

Sandra Pires

"Dirty Cop Named Harry"

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That's how the police be livin in New York
especially (?) the South Bronx
doin every nationality who walks the streets of New
York injustice
They're dirty, man
But anyway

[VERSE 1: Hardhead]
Here's how it begins
Started in the Bronx, ended up in Manhattan
A cop with a label on his head
Financially overfed, now he's wanted dead
A big drug bust on the Lower East Side
Five Colombians shot, five Colombians die
Little did he know or could he tell
The five he killed were Colombian drug cartel
Now he has a bullet with his name on it
Without apology and without shame on it
Two million in cash, three million in coke
This type of loot he only took as a joke
He stashed a million in cash, two million of the white
stuff
A hard day's work without the use of his handcuffs
At the station he files his report
Five corpses who won't make it to court
Self-made millionaire
Them he doesn't bury, he condemns em to a wheelchair
He's spendin money like a movie star
Unaware his last car is his Jaguar
20 years on the force
But in his line of work he's his own boss
Hits all over town, pistols keep smokin
And small time dealers' jaw bones are broken
Confiscated from burrough to burrough
Crooked-ass cracker who won't live to see tomorrow
Plans are made to start diggin his grave
Word is out: that was his last big raid
Things are hectic
He now smells the odor from the shit he stepped in
Fellow officers are talkin
Every bust he makes, something's always walkin

(You ask yourself if you were white)
A dirty cop named Harry
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)
(*DJ Stoneface cuts up*)
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)
(Why would you?)

[VERSE 2: Hardhead]
Headed towards his tombstone
He's home all alone, conversating on the phone
A knock at the door and a letter is found
It read: decide on your burial ground
He now knows he's been chose to be decomposed
To the dust he'll return from dust he arose
This night he hits a local bar for a drink
The scene is on the brink
He's in the bar drinkin and drinkin and drinkin
And thinkin
Two decades on the force, now he's worryin
At the table his eyes begin blurring
He gets up, heads for his ride
A hour to find his keys cause he's DUI
Gets in, enroute to his house
One block from his home five shots ring out
Five through the windshield, all five hit his head
His car comes to a halt, so does he cause he's dead
The hit was carried out for a greedy crooked cop
Who was put to a stop
But a lesson to the ones in the profession
Corruption in our system is a short time blessing
Five slugs for the five thugs he mugged
For 20 years of dirt he kept swept under the rug
This rhyme based on a true episode
The beginning of another cops caseload
We all pay the price for the load we carry
And so did that dirty cop named Harry

(You ask yourself if you were white)
(*DJ Stoneface cuts up*)
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)
(Why would you wanna be a cop in a black ghetto today?)

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