

Fuck Tha Police

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Fuck the police. Fuck the police. Fuck 'em...
Surprise.
You're muthafuckin' right.
Yo, fuck the police, comin' straight from the underground.
A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown and not the other color. Some
police think they have the authority to kill a minority,
but muthafucka mad,
'cause I ain't the one for a punk muthafucka with a badge and a gun to
be beatin' on and thrown in jail.
But we can go toe to toe in the middle of the cell.
Fuckin' with a nigga, 'cause a nigga turned major,
and got a little bit of money and they play us,
search a nigga car,
lookin' for a product,
thinkin' every thug nigga sellin' narcotics.
They'd rather see me in the pen,
than me blowin' indo rollin' in my Benz-o.
I send the police to the grave,
and when I'm finished, nigga, bring the yellow tape
to tape off the scene of the slaughter,
still gettin' swoll off bread and water.
I don't know if they fags or what--
search a nigga down and grab on his nuts.
And on the other hand,
without a gun they can't get none,
but don't let it be a black and a white one,
'cause they'll slam ya down to the street top.
Black police showin' out for the white cop,
but Krayzie Bone will swarm
on any muthafucka in a blue uniform.
Just 'cause I'm from the C-L-E,
the punk muthafuckas are afraid of me, huh.
A young nigga on the warpath,
and when I'm finished,
it's gonna be a bloodbath
of cops dying around my way.
Yo, bitch, I got somethin' to say:

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Fuck the police and Bone said it with authority,
'cause the niggas on the street is a majority, a gang,
and it's whenever I'm steppin'
that a muthafuckin' weapon is kept in
the stash spot for the so-called law,
wishin' Bone was some niggas that they never saw.
Lights start flashin' behind me,
but they scared of a nigga,
so they mase me to blind me,
but that shit don't work. I just laugh,
and plus, it gives 'em a hint not to step in my path.
The police, I'm sayin', "Fuck you, punk."
Readin' my rights and shit.
It's all junk.

Pullin' out a silly club,
so you stand with a fake-ass badge and a gun in your hand,
but take off the gun,
so we can see what's up,
and I'll go at it, punk,
and I'm a fuck you up.
Made ya think I'm a kick your ass,
and drop the gat,
and Bone's gon' blast.
I'm sneaky as fuck when it comes to crime,
and I'm a smoke 'em now and not next time.
Smoke any muthafucka that sweats me
and any asshole that threatens me.
I'm a sniper with a hell of a scope,
takin' out a cop or two.
They can't fuck with me.
The muthafuckin' killa that's mad
with potential to get bad as fuck.
Now I'm a turn it around--
dig in the clip, yo,
and this is the sound: Yeah, somethin' like that,
but it all depends on the size of the strap.
Takin' out a police will make my day,
and the niggas like Bone, don't give a fuck to say...

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I'm tired of these muthafuckin' jackins.
Sweatin' my thug, while we be thuggin' in the shack and
shinin' the lights in my face and for what?
Maybe it's because I'm kickin' so much butt.
I kick ass, nigga.
Maybe, 'cause I blast
on a stupid-ass nigga when I'm playin' with the trigger
of an uzi or an AK,
'cause the police always got somethin' stupid to say.
They pull out my picture with silence,
'cause my identity along with my groups causes violence.
It's Bone with the criminal behavior.
Yeah, I'm thugsta, nigga,
but still I got flavor.
Without a gun and a badge, what do you got?
A nigga in a uniform waitin' to get shot
by me or one of my niggas,
and with a gat it don't matter if you're smaller or bigger.

Size don't mean shit. I'm from the old school, fool.

And as you all know, Layzie Bone came to rule.
Whenever I'm rollin',
keep on lookin' in your mirror,
and ears on cue, yo,
so I can hear a dumb muthafucka with a gun.
And when I'm rollin' off the Eight,
you'll be the one that I take out,
and then I get away,
and while I'm drivin' off laughin',
this is what I say, believe that...

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