

What they do is, they sort of sit in, uh, fake taxis, you know,
four beefy white guys, uh, sit in a fake taxi by the side of the
Williamsburg Bridge, and they eyeball what's coming over from
Brooklyn. And, if the car looks like a \$200 shit-box, or somebody's
got an afro or a ponytail, uh, they pull up, pull in behind the car,
and they wait to see if the guy's going to go all polite in his driving,
like put on lane-change signals, then they know he's dirty

Bucket seats
Back of the squad car, ridin'
Through smudged glass, concrete, wrought iron flyin'
Knees jammed, sea legs, dry land
Cuffed hands, mouth fulla sand
Thick, stone in the shoe
Still talk slick like, "I'll be home in a few"
They're amused, took the right on Throop
Came down Hewes, chills like the flu
Thoughts of the box, a hundred niggas just like you
Warm milk and mayonnaise, nobodies scratch they names
Empty vessels, grindin', mortar to pestle
Moon hang, jaundiced bezel
Engine wrestle, up blocks
Radios crackle with fired shots, knockos on that no-knock
"Who's there?" They smell fear
Front windows down, weed in the air
Brown bag beers
Grilling on aluminum foil, Summer nights, slow boil
Driving slow, just to be jerks
Negroes watch like it's a hearse
Dug deep, gave the whole hood that Max B smirk