

## Krs-One

# "Woop! Woop! (Showbiz Remix)"

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Chorus:

Woop-woop!  
That's the sound of da police!  
Woop-woop!  
That's the sound of the beast!

Verse One:

Stand clear! Don man a-talk  
You can't stand where I stand, you can't walk where I  
walk  
Watch out! We run New York  
Police man come, we bust him out the park  
I know this for a fact, you don't like how I act  
You claim I'm sellin' crack  
But you be doin' that  
I'd rather say "see ya"  
Cause I would never be ya  
Be a officer? You WICKED overseer!  
Ya hotshot, wanna get props and be a saviour  
First show a little respect, change your behavior  
Change your attitude, change your plan  
There could never really be justice on stolen land  
Are you really for peace and equality?  
Or when my car is hooked up, you know you wanna  
follow me  
Your laws are minimal  
Cause you won't even think about lookin' at the real  
criminal  
This has got to cease  
Cause we be getting HYPED to the sound of da police!

Chorus

Verse Two:

Now here's a likkle truth  
Open up your eye  
While you're checking out the boom-bap, check the  
exercise  
Take the word "overseer," like a sample

Repeat it very quickly in a crew for example  
Overseer  
Overseer  
Overseer  
Overseer  
Officer, Officer, Officer, Officer!  
Yeah, officer from overseer  
You need a little clarity?  
Check the similarity!  
The overseer rode around the plantation  
The officer is off patrolling all the nation  
The overseer could stop you what you're doing  
The officer will pull you over just when he's pursuing  
The overseer had the right to get ill  
And if you fought back, the overseer had the right to  
kill  
The officer has the right to arrest  
And if you fight back they put a hole in your chest!  
(Woop!) They both ride horses  
After 400 years, I've got no choices!  
The police them have a little gun  
So when I'm on the streets, I walk around with a bigger  
one  
(Woop-woop!) I hear it all day  
Just so they can run the light and be upon their way

Chorus

Verse Three:

Check out the message in a rough stylee  
The real criminals are the C-O-P  
You check for undercover and the one PD  
But just a mere Black man, them want check me  
Them check out me car for it shine like the sun  
But them jealous or them vexed cause them can't  
afford one  
Black people still slaves up til today  
But the Black police officer nah see it that way  
Him want a salary  
Him want it  
So he put on a badge and kill people for it  
My grandfather had to deal with the cops  
My great-grandfather dealt with the cops  
My GREAT grandfather had to deal with the cops  
And then my great, great, great, great... when it's  
gonna stop?!

Chorus

