

Katatonia

"Flagrant Cops"

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[Skit]

[Noreaga]

Hey yo the same old G
Yo thats my shit
Switch cd's threw on Nas shit
Yo in the whip yo the windows clogged up
Shorty givin me head mouth clogged up
Flusher Meadow we call it "Lovers Lane"
Every nigga probably here probably doin the same
>From the front seat back seat
Stashed in the glove compartment
Where we keep the heat
Shorty try to kiss me
I'm like "I don't kiss
dont take it personal yo some ass this
but it's all good you could still suck my shit"
She star-struck bitch just wantin to fuck
Askin me repeatedly to say "What what"
She sucked my dick till I can't even bust
She sucked my shit I had no more nuts
Heyyo it's time to break before it get too late
Had my wife out while I think I'm on a date
But I rolled the philly and I counted my bread
She said "One more time" and she grabbed my head
I'm like "Wow she spittin on it gettin on it"
Actin like she never had it like she really wanted
I heard a knock on the window said "Don't move"
Yo I'm nearly stuck shorty jumped right up
Heard a nigga say "Don't move and give it up"
At this point I'm shook turn around and I look
BANG BANG Yeah nigga just shot his ass
Broken window plus I got blood on my glass
Get the car door open gat in my hand
Still soapin lookin for who was approachin
Blue suit damn I couldn't see through the tints
Ah fuck it I'll say that it was self defense
But the bitch started yellin raisin hell-in
I probably gotta body or two to see tellin
But then yo a nigga just shot a cop
Pig's blood on my clothes pig's blood on my glock

But they just shot a black man
Fourty one times
He had no gat I got murder rhymes
Whatchoo think they would've did if they see mine
The chick out of control wildin screamin and yellin
I told her to chill before we get a felon
My hand over her mouth I told her cut it out
Gat to the stomach I took the highway hit a hundred
Scared to death wishin I left
The heat in the crib but I didn't it was all red
The bitch sayin she sick stop bullshittin
I gotta cat crib in Jamaica
My little cousin he ain't gon say nuttin
"Son it's hectic right just hold me down aight?"
I'm on Wanted Most America
All of my phones is tapped now God
Yo even my cellular
Me and Martymore shout for sure
Now we gang bangin yo arc the sore
I gotta letter from the government the other day
Yo I opened it up and yo I peep what it say
It said "You can't get away ya hear? -The KKK"
My niggas is sayin I'm hot makin em hot
I'm all over the news for hittin the cop
But I'm still poppin partyin with John Chalkin
He said "Before we talk we need a meal"
I need to get myself up and he can make a deal
I said "Fuck no I dont give a fuck though
yo the cop asked for it plus a nigga got dough"
The same bitch that I was with I'm still wit
Heyyo I felt her neck and I felt her tits
Heyyo the bitch wired then I heard a gat fired
Remembered real quick feeling real sick
I fell to the floor handcuffed the bitch got me
"I was tangled in this all along Popy"
Police got one and my Moms got the other copy
I got bagged up for a bad suck
I guess it's over now nigga got bad luck

Yo to the mutha fuckin police uptown that shot that man
I hope one of ya'll got to fuckin Attica
The other one go to Constalk
The other one go to Clinton
And the other one go to Sing-Sing
And ya'll all wear wigs and lipstick and get fucked in
ya'll fuckin assholes
Fuck the fuckin NYPD

