

Pharacyde "Officer"

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yo fatlip man

yo man they tryin' to run a 5-0 move on us man

yo man

you got to tell the suckers what's 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

it's nine o'clock

on the dot

so I think I'd better

scoot off to school

'cause in class there's 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 Derek's 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 that's a) shambles
should'a 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

don't pull me over mr. officer

don't 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

car's so dirty it looks gray

but it's really blue

who would

think we're 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

Sheri's little car is pourin' out smog

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

[yo baby what's up, pull over]

[you live with your homeboys?...yeah I live with my

homeboys...that's where you're takin' me to your house

where your homeboys are?...I mean but they're not

home...you ain't 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

I'm wishin' that the coppers would get off my ass

my tail, can't go to jail 'cause it's 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 don't pull me over officer please

I'm discomboberated [what]

discomboberated [what]

discomboberated malfunctionated faded

f-a-d-e-d

I can't believe it's me

oh please

oh please

oh please

oh please

oh

please

don't pull me over mr. officer

don't pull me over mr. officer please

(x4)

[you don't 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 didn't do nothin' man...OK so, so

nobody has a license? OK uh,...how're you gonna
accuse

me of doin' something dude...yeah you guys are
definitely

goin' to jail here, OK let's get that impound truck uh
right

over here um...we're getting pulled over we're going to

jail

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