

Keke Wyatt

"Crooked Cop"

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Hahaha, yeah
Super, this is super, yeah

[Verse 1]

A "100 Miles and Runnin" on the block cause I'm
wanted
The cops try to say I'm under arrest for nuttin
Since I'm young and paid, drivin a big truck
One of the main reasons they don't give a fuck
When you got a warrant that's not good
Dirty cops throw your hands on the hot hood
Gettin frisked by the you know who
Crooked ass detectives don't even have a clue
When it's time to run, I jump gates, throw milk crates
do whatever so I don't get shipped upstate
First flat, already tryna bust caps
Talkin about they tryin to get somebody's purse back
They wanna see me under the precinct
gettin disrepected, treated undecent
That's why I bounce when they pass by
Fuck that, I ain't goin out like the last guy

[Chorus]

It's a dirty game out there
Crooked cops takin shots
Snitches sayin names out there
This ain't your block, I got dibs on that
Run in cribs with kids and blow wigs back
Police is grimy, lookin like "try me"
Ready to lock me up, ridin by me
I just put my game face on
Five of us deep, all singin the same song

[Verse 2]

Yeah, put your hands up, y'all know what time it is
We all going, whether the shit's mine or his
Tryna catch a nigga six in the morning
In my boxers, catch a nigga while he yawning (feet
don't fail me now)
I can't get locked up, there's no stash for the bail now
So a nigga gotta change the routine, take a little trip OT

Catch a new scene, playin big man games
Get knocked said no names
And I don't even sell dope or cocaine
In the streets, my block's full of track stars
Everybody tryna look like some rap star
For every dirty cop there's another block
full of hard rocks 'bout to get got
DT's when they pass us, they harass us
I gotta rock a vest, cause they even blast us

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

They never seen me comin
Jumpin over they car, like that badge don't mean nothin
My third strike, see me on a dirt bike
All they know is that he's black and his shirt's white
I have no regards for authority
all I know is that I'm gettin money and have more to
feed
When they start with that "come out with your hands
up"
Talkin 'bout "put his ass in handcuffs"
I'm a hit the back streets, throw the heat in my man's
jeep
While it movin and stack heat
I can't sleep cause I'm p-noid
Always lookin out for unmarked cars and decoys
It's a jungle so I got a good lawyer
And all y'all DA's I got somethin for ya
I'm still gettin blunted when the cops is comin
Shots got me a "100 Miles and Runnin"

[Chorus] - 2X (*police sirens appear behind Chorus the
second time*)

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