

GymClassHeroes

"Pig Latin"

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Why do people fear what they don't know?
Constantly lookin' at me funny cause my pants swung
low
And my hats rocked to the left
All these dirty looks be gettin me stressed
It's time to dead that
Testify and get your head wrapped like Arabian cats
terrorist act's will have you pigs squealin at last
Wayne County Jail full of noxious gas
got three quarters of your senses massed
you're left with only the sense of Touch like Tony
The majority of these boys in blue are phony
crooked like Saint Ides, instead of tryin to save lives
they out for delph, only tryin to help them self
They pull me over talkin about a seatbelt, we all know
thats bullshit
the fact is I look suspicious, THATS IT!!
Type of kid to expose corruption, like crop circles and
alien abductions
Park patrolling toy cop reproductions
Hunger for power equals negative reprocussions
Get rushed as if I was rushin with no discussion
try and cuff me and catch a mild concussion
I've taken all the stress I can
peace America I'm movin off to foreign lands
where cops don't place narcotics in innocent hands
Framin cats just to meet a quota
searchin' everyone with baggy pants and Moterola's
Thats why I'm wild with a camcorder
to catch 'em slippin when they pull me over
flip 'em the bird then I'm ghost in my Toyota
Won't stop writin til this shit cease
Until someone's there to police the police

I'm sick of all this everyday harassment
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass
kicked, sick of being
followed shit is drastic)
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (just because we
rock our pants low)
And our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)

A tumor on our ass (We want answers)
For bad manners (And the use of police scanners)
So we jottin down their numbers (In our pocket
planners)
for the day we meet up (With Jim Shapiro) THE
HAMMER!

They got this little game that they play
tellin you that you that you done somethin wrong
Then they flash the badge in your face
and you don't even know what's goin' on
They don't even give you a reasons, orno clue as to
what it is you've done
You go for your registration, and then they put your ass
to sleep
(And tell the chief you reached for heat)

Cops be poppin' confiscated glocks with a sack of rocks
right under it
the funny thing is, this murders funded by the
government
Yo they'll kill you and put the crack in your pocket to
make it legal
Illegally plant the confiscated gat right by you in your
Regal
and say you shot first, delete you from digital files its
lethal
Most of these cops is see through, that's why we do
what we do
That's why we tell the truth about what police do
Son they'll issue you a ticket right before they beat you
I'm glad the truth scares you, hit me mr.officer I dare
you
Check the rearview, you'll see the camcorder,
extended lens too
You better call for back-up, chew the rest of that crack
up
cause we got you on tape with that girl you raped and
handcuffed
Yeah you shook now, and if you swing on me I'm about
to fight back
The man ain't nothin but the klan, but not in white they
rockin blue and black
It's a proven fact cops is just white collared criminals
they ride in Crown V's injectin neighborhoods with
chemicals
I'm tellin you, it all makes sense they killed the
president
sniped him out with one shot then lurked out with all the
evidence
I'm speakin relevance, ignorant heads won't try to hear

me
cause the truth will make the masses bug out, like Tim
Leary
If you want kids off the streets give us somethin to do
instead of constant harassment and curfew's (COME
ON)
Since when did dreadlocks become probable cause
totin' around a backpack become breakin the law
Son I'm fed up, so get up, stand up like Bob told you
and learn some Tai Bo in case they try to choke hold
you

I'm sick of all this everyday harassment
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass
kicked, sick of being
called a black bastard)
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (Just because we
rock our pants low)
and our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)
a tumor on our ass, (we want answers)
for bad manners (and the use of police scanners)
So we jottin' down their numbers (in our pocket
planners)
For the day we meet up (with Jim Shapiro) THE
HAMMER!
(I'm sick of all this everyday harassment)
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