

Lucky Boys Confusion, 40/80

Well, it was Friday night last week we got pulled over with an O
53 and Ogden by a condescending po'
Trying to fill his quota book
Stopped us no reason just the way we look
We would not let him search the car he said he'd call his dogs
But we were not worried cause
It was under 30 grams of 40/80 shit
Costly, it was good bud though, I admit
But I don't wanna be a part of it
I will not give in
We must change from within the system
They call us hopeless dreamers
They don't know what we are
Imposing their ancient values
I wonder if they care, I wonder if they care
Then they pulled us out of Cockboy's Caddy "Hands on the hood!"
But the piggies didn't find it cause we hid it so good
Pat down I knew he had a wood
Touching me only where my girl should
Yeah, to fuck with the system you need much wisdom
But first, but first you gotta work with them
Probable cause has definite flaws
It's up to us to change the laws
Your word against mine is your policy
Now, show me where's the legality
When you use your authority
To just instill fear in me
What's up with your power trip?
It was later on that night before they finally let us go
Off to the donut shop and then we blazed half that O
So tough with your fake authority
Some day you'll learn you're the same as me