

**Aliz@e****"Cop"**Visit "[Cop](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Wonder what it was that made you this way  
Maybe as a baby you dropped your rattle  
And it still rattles you to this day  
You better practice your evil looks in the mirror  
They don't work on me

Slowly crawling up from the down low  
The other cops still call you 'fatso'  
Short fuse and a top to blow  
Unhappy wife, shitty life, hit the bottle  
Your whole world dropped from under you  
Left you with sorry excuses  
Left you with meaningless things to prove  
Like why you became a cop  
Why did you become a cop?

Wonder what it was that made you this way  
As a boy your toys were taken away  
And it still toys with you to this day  
You better practice your evil looks in the mirror  
They don't work on me

Slowly crawling up from the down low  
The other cops still call you 'fatso'  
Short fuse and a top to blow  
Unhappy wife, shitty life, hit the bottle  
Your whole world dropped from under you  
Left you with sorry excuses  
Left you with meaningless things to prove  
Like why you became a cop  
Why did you become a cop?  
Shut the fuck up.

After my court date  
I'll forget about you  
I'll tell my cellmate  
I'll forget about you  
After the jail break  
I'll forget about you  
After I'm through singing this song  
I'll forget about you, I'll forget about you!

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