

Freedom Writers Movie

"Officer"

Visit "[Officer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo man

You got to tell the suckers whats up boy

Yeah ha-ha

I got a letter from the dmv

The other day

I opened and read it

It said they were suckers

They tried to tell me that my license was suspended

I got offended

For a minute then pretended

That I never even got the damn letter

Its nine oclock

On the dot

So I think Id better

Scoot off to school

cause in class theres a test

I gotta dress fast

Grab my glasses and my vest

Oh damn

As hardheaded as I am

Hopped in my hootie ride

Pumped up the jam
Put it in reverse
Into first
And disperse and
From that very moment on my day got worse
As I was standing in the street
I suddenly seen the smoke
I know that dereks on his way
I ran to get my coat
And a bag from the room
It took a minute, boom
Hopped into the car
We drove away in a zoom
I assume doom
As we were drivin on the gravel
At any given minute we could have a shortened travel
So I ramble
About my life (is thats a) shambles
Shoulda took the bus
A bus without the (silence horses)
Oh nice
I wish we had good bikes
We need to exercise
Maybe we could take a hike
An you could give sheri back those car keys

Because everywhere I walk I would not have to say
please

Please

Dont pull me over mr. officer

Dont pull me over mr. officer please

(x4)

Away

To our destination

No license no insurance

Not even registration

Tags on the plate say december 82

Cars so dirty it looks gray

But its really blue

Who would

Think were up to good

Four black niggas ridin through the neighborhood

In hats and glasses

Makin funny passes

Like drivin slowly

Playin low-key for asses

Knowin damn well one shine will harrass us

And all the while

We see girls jog

Sheris little car is pourin out smog

Then we made a right and I spotted one in tights [ooh]

[yo baby whats up, pull over]

[you live with your homeboys? ...yeah I live with my
Homeboys...thats where youre takin me to your house
Where your homeboys are? ...i mean but theyre not
Home...you aint got your own crib? ...naw I aint got...]

[5-0 man, 5-0]

Lights, action

Without the camera

Side-greens and high beams

Two to a tee

The blue coat billy goats are crowdin up my rearview

Hot on the trail of an innocent being

My heartbeat is racin at a pace so fast

Im wishin that the coppers would get off my ass

My tail, cant go to jail cause its wack

What would happen to my girl and my record contract

Yo fellas [what]

Take off the baseball caps

Word up I heard that the nerves get tapped

And throw on the glasses and give up the (tees)

Oh please dont pull me over officer please

Im discomboberated [what]

Discomboberated [what]

Discomboberated malfunctionated faded

F-a-d-e-d

I cant believe its me

Oh please

Oh please

Oh please

Oh please

Oh

Please

Dont pull me over mr. officer

Dont pull me over mr. officer please

(x4)

[you dont have a license, you have a warrant, you have

Ninety parking tickets we have to take you in uh...give
me

A break, shit man I didnt do nothin man...ok so, so

Nobody has a license? ok uh,...howre you gonna
accuse

Me of doin something dude...yeah you guys are
definitely

Goin to jail here, ok lets get that impound truck uh right

Over here um...were getting pulled over were going to
Jail]

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