

Protect & Serve

UGK

(fuck the police, fuck the police, fuck the police, fuck the police)

Mr. copper mr. copper can we speak?
How many niggas do you beat down in a week?
And do you get a kick when you beat a nigga down with that mutha fuckin stick
So you can suck a nigga dick
Rodney king really fucked me up at first
But at least he didn't go home in no herse
Alotta niggas did, alotta niggas die
Cause (bang bang bang) with yo mutha fuckin 9
But no me pappy, ill cap that badge
A ratta-tat-tata-tat-tata-tat uh yea
So don't even think about tryn to play me bitch
Ill gat ya down with my fuckin .38 ya bitch
Ya got suga in ya nuts just like them grip niggas
Ain't shit without that stick and that fuckin trigga
And yo I think it is my duty
To slice some laws thoroughly, cause they killed my nigga rudey and I don't think that's right

The policemen are your friends
(but all my niggas say)they're here to protect and serve
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I try to keep my face off the street
Cause that 99 always wanna swear
It was me at the scene of the crime,I wasn't there
Bitch, I was at home with blistered feet
Soaking my dogs, with my gal smoking a swisher sweet
But before I could put my nikes back on
I pulled to the curb by some blue and white tryn to get there jack on
Even though I had the right inspection
Tricka they still dick a nigga like an erection
Lookin for a mutha fuckin criminal, he ain't here
Pussy mutha fuckas, what color you painting fear
But you can color me bad
Like them crackas and there choking
But understand the real when its smoking
I'm loccin and smokin, niggas is fightin fast
Now your lil trifling ass is doomed to feel the boom of my titan of class
So with my 9 ill buck up a trick
And a crooked cop just might get shot
Just for the fuck of it

Fuck the fast laws, make ya blow on the trigga squeeze
I don't want to kill a cop
I just wanna bust that nigga in his knees
And watch him squirm and squeal as I buck him there
Get down on the floor ho you ain't goin no fuckin where
One in yo arms, yo knees, yo shoulda
I'm laughin like joka, now turn your punk ass over, bitch
But this ain't for my brotha
Its strictly for my niggas whose triggas died undercover, no lovas motha fuckas
Suck a dick, imma let you tell it

Bird state you be diggin all yall ass
And yall know ya wanna smell it
Fools, so gon take a sniff
And right before ya choke, catch the smoke
From the chrome and the spliff

Out, nigga, from the clic that don't stop
Barkin at a cop with a pocket full of rocks
So call (_some_mother_fuckers_name_edited_) and tell him what I said
I know ya got a vest so I'm aiming at your head
Bloody, red, I'm going to your funeral I'm spraying hoes with lead
Fuck respect for the mother fuckin dead
Cause I don't give a fuck about a punk ass fed
I'm splittin niggas wigs and leavin pussies on they head
And ill be god damned if I don't get (_name_edited_) they gonna want to come
and get em
So ashes to ashes and bless his soul
Now bend his ass over so I can fuck him with his stick in his ass hole

[Chorus]