

Chuuwee "The Vigil Tempus"

Visit "[The Vigil Tempus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The view in this recording are expressed by millions of people every day
And I highly encourage you to condemn violence

On the count of three, say fuck the police
1, 2, 3 fuck the police
See em in the streets, fuck up the police
1, 2, 3 fuck up the police

Yo, each nate or... his job is to make shit at mad claims
Bust total make sure they all men slaves
They similar to the mob taking all that pay
I remember it clearly, the call last may
Said I had to report to the court that day
Looked at my phone like nigga no way
Dispatch was in route and we knowing where you stay
Ice t came on, police at my door
Green and white chuck taylors on my bathroom door
Do I blast through the window or blast through the door
Don't even be knowing what them niggas after you for
Try to hide as much weed as I possibly could
Hit the backdoor quickly as I mob through the hood
Hit the backyard running like a crack head stove
Heard sirens and dogs, there was no way to go
Started thinking if they catch me I was dead as a lamb
So I reached into the pants and I pulled out the jam
Still sprinting like a mad man loot on the stash
Ride up at the spotlight nigga move your ass
He wouldn't listen so I blam blam 2 doors fast
Got a whip but that motherfucker due on gas
Ah, frustration, I'm way too heated
Off the way, a 2 seater, this won't do me neither
Started letting off Chiquita bananas, in my gabana shirt
Man the color look like scarface, cops won't learn
Gotta teach them the hard way
Crooked police cold blooded as... the hood go

On the count of three, say fuck the police
1, 2, 3 fuck the police
See em in the streets, fuck up the police
1, 2, 3 fuck up the police x 2

Yo, don't get mad whatever they roll
Don't put your hands up, just bust they dorns
Power to the people nigga fuck they homes
Don't say damn, just say whoa
Yo, don't get mad whatever they roll
Don't put your hands up, just bust they dorns
Power to the people nigga fuck they homes
Don't say damn, just say whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Alright P jay deala, yeah, yeah
And all you fake ass, bitch ass,...
That wanna occupy the people, fuck the police
Your job is to protect and serve motherfucker
Not harassing and slave
Fuck you officer sir!

Visit [Chuuwee](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.