

Salt N Pepa

"Gee, Officer Krupke"

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Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke
You gotta understand
It's just our bringin' upke
That gets us out of hand
Our mothers all are junkies
Our fathers all are drunks
Golly Moses, naturally we're punks

Gee, Officer Krupke
We're very upset
We never had the love
That every child oughta get
We ain't no delinquents
We're misunderstood
Deep down inside us there is good

There is good!

There is good, there is good
There is untapped good
Like inside, the worst of us is good

Dear kindly Judge, your Honour
My parents treat me rough
With all their marijuana
They won't give me a puff
They didn't wanna have me
But somehow I was had
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad

Right! Officer Krupke
You're really a square
This boy don't need a judge
He needs an analyst's care
It's just his neurosis
That oughta be curbed
He's psychologically disturbed

I'm disturbed!

We're disturbed, we're disturbed
We're the most disturbed

Like we're psychologically disturbed

Father is a bastard
My mom's an S-O-B
My grandpa's always plastered
My grandma pushes tea
My sister wears a moustache
My brother wears a dress
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess

Officer Krupkee you're really a slob
This boy don't need a doctor
Just a good honest job
Society played him a terrible trick
And sociologically he's sick

I am sick!

We are sick, we are sick
We are sick sick sick
Like we're sociologically sick

In other words
This is what happens when cousins marry
We are pendejo heads, inbred
Hey we're like Chicano Forrest Gumps

Dear kindly social worker
They say go earn a buck
Like be a soda jerker
Which means like be a shmuck
It's not I'm antisocial
I'm only antiwork
Glory Osky, now that's why I'm a jerk
Officer Krupkee ya've done it again
This boy don't need a doc
He needs a year in the pen
It ain't just a question of misunderstood
Deep down inside, he's no good

I'm no good!

We're no good, we're no good
We're no earthly good
Like the best of us is no damn good

The trouble is he's lazy
The trouble is he drinks
The problem is he's crazy
The trouble is he stinks
The trouble is he's growin'

The trouble is he's grown
Krupkee we've got troubles of our own

Gee, Officer Krupkee
We're down on our knees
'cause no one wants a fella
With a social disease
Gee, Officer Krupkee
What are we to do
Gee, Officer Krupkee
Krup you!

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