

# Rage Against The Machine - Fuck the Police

Tom: **B**

a afinacao normal do RATM e a 6ª em Ré:

verso:

refrao:

vale a pena lembra q a distrocao do tom morello e violenta, oq dificulta a reproducao perfeita do som da musica...

letra:

Good Evening,

We want to just quickly send a nice friendly message to uh, Fraternal Order of Police in Philadelphia.

Here's something nice and friendly,  
Here's something nice and friendly,  
Here's something nice and friendly,  
and it goes something like this.

Fuck tha police,  
Comin straight from the underground.  
Young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown,  
And not the other color so police think,  
They have the authority to kill a minority.

Fuck that shit, cuz I ain't tha one,  
For a punk mutha fucka with a badge and a gun,  
To be beatin on, and throwin in jail.  
We could go toe to toe in the middle of a cell.

Fuckin with me cuz I'm a teenager,  
With a little bit of gold and a pager.  
Searchin my car, lookin for the product.  
Thinkin every nigga is sellin narcotics.

You'd rather see me in the pen,  
Then me and Lorenzo chilling in the Benzo.  
Beat tha police outta shape,  
And when I'm finished, bring the yellow tape,  
To mark off the scene of the slaughter.  
No controller, bread and water.  
A young nigga on a warpath,  
And when I'm finished, it's gonna be a bloodbath,  
Of cops, dyin in L. A.

Yo, I got somethin to say.  
Fuck the police,  
Comon! Off, What?  
Fuck the police,

Yeah!  
Comon!  
Fuck tha police,  
Yeah.

Fuck The police,  
Comin straight from the underground.  
Young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown,  
And not the other color so police think,  
They have the authority to kill a minority.

Fuck that shit, cuz I ain't tha one,  
For a punk mutha fucka with a badge and a gun,  
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You'd rather see me in the pen,  
Then me and Lorenzo chilling in the Benzo.  
Beat tha police outta shape,  
And when I'm finished, bring the yellow tape,  
To mark off the scene of the slaughter.  
No controller, bread and water.

I don't know if they fags or what,  
Search a nigga down and grabbin in the nuts.  
And on the other hand, without a gun they can't get none.  
But don't let it be a black and a white one.  
Cuz they slam ya down to the street top,  
Black police showin out for the white cop.

Yeah, my brothas will swarm,  
On any mutha fucka in a blue uniform.  
Just cuz we in Washington D.C, punk police are afraid of me.  
Hey!

Punk on a warpath,  
And when I'm finished, it's gonna be a bloodbath,  
Of cops, dyin in L. A.

Hey yo, We got somethin to say.  
Fuck the police,  
Comon, sing that shit,  
Right now,  
Comon!  
Comon!  
One more time,  
Here we go, here we go,  
Comon!  
One More, We gotta do it, right now,  
Yeah,  
Check it out.

## Acordes

