niggas, and with a gat it don't matter if you're  
smaller or bigger.

Krayzie:

Size don't mean shit. I'm from the old school, fool.

Layzie:

And as you all know, Layzie Bone came to rule.  
Whenever I'm rollin', keep on lookin' in your mirror, and  
ears on cue, yo, so I  
can hear a dumb muthafucka with a gun. And when I'm  
rollin' off the Eight, you'll be the one that I take out, and  
then I get  
away, and while I'm drivin' off laughin', this is what I  
say, believe that . . .

[Sirens blaring.]

Layzie:

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em . . .

Krayzie:

Surprise.

You're muthafuckin' right.

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