

Proper Dos

"Interrogated Cuzz I'm Brown"

Visit "[Interrogated Cuzz I'm Brown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tell me if I lost with all cops my ass
Why can't it only be one instead of whole camps
Treating my people like scums and bums
when after every arrest you find blood and donut
crumbs
billy goats they all jump with the billy club
dismiss the badge and get snuff
And it's a lock down one homeboy shot down
A big gun smoke so that they can meet the quote
Another less vato walk the street
take away his wallet so John Doe can tag his feet,
Mr Powell you'll drop like a pound,
Well send your ass to the hell gates with Daryl,
Cause beating us down is no trivia,
You wanna find America then take your ass to Lybia,
On the intake no show cause I'm down,
interrogated cause I'm Brown

You need to raise up from a buck and straight get
loony,
Police they wanna screw me and do me,
But I won't let em do me.
I'm getting dope like Patrick Swayze
You thinkin that you can fade me,
You crazy,
I'm kicking it with Lighter Shade see,
Don't step cause you'll get smoked just like the chronic,
Get on the track and run it, watch it-they go.
Watch me jump on it ,
like kool and the gang I'm swingin the slang style for
the police
But bust this, no justice and no peace
cause it's a stake off,
How'd that sound dirty coppers wanna clown,
had to have em capped, interrogated cause I'm Brown.

Out on the ghetto kicking it on the west side,
Piece of my hometown creepin of the old side,
Drive by status in the city of the free,
Popping out a clip drove by and had another allaby,
I was at a show, at a show,

so he did the job I don't know,
Punk John Wayne's pissed so he'll harass my ass
Shining the light on my face keeping my hands on the
dash,
Now ask yourself what to do-what to do,
when a city like Pico runs wild on you
So we're lost in the system cops trying to keep us
down,
interrogated cause our skin is Brown.

On the corner pump the shit on my walkman,
One time creeps I don't sleep cause they stalkin,
what am I to say, what am I to do,
I'm high as a kite and my breath smells like brew.
Mr Copper Mr copper should I run son,
because you're quick to pull the clip off your gun son,
I'm not the type to go out like a dumb one,
Gaffle me up and lock me inside of your dungeon,
Get it on with torture chamber I suppose,
there's a beanie on top my head and a ring inside my
nose,
I never live it down, no never live it down,
interrogated, seperated cause my skin is Brown.

I remember the day I got roughed up,
The jura threw a jacket on the bank for a hold up,
wanted to know my identity,
so I looked into the eyes of my blue eyed enemy,
he tried to get me in the back seat,
I'm back -G-, because the cracker's on the worksheet,
Then they had me in a choke hold,
Then snap, woke up and it was no joke
They had the billy club stuck in my side,
cuffed up in the back, they was glad I was alive,
Now it was time for the pigs to have some fun,
trying to get me to confess to a a crime I never done,
Since I was the victim of harrassment,
but in my hood the chota get they assed kicked,
Aztlan nation on the rise so check the sound,
interrogated cause I'm Brown

Spot light hits, the copters fly in the masses,
Bum rush the borders, the hell with the badges,
A-L-T and a lighter shade brown don't give a fuck,
about a beige gate or a lime green truck,
One lil' two little seven Aztecs,
smoking up the marble and sipping up ex-wrecks
the stage, ALT let the funk flow,
rine stones, cowboys, it's the low blow,
I'm gonna walk, I'm gonna talk,
I'm gonna stand on my own two and flair another

tamahawk,
Another latin time bomb and I'm down,
interrogated with a lighter shade of Brown.

Interrogated cause my skin was Brown,
got me bound, hand cuffed, and shackled to the
ground.
Said I didn't have the knowledge to kick some facts,
So they sticking me this and they labeled me that,
Put a price on my head and said alive or dead,
No matter what the cost or the blood shed
So now its on-death in my face,
gotta set the pace so I can win this race
But as I'm running, run--still no end in sight,
am I on a fantasy land or on a joy ride,
into an unknown path-lots of panic,
my minds confused and I don't understand it.
Door to door to a table with one light,
Me and one man interrogating me all night,
Round for round for round for round all night,
Interrogated cause my skin was Brown

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