

Police

Lil Scrappy

Ey ey Mr. Police is you hearin me you can do yo J-O-B
witout fuckin touchin me. Ey ey Mr.
Police is you hearin me you aint shit witout cha badge
get da fuck roun me. This lil piggy ran home, and that lil piggy ran home.
And this lil piggy ran home, and that lil piggy ran home. Everybody wan kno what happened in
Orlando,
we had a confirmation but they aint wan let it go.
Tryna push me, ol bitch ass police,
actin hard wit a suit but a badge cant fool me.
C'mon dawg dont take ya job dis serious.
A gun will kill any fuckin cat dats curious.
Its a lot of hard heads in tha streets dats furious.
Aint nuthin u can tell me,
aint nuthin u can do to us.
Wit cha chest all out tryna be bad,
nigga I can tell you broke cuz u took my cash.
One sight of abuse and ima whip yo ass.
C'mon man why you tryna rag?
Dont wanna let a nigga off tha hook,
wanna go by da book. Wen we both kno in our eyes you
da biggest crook. Stop actin you kno you on tha powder.
Punk ass prolly sniff da dope by da fuckin hour.
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Police is you hearin me you aint shit witout cha badge
get da fuck roun me. This lil piggy ran home, and that lil piggy ran home.
And this lil piggy ran home, and that lil piggy ran home. Police dont love me, they tryna cuff
me.
Somebody do somethin I aint even get nuthin.
They came in rushin, I start to bustin.
Wit my back to da wall I can see wuts comin.
Stead of handlin da shit they wanna handle tha shit.
Tha feds outside of my door tryna take a pic.
And some of em cool and some of em rude but I feel
er'one of em my attitude. And I hope they do wut they
gotta do. Cuz if they pull tha heat ima pull tha tube.
And if it aint in ya heart boy dont be no fool,
cuz God still lookin at chu.
Cuz on earth lot of fuckin chiefs no indians.
They say some of da police fag and feminine.
If you call for help you prolly snitch on ya self.
Do tha?? niggas catch a fuckin gun from tha belt.

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>