

Ice Cube

"We Had To Tear This Motherfucker Up"

Visit "[We Had To Tear This Motherfucker Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: (*numerous men speaking*)

(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...)
(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....) make it rough
(we have sporadic fires throughout the city of los angeles)

Verse 1:

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

Verse 2:

I gotta mac10 for officer wynd
Damn, his devil ass need to be shipped back to kansas
In a casket, crew cut faggot
Now he ain't nothin but food for the maggots
Lunch, punch, hawaiiin lyin
Niggas ain't buyin
Ya story bore me
Taerin 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 cos you know what?
We woulda teared this muthafucka up

Huh, make it rough!

Huh muggs, make it rough!

Verse 3:

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, I ? ? ? ? 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

Outro: (*newsreader*)

(not guilty verdicts for stacey coon, lawrence powell,
timothy wynd and
Theodore vaugsinio, the four officers accused of
beating motorist rodney
King)

Visit [Ice Cube](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.