

Willie D

"Fuck Rodney King"

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Fuck Rodney King in his ass
When I see tha mothafucka I'ma blast
Boom in his head, boom, boom in his back just like that
Cause I'm tired of you good little niggas
Saying increase the peace and let the violence cease
When the black man built this country
But can't get his for the prejudiced honky
Rodney King, god damn sell-out
On TV crying for a cop
The same mothafuckas who beat the hell outcha
Now I wish they would've shotcha
Cause this shit is deeper than Vietnam
And ain't no room for the Uncle Tom
Let the white man dress you up and mess you up
I wouldn't be suprised if he sexed you up
Cause you look like a gay
Letting them white folks tell you what to say
But I'm glad that niggas stayed out of check
Cause that's the only thing rednecks respect
We don't want your welfare checks
Nigga need a real job to buy a rolex

And until we get it, we gonna keep throwing them things

Fuck Rodney King!

Fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em

Fuck that nigga!

Fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em

Now the Negro National Anthem:

"We shall overcome...we shall overcome..."

Fuck all that singing

I'ma be too busy swinging

That's the problem with the black folks

Always wanna bust a note

And hold hands and form rallies

And down niggas for fighting back in Cali

I'm down with the niggas who's nexting

Fuck all that god damn protesting

So don't try to pull it

5th Ward niggas fight bullets with bullets

Right between the eyes

So you can keep your mothafucking Noble Peace Prize

I said fuck Rodney King and I mean it

And any mothafucka out there who resent it

Cause didn't nobody set a fire for Willie D

When the laws beat the fuck out of me

Fuck Rodney King!

Fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em

Fuck that nigga!

Fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em, fuck'em

Fuck that nigga!

Fuck that mothafucking sell-out hoe

They need to beat his ass some mo'

Fool talking about stop the violence

When niggas can't even shit in silence

I can't ride up the street with my homies without 5-0 all on me

Riding my tailgate and running my god damn license plate

Sweating Willie D since I'm a minority

They fuck with me, I still got a lot of grudges

It's high time that we take out some judges

And some congressmen and senators who cheat us

And all of these so called black leaders

Like Craig Washington, nigga sound dense

Trying to play both sides of the fence

Brown nosing cause he was chosen

By the whites to make niggas act right

You can't lead the black struggle

And be friends with the enemy, mothafucka

While you trying to keep your fucking job

Black folks getting robbed

But when it's time for the revolution

I'ma click, click, click, fuck this rap shit

Cause money ain't shit but a grief

If you ain't got no peace

Gotta come on with it, get down for my little Willies

So they con come up strong and live long

And not to be scared to get it on

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