

Mr. Police, how are you?  
Just like your clothes, you make me blue  
I look both ways, I cross the street  
There was no one around, how did you see me?  
I'll take the ticket, Mr. Police (Uh)  
Mr. Police, how do you do?  
You say I sped right past you  
I obeyed the signs, I thought I was fine  
Hope I don't go to jail, said I read your mind  
But this time it's just a fine

And I'm like, what the fuck he mean? Got a nigga fucked up  
Ain't no way that I believe, I'll be shit out of luck  
All these pigs wanna test me, tryna put me in the cuffs  
I'm on my Boosie shit, on my Boosie shit (Bitch)  
Fuck the police (Bitch), fuck the police (Bitch)  
Fuck the police (Bitch), middle finger police  
Said, fuck the police (Bitch), fuck the police (Bitch)  
Fuck the police (Bitch), middle finger police (Uh)

Mr. Police, how are you?  
I know my rights, I'm no fool  
You question me, I don't know shit  
My lawyer told me to close my lips  
I guess I'm goin' on a trip (Trip, trip, trip)  
Mr. Police, I know where you live (I know, I know, I know, I know, I know)  
You got a wife and four kids (I know, I know, I know, I know)  
Couple mistresses and a guy on the side  
I'll tell them all 'cause I'm God damn tied  
I'll be goin' on a ride

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