

Corey Smith

"F*** The Po Po"

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Blue lights flashing, they got traffic stopped

And Highway 11's done turned into a permanent road block

I wasn't driving, my wife was my D.D.

And she hadn't drank a drop, still got hassled by the J.P.D.

And I said hey dude can't you just leave her alone

She ain't done nothin' wrong man and we just want to go home

Woah-woah

And I was mad as hell, thinking fuck the po-po

and they wonder why folks don't trust 'em no more

Woah-hoah

And I'm not gonna let this go, so I'm singing fuck the po-po

So I got arrested, just for speaking up

And that cop said boy the only right you have is to shut the fuck up

Now I'm a jail-bird, I've done time in the pen

And I've got a real messed up story to tell all my friends

And my name was in the newspaper in my home town

They ruined my reputation because I didn't bow down

hell no

And now I'm mad as hell singing fuck the po-po

And they wonder why folks don't trust 'em no more

Woah-hoah

And I'm not gonna let this go so I'm singing fuck the po-po

Two fingers in the air for the J.P.D.

The long-arm of the law coming down on me

Now I understand why all these rappers are mad

They must have been treated as badly as I have

Now I'm screaming thug life, fuck the po-po

Shootin' birds out the window whenever the cops go by

They're puttin road blocks in front of my house

Man I'm starting to feel like I live under the Taliban

Can't drive home without a gun in my face

Thursday through Sunday, they're invading my space

Tellin' me its for my sake, they're keepin' the streets safe

By gettin' all the drunks off of the highway

But I say man, that's a big fuckin' lie

It's all about the money from the D.U.I.'s

Otherwise they'd be parked out in front of this bar

Giving free breathalysers before we get in our cars

Instead they just hide about 3 miles away

And sit and wait for one of us to make a mistake

Drink a little too much and you'll be cuffed and stuffed

And probably roughed up if you complain enough

You'll be carted off to jail, in the land of the free
Another victim of the over-zealous J.P.D.
Now don't get me wrong, I don't mean disrespect
There's a lot of good cops, who serve and protect
And they boldly put their lives on the line
To protect our rights and give us peace of mind
But for every cop who thinks his badge is a crown
This song is for you, and I'll never bow down ...
And I'm mad as hell singing fuck the po-po
woah-woah
And I'm not gonna let this go so I'm singing fuck the
po-po y'all
Fuck the po-po
Fuck the po-po

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