

## Watts Riot

Kam

God damn devils, done finally made they move on South Los Angeles.  
In Watts, the shots don't quit,

And in Compton, we got the same shit.  
Damn pigs is puttin' in straight work,  
Murderin' blacks and just smirk.  
Ain't nothin' but another day at the office.  
So now it's damn near illegal to be a negro.  
So do I make a run for the border?  
Or - fuck Bush, and his "New World Order?"  
The law is the straw that broke the camel's back;  
Just one more punk attack  
On the black, and now the shit is on.  
(Peel his cap and I'm gone!) Oh yeah.  
See, now all hell is finna break loose,  
And Uncle Tom ain't got no juice.  
Nigga shoulda been down from the start,  
But he ain't had a heart, for another Watts riot.

So we done lost all patience.  
(Man, fuck police investigations!)  
See, we gon' handle this right, tonight.  
(We're tearin' up everything in fuckin' sight!)  
And I ain't got a damn thing to lose.  
So the news gon' have they hands full,  
Not to mention the police, fool.  
No justice, no peace.  
It's a eye for a eye, so don't even try and speak  
On how blacks, should turn the other cheek.  
To hell with all y'all devils.  
Ain't no love losses for no white crosses.  
So what y'all know about this interpretation,  
With your college education?  
Y'all best just keep quiet,  
And get your ass ready for this next Watts riot.

Straight pandemonium! Niggaz, I'm with nutty,  
Mr. MacGillicuddy, done got, got.  
And I'm tossin' more cocktails loc,  
'Til the whole fuckin' block smell like smoke.  
Black folks are loc'n, no jokin'.  
Yo Kam, grab the coke and choke 'em.  
Make sure that somethin' is broken,  
And then you can smoke him. (C'mon.)  
Got a clip on the news of me, with a TV,  
And I don't give a fuck, who done seen me.  
Fightin' the police with my peers,  
With head and shoulders, and no more tears,  
And they can't stop me.  
'Cause, I'm eatin' more crackers than Polly,  
For the Jack that smoked the black.  
I gotta do the right thing for you, and Rodney King;  
Burn down his market.  
But then you claim, Ice Cube had to spark it,  
Puttin' Beverly Hills in fear.  
'Cause Hollywood burnt down last year.  
So if you throw me Ozzie and Harriet,

I fuck around and bury it, huh.  
Ain't makin' the hood look shitty.  
Watts riot, insert your city, motherfucker!

The whole city is on fire,  
And now it's down to the wire.  
Time to call for a national emergency,  
'Cause white folk goin' up in smoke.  
Too fast, they ass is out before they know it.  
So when I light this cocktail, Cube throw it,  
And make sure that it reach.  
Yeah motherfucker, that's for Howard Beach,  
And Brother Olivert X, so what's next,  
With y'all punk-ass cowards?  
Each of us bring fo' devils,  
And let's get this over with, yeah, no shit.  
We ain't worried about dyin'.  
(Man, I think you better give up man.) Nah, I ain't even tryin';  
I'd rather go out fightin'.  
But let y'all tell it; I'm incitin' a Watts riot.