

Niggers vs. the Police

Richard Pryor

Cops put a hurtin' on yo' ass, man, you know? They really degrade you
White folks don't believe that shit, don't believe cops degrade
"Ah, come on, those beatings, those people were resisting arrest!
I'm tired of this harassment of police officers!"
'Cause the police live in your neighborhood, see
And you be knowin' 'em as Officer Timpson
"Hello, Officer Timpson, going bowling tonight?
Yes, nice Pinto you have, hahaha"
Niggas don't know 'em like that
See, white folks get a ticket, they pull over
"Hey, officer, yes, glad to be of help"
Nigga got to be talkin' 'bout
"I am reaching into my pocket for my license
'Cause I don't wanna be no muthafuckin' accident!"
Police degrade—I don't know, you know
It's often you wonder why a nigga don't go completely mad
No, you do—you get your shit together and you work all week, right
Then you get dressed, say a cat make 125 dollars, he get 80 dollars, if he lucky
Right, and he go out, get clean, and be drivin' wit' his old lady, going out to a club, and police
pull over
"Get out of the car! There was a robbery, a nigga looked just like you!
Alright, put your hands up, take your pants down, spread your cheeks!"
Now what nigga feel like having fun after that? Haha
"Nah, let's just go home, baby"
We go home, beat your kids and shit
You gon' take that shit out on somebody

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>