

Police

Esham

This world is full of gang bangers, guns, and dope slangers
Chronic ebonics, and I fluently speak the language
Everybody rappin', trappin', wonderin' what happened
Heard a round of applause, but wasn't no audience clappin'
All these niggas know it's Kill Bill, holdin' the steel
'Nother person shot down, ain't no feelins to feel
Spend a day in Detroit with the illest for real
Right around my way is where the killers are killed
6 o'clock news, another baby shot wit a gun
Niggas sittin' in spots duckin' cops; they think it's funny
But they can't read and write, so they just go dumb
Lot of uneducated niggas where I'm from
Go to school, don't be no fool, but you wanna be cool
Breakin' rules, makin' moves with the shadiest dudes
But all I seen that it do is get your money in the blood
They split ya to the white meat—now someone screamin'

Call the police
I've been up for twenty-seven days, and I'm alienated
From society in my friendless phase
I can't face my family; I'm erased from their memory banks
So they can save their sanity
Come see me in my neighborhood
I'm cooped in a dope house in a tenement
With thirty-seven tenants, and they smoked out
I'm like a vagrant or vagabond
I'll look the devil in the eye when I'm escapin' from Babylon
Rockin' back and forth in my closet, both of my wrists slit
I'd rather hide from the public; I'm socially misfit
I'm smokin' wetted cigs
Paint my name in blood across a wall sayin' "death to pigs"
They pulled up to my crib and had all of they guns drawn
I lit a molotov cocktail and threw it out in my front lawn
I opened fire, and I unloaded the whole piece
They'll never take me alive, so you can call the police

This world is full of dirty cops, dope on dirty blocks
Body on a Roscoe—we call that a dirty [?]
Nigga got on dirty shoes; gotta have dirty socks
Come from the dirty glove, pushin' a dirty drop
I'm with a dirty girl; she got a dirty twat
If you get dirty money, watch out for these dirty plots
Wash your mouth with soap if you speakin' that dirty talk
Dirty walk, early in the mornin' the bird, it squawked
Who got that dirty bag? I'm full of that dirty swag
Catch me on the battlefield, wavin' a dirty flag
Money'll make ya happy; broke'll make ya sad
All of my dirty kids call they dirty dad
I got a dirty wife, livin' a dirty life
I should just stab the bitch with this dirty knife
I couldn't hear her scream 'cause I got dirty ears
Now I'm in a cell, doin' two hundred thirty years