

We Had to Tear This Mothafucka Up

Ice Cube

Peace, quiet and good order will be maintained in our city
To the best of our ability
Riots, melees and disturbances of the peace are against the
Interests of all our people and therefore cannot be permitted
(The jury found that they were all not guilty, not guilty, not guilty)
We've been told that all along Crenshaw boulevard
That there's a series of fires, a lot of looting is going on
A disaster area obviously
(The jury found that they were all not guilty, not guilty)
Make it rough
(A lot of activity continues here in this command post)
Make it rough
(We have sporadic fires throughout the city of Los Angeles)
Not guilty the filthy, devils tried ta kill me
When the news get to the hood then niggas will be
Hotter than cayenne pepper, cuss, bust
Kickin' up dust is a must
I can't trust a cracker in a blue uniform
Stick a nigga like a Unicorn
Vaughn wicked, Lawrence Powell, foul
Cut his fuckin' throat and I smile
Go to Simi valley and surely
Somebody knows the address of the jury
Pay a little visit, "Who is it?"
(Who is Ice Cube?)
"Can I talk to the grand wizard?", then boom
Make him eat the barrel, modern day feral
Now he's zipped up like leather tuscadero
Pretty soon, we'll catch Sergeant Coon
Shoot him in the face, run up in him witta broom
Stick prick, devils ain't shit
Introduce his ass to the AK40 dick
Two dazed niggas layin' in the cut
To get some respect we had to tear this muthafucka up
(Make it rough)
I gotta Mac10 for officer Wynd
Damn, his devil ass need to be shipped back to Kansas
In a casket, crew cut fagot
Now he ain't nothin' but food for the maggots
Lunch, punch, Hawaiiin lyin'
Niggas ain't buyin', ya story bore me
Tearin' up shit with fire, shooters, looters
Now I got a lap-top computer
I told you all what happened and you heard it, read it
But all you could call me was anti-semitic
Regret it, nope, said it, yep
Listen to my big black boots as I step
Niggas had to break you off somethin', give bush a push
But your national guard ain't hard
You had to get Rodney to stop me 'cause you know what?
We woulda teared this muthafucka up
(Huh, make it rough)
(Huh muggs, make it rough)
It's on, gone with the wind and I know white men can't dunk
Now I'm stealin' blunts
And it came from Betty Crocker, overweight and blacker
Don't fuck with the black-owned stores but hit the foot lockers

Steal, muthafuck fire, Marshall Bill
Oh what the hell, throw the cocktail
I smelt smoke, got the fuck out, Ice Cube lucked out
My nigga had his truck out, didn't get stuck out
In front of that store with the Nikes and Adidas
Oh Jesus, ... surplus got the heaters
Meet us so we can get the 9's and the what-nots
Got the Mossberg with the double eyed buckshot
Ready for Darryl and like beretta wouldn't say
Keep your eye on the barrel, a sparrow
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
But I'm rollin' so that's a fucked up slogan
The hogan's heroes spotted the gorilla by the sizzler
Hittin' up police killer
The super duper nigga that'll buck
We had to tear this muthafucka up, so what the fuck?
Huh, make it rough
Yo muggs, make it rough
Huh, make it rough
Enough
Not guilty verdicts for Stacey Coon, Lawrence Powell
Timothy Wynd and Theodore Vaugsinio
The four officers accused of beating motorist Rodney King