

2 Pac Feat. Dr. Dre "I Got Pulled Over"

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(*police radio*)

[police]

There they go over there!

Aw man, shit!

I gotta get up off my ass and go chase these cholo
muthafuckas

I hate those fuckin Mexicans

[VERSE 1: Kid Frost]

I'm always gettin caca from the blaca

The b.g. hooter always pull me over

Take me out the rafla, sit me on the curb

...and then they look me over

They ask about my beeper, I'm not a dope dealer

This is the Cherokee 4 wheeler

If I was sellin drugs

To all of the street thugs

Yo, I don't mean to brag

But I'd be drivin in a Jag

I wouldn't be hittin the Eastside lowridin

I'd be in Hollywood or Venice Beach high-profilin

And all that shit

And I happen to play along with your stupid little skip

But I'll just kick it

Yo, go ahead and write your ticket

But hey yo, Mr. Officer, you know where you can stick it

I say this to myself, I let him do his thing

Or he might beat me down just like he beat down

Rodney King

I got pulled over

[police] Hey, don't that truck look familiar?

Yeah, that Cherokee over there?

I think that belongs to that fat fuck ah -

...that La Raza muthafucka

Let's go fuck with him

Hey buddy, hey!

Alright, you fuckin...

Get your fuckin fat ass out the car!

[VERSE 2: MC Eiht]

It's 12 o'clock, late at night, I grab my keys
Kid Frost put me up with a skeez
So I roll a blunt to go
On that late night hype, who gives a fuck about five-o?
I'm knowin that they're schemin, but fuck it
Cause they cop car's a goddamn bucket
Geah, I ain't sweatin shit, check the Eiht
So they run a make on my goddamn plates
So I hit the next corner real slow
Low, here it go
The same old routine because of my car, black
Mistaken identity for slingin that dope sack
And just because Compton's my playground
They want a nigga like E to stay way down
But I done had enough with harrassin
Like I said, one time still gafflin
I know they up to no damn good
Jackin a nigga, cause I'm seen in the hood
But I best switch from a Benz to a Nova
To prevent them from pullin me over

[police]

Pull your ass over and get on the sidewalk, lock hands
and feet
You know the routine, nigga
Yeah, nigga, you rollin down Alondra like you own this
muthafucka
Where the sack at, muthafucka, where the sack?

[Eiht]

The sack?
Nigga, ain't no sack
The only sack is my nutsac
You got the MC Eiht mixed up with these other clockers
Get off the dick, muthafucka

[VERSE 3: ALT]

ALT, that's me, I'ma flex again
The hooter, they were dyin to shoot another Mexican
So I learn: if I don't wanna burn
Then I pass up my exit, cause I'm afraid to turn
And if I don't, then that pig'll be vicious
Cause every hispanic at night is suspicious
I'm thinkin to my mind that I can hardly bare it
I heard 'Fuck the Police', but they forgot about the
sheriffs
And if I said it, then I might get beat down
And I ain't goin out by a clown in a brown gown
They ain't passin, no time for dashin

Looked in my mirror, I seen red lights flashin
He had his hand on his gun on his hip
And when he walked up, yo, that dumb fuck tripped
He was pissed, he said that I gave him some lip
So he busted me, now I'm in custody
He called my mother and he said he'd knock me silly,
but
Then I felt the crack of his muthafuckin billyclub
Another night with a nurse looking over my shoulder
Just because I got pulled over

[police] Hey, Honcho
Get your taco-eatin ass out of the car
What's your fuckin name?
[ALT] I'm ALT, but what the fuck did I do?
[police] Get your fuckin ass over there on the curb
What's the bitch's name?
[ALT] Hey man, don't call my old lady a bitch

[police radio]
All units code 461
24 Hollywood Boulevard
Suspects in custody

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