

Black And Blue

Bizzle

See me, I've been an officer for seventeen years
It was popular when I started up, the kids wanted to be us
But now I'm watchin' 'em offer up middle fingers when we pull u
p
You would think I was harmin' 'em, but we still come when they
call us up
I put my life on the line, every night I'm behind this badge
And I ride through yo' 'hood to prevent the crime that's inside
You want justice and peace, and that's what we try to provide
But when we tried, you pick the criminal side every time
Until it's one of mine, that's like the only time you comply
But any other time, you look me in my eye and you lie
You only want accountability when it's me
But other times you lie to keep your dealers and killers free
You act like we the ones causing chaos in the streets
Like if we leave, the killin' 'll cease, and it'll be sweet
But we both know that that ain't the truth
Imagine protectin' those that hated you
Well, I guess in your own way, you do

I just feel misunderstood, and if you could, take a minute just
to see it my way
And even if we just agree to disagree, at least you'll see why
I'm thinkin' this way
I got a family in the crib, I'm just tryin' to make it home ton
ight
We just all tryin' to live, man, I gotta make it home tonight

Uh, dear Mr. Officer, if I could get a minute to talk to ya
Maybe offer some insight or bounce a couple things off of ya
It's a disconnect, I feel like you get a check to disrespect
To me, my fit is fresh, I guess to you, my image is a threat
Maybe I remind you of some sucker that you busted once
Or maybe you been at it for so long that you're becomin' numb
You uphold the law, but tell me, what's that supposed to mean t
o me?
Well, once upon a time, that law punished me for bein' me
Yeah, you got your good cops and bad cops
But if the good cop don't check the bad cop, to me you both bla
ck ops
You coverin' for that cop, so why should I believe you?
You livin' by the same no-snitichin' rules that we do
Now who's protectin' evil, or does that not apply to you?
Maybe you different, maybe I should stop profilin' you
You judgin' me, I'm judgin' you, my color black, your color blu
e
Guess now you know how it feels to be judged by your color too

I just feel misunderstood, and if you could, take a minute just
to see it my way
And even if we just agree to disagree, at least you'll see why
I'm thinkin' this way
I got a family in the crib, I'm just tryin' to make it home ton
ight
We just all tryin' to live, man, I gotta make it home tonight