

Looptroop Rockers

"Long Arm Of The Law"

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Yaya, yayaya, yayaya, yayaya
Yo, when the long arm of the law
Is grabbing you, backstabbing you
Policecars passing you, on dark avenues
Mag-lights flashing you, pigs harassing you
Breaking you down, smashing you (smashing you)

On the concrete, you find out you can't compete
With the number one thief on the street
I tried to tell you that back, on the biggest hustle track
It's OK to sell crack, if the cops got your back
And they certainly will, if they're on your payoff
They know that if they fuck around, they're getting laid
off

And to the cops, to the average citizens, a clean
conscience
compared to a steady income, that's nonsense
That's why I stay getting busted for bullshit charges
More than one time, one time, came around
This what went down
NÅr ja Å Tommy var i BurlÅv, du kommer ihÅg,
eller hur bÅg?
-JorÅ schlook, vi hade just fotat pieces
Now we're getting fucked by the long dick of the law
Inflict social diseases cause they use no protection
Judge slam the hammer, D.A. got an erection
Wouldn't even give me a public defender
For such a small case, not paying on the trains
Still they wanna four thousand kronors, from my bank
account

I thought that was a too big amount
But the judge didn't had no sympathy on me
All on his mind are I committed (unhearable)
But I wasn't fighting - No war (no waaar)
So why they wanna send a mailman with a ticket to mi
door

-ah to mi dooor

I was only trying to make a wholecar

- A wholecar

The Bigfoot beast wanna arrest dej, and put you
behind bars

-In just a blur, in just a blur
Free Mumia Abu Jamal

(Check it out ya, yayaya)
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Asking you "what", "why", "when"
And "Where at were you?"
"And with whom", so you is innocent till proved
(yea, yea)
They're in the wrong mood, you're in the wrong goove
Or you might look kinnda rude, eatherways you're
getting screwed
Told what not to do, how to improve the system
By not making moves, not questioning rules
Not being concerned with, who's getting beat and
bruised
Who's being abused, well well
I got news for those who belive the police doing their
work right
My man from back home, killed this kid in a fight
Had to do social-work, he got arrested a few times
But never had to do time, never paid no fines
This other cat, he goes trace, with official failance
Which equals, he lost some money for the government
They couldn't prove his guilt, as he stood in silence
But since that crime was economical
They bet every law and paragraph, they could find to
lock him up
Now what does that teach us - They don't give a fuck
If you hurt flesh and blood that don't cross nothing
But you'll get like twelve months for material
destruction
Yo, that's disgusting
So when the long arm of the law try to get it's grip
Grip your middle finger and split
(yo, split)

ya, wa wa
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Is grabbing you, backstabbing you
Policecars passing you, on dark avenues

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It's like this, I'm depressed by the whole system
That's why I diss 'em, no fake ass-kissing
Yo listen, recently I had to pay a visit
To Malmoe courthouse, two-thousand crowns if I miss
this, so skip it
I went down there to be confronted
I denied the whole scenario, said I couldn't have done
it
Nine thirty in the morning meet a lawyer
He said it looks kinnda bad, they got witnesses and all
that - Fuck that!
I still feel like I am innocent
You think I wrote B.I.F on Mac D without a reason
Yo, I'm stuck, it's like David versus Goliath
A lonely man, versus the corruption of liars
Don't expect silence though, I make noise till ya ears
bleed
And make you all scrap paint until I stop breath
Belive me, I know the time when it's on
Cosmic, lyricly I rock in Babylon
-But yo Cos, what happened on that trial incident?
You know the same old song
They find my story insufficient, mistreated,
defeated and mentally harassed
An outcast, who's done for punishment at last

Yo, ya, wa, check

Yo, when the long arm of the law
Is grabbing you, backstabbing you
Policecars passing you, on dark avenues
Mag-lights flashing you, pigs harassing you
Breaking you down, smashing you
Gouvernment taxing you, turning backs on you
If you got the wrong sex, and the wrong accent too
The wrong attitude, living on the wrong latitude
Still they want your ass to show gratitude

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