

Krs-One & Greenie "1 Cop, 2 Cops"

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CHORUS

1 Cop, 2 Cops Â– HIT 'YA HARD...
Bein' whte ain't no get out jail free card
3 Cops, 4 Cops, HIT 'YA HARD...
What would they have done if your skin was dark?

VERSE # 1

It was after midnight, it's... me and my tightest
Boy out late we ain't bein' the brightest
--lookin fo' my money, cuz it missed me bad...
So we turned my car into a gypsy cab...
Elizabeth, New JerseyÂ—at the train station...
Two kids jump in without hesitation...
One looks Latin and the other looks Haitian
We drivin them to they destination...
By my estimation, we only gone 2 minutes...
When 'da 5-0 (car) stops us with 2 white cops in it...
I figger they'll ask "do you know why we stopping you...
?"
"Good evening sir"Â—I say... in the whitest way
possible...
I hand them the licenses of me and my friend...
I tell everyone stay as calm as they can...
I'm thinkin-- I'm whiteÂ—I can straighten this mess out
But they tell me to STEP OUTÂ—and make us all GET
OUT
Picture 'dis like a mugshotÂ—there's this crazy one
cop...
Whose slurring his speech and his eyez iz bloodshot
I swear he's drunkÂ—as he's searching my trunk...
Going through all my junk... and callin us punks...
... he finds my public enemy CDS--that cracks them up...
2 more cops arrive now to back them up...
They look in my back seat... an' ask if I have a
rapsheet...
Then drunk cop walks up... CUFFS ME AND SMACKS ME!
?

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VERSE # 2

No one say nothing—I'm down on the floor...
He shows a paper bag I ain't seen before...
Now we in so much shit, cuz just as he opens it...
"If you don't want broken ribs, you'll tell us whose coke
this is... "
But on my moms-- --yo I swear we iz innocent...
For some stupid reason --we start actin' militant...
"That ain't mine, cop— and it ain't my friend's...
-u fuckin pig, donchu you hit me again..."
-- I can't believe I'z ever 'dat stupid...
Cuz drunk cop makes a fist... (yo) les' do this...

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VERSE # 3

(I'm on) the ground, where it's muddy -- I look at my
buddy...
His left eye's bruised and his lip is bloody...
As a ignorant white guy—I'm like "what's with the
violence... !"
... where's my fuckin' right to be silent?
Where my warrant? Whas' the probable cause...
I usta trust in the laws, now I'm bust in my jaw! ?
The Haitian and Latin kid — are in put in the squad
car...
Now the cops tell us "we know whose drugs these are...
"we ain't pulled you over cuz you an illegal taxi..."
"we recognized drug dealers in your backseat..."
They'd been after those kids since the previous
morning...
Now the cops say we gettin' off with a warning...
"If we see u your punk ass in the city again, we're
arresting you...
If you tell anyone what happened tonight, we're
arresting you...
--if you care about your life at all—we--suggesting
you...
Pretend that none of my crew ever questioned you..."
Damn--- I'm guessin you— —if your skin is black...
... would be smart enuff to leave and never come
back...
But I was so stupid-- I just wanted justice...
Cops had hit me and I'z like "fuck this..."
So we drive down to the station {now} to make a

complaint...

The desk seargeant GRINS like "oh, no you ain't..."

He disappears for minute —and guess who he returns
with////

We taught u a lesson— and you didn't learn it! ?

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