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powdered sugar on your fingers, coffee on your shirt

bribes in your pocket, you never do any work

you fat f**king slob you just sit in a car

until you get off work then it's back to the bar

you f**king pig-pig

you're a f**king cop-cop (4x)

you never catch any crooks but harass everyone else

your fat fingers don't fit the trigger you're too slow to catch
a nigger

you're a suburban cop because you're scared of the city

you broke a stool at dunkin donuts because you're so f**king fa
t

[chorus]
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