

## **N.O.R.E. "Flagrant Cops"**

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Hey yo, the same old G, yo that's my shit  
Switch CD's threw on Nas shit  
Yo in the whip yo the windows clogged up  
Shorty givin' me head mouth clogged up  
Flusher Meadow we call it "Lovers Lane"

Every nigga probably here probably doin' the same  
From the front seat back seat  
Stashed in the glove compartment where we keep the  
heat  
Shorty try to kiss me, I'm like "I don't kiss  
Don't take it personal yo some ass this

But it's all good you could still suck my shit  
She star-struck bitch just wantin' to fuck  
Askin' me repeatedly to say what, what  
She sucked my dick till I can't even bust  
She sucked my shit I had no more nuts

Hey, yo it's time to break before it get too late  
Had my wife out while I think I'm on a date  
But I rolled the Philly and I counted my bread  
She said, "One more time" and she grabbed my head

I'm like wow she spittin' on it gettin' on it  
Actin' like she never had it, like she really wanted  
I heard a knock on the window said, "Don't move"  
Yo, I'm nearly stuck shorty jumped right up  
Heard a nigga say, "Don't move and give it up"

At this point I'm shook turn around and I look  
Bang, bang, yeah nigga just shot his ass  
Broken window plus I got blood on my glass  
Get the car door open gat in my hand  
Still soapin' lookin' for who was approachin'

Blue suit damn I couldn't see through the tints  
Ah fuck, it I'll say that it was self defense  
But the bitch started yellin' raisin' hell in  
I probably gotta body or two to see tellin'  
But then yo a nigga just shot a cop

Pig's blood on my clothes, pig's blood on my glock  
But they just shot a black man forty one times  
He had no gat I got murder rhymes  
What choo think they would've did if they see mine  
The chick out of control wildin' screamin' and yellin'

I told her to chill before we get a felon  
My hand over her mouth I told her cut it out  
Gat to the stomach I took the highway hit a hundred  
Scared to death wishin' I left

The heat in the crib but I didn't it was all red  
The bitch sayin' she sick stop bullshittin'  
I gotta cat crib in Jamaica  
My little cousin he ain't gonna say nuttin'  
"Son it's hectic right just hold me down aight?"

I'm on Wanted Most America  
All of my phones is tapped now God, yo even my  
cellular  
Me and Marty more shout for sure now we gang  
bangin' yo arc the sore  
I gotta letter from the government the other day  
Yo, I opened it up and yo I peep what it say

It said, "You can't get away ya hear? The KKK"  
My niggas is sayin' I'm hot makin' 'em hot  
I'm all over the news for hittin' the cop  
But I'm still poppin' partyin' with John Chalkin  
He said, "Before we talk we need a meal"

I need to get myself up and he can make a deal  
I said, "Fuck no I don't give a fuck though  
Yo the cop asked for it plus a nigga got dough"  
The same bitch that I was with I'm still wit'

Hey, yo I felt her neck and I felt her tits  
Hey, yo the bitch wired then I heard a gat fired  
Remembered real quick feeling real sick  
I fell to the floor handcuffed the bitch got me

I was tangled in this all along Poppy  
Police got one and my Moms got the other copy  
I got bagged up for a bad suck  
I guess it's over now nigga got bad luck

Yo to the mutha fuckin' police uptown that shot that  
man  
I hope one of y'all got to fuckin' Attica  
The other one go to Con stalk  
The other one go to Clinton

And the other one go to Sing-Sing  
And y'all all wear wigs and lipstick  
And get fucked in y'all fuckin' assholes  
Fuck the fuckin' NYPD

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