

## Pharcyde "Officer"

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Yo, fat lip man  
Yo, man they tryin' to run a 5-0 move on us man  
Yo, man  
You got to tell the suckers what's up boy  
Yeah

I got a letter from the DMV the other day  
I opened and read it, it said they were suckers  
They tried to tell me that my license was suspended  
I got offended for a minute then pretended

That I never even got the damn letter  
It's nine o'clock on the dot, so I think I'd better  
Scoot off to school 'cause in class there's a test  
I gotta dress fast grab my glasses and my vest

Oh damn, as hardheaded as I am  
Hopped in my hootie ride pumped up the jam  
Put it in reverse into first and disperse and  
From that very moment on my day got worse

As I was standing in the street, I suddenly seen the  
smoke  
I know that Derek's on his way, I ran to get my coat  
And a bag from the room it took a minute, boom  
Hopped into the car, we drove away in a zoom

I assume doom as we were drivin' on the gravel  
At any given minute we could have a shortened travel  
So I ramble about my life is that's a shambles  
Should'a took the bus, a bus without the silence horses

Oh nice, I wish we had good bikes  
We need to exercise maybe we could take a hike  
An' you could give Sheri back those car keys  
Because everywhere I walk I would not have to say  
please

Please  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer, please  
Please

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Away to our destination  
No license no insurance not even registration  
Tags on the plate say December '82  
Car's so dirty it looks gray but it's really blue

Who would think we're up to good  
Four black niggas ridin' through the neighborhood  
In hats and glasses makin' funny passes  
Like drivin' slowly playin' low-key for asses

Knowin' damn well one shine will harass us  
And all the while we see girls jog  
Sheri's little car is pourin' out smog  
Then we made a right and I spotted one in tights  
(Yo baby what's up, pull over)

{You live with your homeboys?  
Yeah, I live with my homeboys  
That's where you're takin' me to your house  
Where your homeboys are?}

{I mean but they're not home  
You ain't got your own crib?  
Naw I ain't got  
5-0 man, 5-0}

Lights, action without the camera  
Side-greens and high beams two to a tee  
The blue coat billy goats are crowdin' up my rear view  
Hot on the trail of an innocent being

My heartbeat is racin' at a pace so fast  
I'm wishin' that the coppers would get off my ass  
My tail, can't go to jail 'cause it's wack  
What would happen to my girl and my record contract

Yo fellas take off the baseball caps  
(What)  
Word up I heard that the nerves get tapped  
And throw on the glasses and give up the tees  
Oh please, don't pull me over officer please

I'm discomboberated  
(What)  
Discomboberated  
(What)  
Discomboberated malfunctionated faded  
F A D E D  
I can't believe it's me  
Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please  
Oh

Please  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer, please  
Please  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer  
Don't pull me over Mr. Officer, please

Please  
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Don't pull me over Mr. Officer, please

{You don't have a license, you have a warrant  
You have ninety parking tickets we have to take you in  
uh  
Give me a break, shit man I didn't do nothin' man  
Okay so, so nobody has a license? Okay uh}

{How're you gonna accuse me of doin' something  
dude  
Yeah you guys are definitely goin' to jail here  
Okay let's get that impound truck uh right over here um  
We're getting pulled over we're going to jail}

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