

# 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