

**Dirty****"Git Cha Handz Off Me"**

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Get ya hands off me, get ya hands off me  
Get ya hands off me, (errry) get ya hands off me  
Get ya hands off me, get ya hands off me  
-You better tell 'em, you better tell 'em-  
Get ya hands off me  
-You better tell 'em-

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I'm comin' down the street in my candy painted  
Chevrolet  
Twenty-four inch chrome spinners got that Chevy  
skatin'  
Down the boulevard, it's kinda odd the way it's levitatin'  
Six 15's in the trunk got that Chevy shakin'  
I ain't e'en have my music crunk, now they tryin' to play  
me  
Every time they stop me they don't get nothin'  
so I know they hatin' (not to day)  
I'm slippin' ridin' dirty with a ounce of hay  
I'ma show 'em today the way this 350 can run like  
Walter Payton  
I done already ate the weed, so it ain't no need for the  
cops chasin'  
I pull to the side of the street, give him my ID and  
registration  
"I'm headed to the daycare center officer, to get my  
babies  
If I keep bein' late pick 'em up, then DHR a' take 'em"  
He told me he don't give a FUCK  
He don't care nothin' bout my situation  
Well I ain't give a [fuck]  
The way the front do' knocked down on the pavement  
That goes to show you how they  
act around holidays and Christmas season  
Just to get that bonus  
they get to stoppin' niggaz for no damn reason (no  
damn reason)

[Chorus]

Police get ya hands off me, nigga stop touchin' us  
If we ain't did nothin', why the fuck you cuffin' us

I know you probably smell that killer dank  
but that don't mean nothin'  
I don't give a damn what you think  
you ain't seen nothin'

Police get ya hands off me, nigga get ya hands off me  
Police get ya hands off me, ni-nigga get ya hands off  
me  
Police get ya hands off me, nigga get ya hands off me  
Police get ya hands off me, get yo' motherfuckin'  
hands off me

[Verse 2: Mr. G-stracka]

Why the pigs out to get me, why they always fuckin' wit'  
me  
Seem like them bitches pickin', and that shit be fuckin'  
wit' me  
All the time they mean-muggin', lookin' hard at me for  
nothin'  
Why the hell you mean-muggin', tell me what you see  
cousin  
Gangsta gonna stay thuggin', always pistol huggin'  
But my shit legit, and my permit allows the shit in public  
Long as it's concealed, I know my rights so I think  
nothing of it  
All up in my grill, gon make you feel the way the steele  
be bustin'  
Never knew a pig I trusted, cause they never let ya free  
Have a nigga on TV, runnin' from the MPD  
Catch me or you gon' get beat, arrest me if I'm sellin'  
ki's  
But you can't, cause you ain't... seen a nigga sellin' ki's  
Take off all that uniform, put away that badge and gun  
Step off in this grass and lawn, one-on-one we can  
taunt  
Scared of that, ain't you son?  
You don't want my hands to touch ya  
So when you pull me over busta, don't be tryin' to  
handcuff us

[Chorus] - 2X

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