

Bagged a Big 1

Bumblefoot

I love my old wheel but it's got police appeal
Yeah so what - it takes a hippie from point A to point
B
Till they'd tailin' my plate fresh outta BK
On Saturday at 1A on the Xway to my girl
And my new box in Jerz - ya know I didn't see em
They didn't give me a sign but they said I did flee em
And they pull me to the side - said my needle was to
high
Then they ran me through the Pentium and said
"Surprise, surprise..
You're gonna fry" - I said WHY? They said "Ya lie"
And then took a long blind look into my eyes and read
me my right
Then they took my freedom and my money and they frisk
me and they cuff me
And they took my face and fingers and they through me
in a cage

Yeah, ya bagged a big 1, a big 1 like me
Ya bagged a big 1, ya cleaned the streets
Yeah, ya bagged a big 1, a big 1 like me
Ya met ya quota, now go home free

Take em down to the hole in the ground
Don't make a move, don't make a sound
Take em down to the hole in the ground
Don't make a move, don't make a sound

Sittin' in the cell while I listen to ya joke about
your superior
Who said ya got to collar more theives
Well thank you for restructurin' my 'pinion of the law
Over someone else's error at the DMV

Ya let me call a friend to get me out at 4am
So I can see my name and address printed Monday page 3
Yeah, ya made the world a safer place by hikin' my
insurance rate
And tellin' my employers that they shouldn't hire me
Thank you...