

Bone Thugs N Harmony "Fuck The Police"

Visit "[Fuck The Police](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Sirens blaring.]

Layzie:

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em(X2)

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.

Visit [Bone Thugs N Harmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.