

Dave Berry

"U Ain't Gonna Take My Life *"

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* Originally appeared as a B-side to Cube's "Wicked" single

Mr. Dirty Harry, you look really scary
With your .357, officer Kevin
Spent 11 years on the force trying to get mine
Head got the flat top, boots got the spit shine
Don't give a fuck about my neighborhood
Just wanna do your eight hours, then hit the showers
Shoot a brother down adn you don't send flowers
Goddamn sherrif, can't wait to tarriff
A chunk of a nigga ass, but watch a nigga blast
And get away nigga fast
You ain't gonna have me face down no more
You ain't gonna have a chance to clown no more
To the boys in blue, I got kids too
Ain't going out like a jigaboo, no no no
On my way to the store
You see me in a Range Rover, now you gotta pull me
over
But where oh where is the ticket?
You got your hand on your gun cause you're wicked
You don't like the face of the original man
But you gotta treat me like an individual man
Talk right and I'll talk right back
Show some goddamn respect to the black
Cause I gotta get back to my wife
But I'm sorry, you ain't gonna take my life

Just because you got a badge
Did you think Ice Cube was gonna wave the white flag?
Cracker please, you can yell freeze
I'd rather die standing up than die on my knees
You think you can do anything you want to do
To my crew when you come through, man fuck you
Shooting up South Central
Catch your ass slipping at a rent show
Could have popped you off, one dead cop
But I know you got a wife and a dog named Spot
I show a little mercy cause I'm civilized
Looking through a nigga's eyes at a much bigger prize

But when I saw Rodney it got me so hot
Made me wanna go out and pop me a cop
Cause every time you see me sagging
Here comes the Grand Dragon, in the motherfucking
patty wagon
Try to play me like a trick
Sometimes you act like a dick, Mr. Nightstick
Back then, I used to throw my Mack-10
But nowadays you got the black skin
Back then you don't like the voice of a nigga named Ice
But you ain't gonna take my life

You man let's get an understanding
I know that your job is demanding
But I only got me one life to live
You only got about six shots to give
And I got a big AK with a 50-round clip
So why should we trip?
You ain't gonna punk me, so what you trying for?
Ain't no job worth dying for, is it?
Might pay a visit to Petey Wheatstraw
When you stop me on the shore, officer of the law
And if I did something wrong, you can lock me up
Never never never gonna sock me up
So next time you have the urge, all of the sudden
To fuck with a nigga for nothing
Think about me, a brother that's 23
I got a son and a J-O-B
So before you pull your gun, you'd better think twice
Pig, cause you ain't gonna take my life

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