

**NWA****"F\*\*k Tha Police"**

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I got a taste for waste and a taste and a blood  
Murder I heard her when she screamed the "Drop!"  
Cuz it's on part of slung  
Relate this to no choice  
And listen to this straight-up man before they ban the  
voice  
While I ride to the rythem of a pop  
Remember the first nigga that runs is the first to get  
shot  
Whoever thinks that what I say and betray is negativity  
Need to come kick it in the city with me  
And find the black and crack de fact  
And take that shit back cuz they don't wanna fuck with  
that  
There's too many niggaz they're tryin' to calm  
If mothafuckaz could get it, nobody would've fuck with  
it  
Appetite for destruction -  
For him to get a bit more shit he gotta commit -  
Murder in the first degree - a man slaughter  
Takin' a life of his wife and young daughter  
A whole city of bitches they look sucked up  
And the niggaz iz killin' it's straight fucked up  
Whoever sayin' what I'm sayin'z for greed  
The 9 even when they're tryin' to feed my appetite for  
destruction

" .. you gotta know I'm talkin' to .. "

The Appetite is tremendous  
So I'm gonna spin this  
Drop up some violence because they ax me to end this  
Some trouble that I cought cuz I was noisy  
A nigga tried to take advantage because I'm de  
kamikazi  
He took de swing from my hand - thought I was faded  
Start runnin' for the door but the fucker never made it  
The sound of the 9 went BANG [shot]  
And all over the wall was his mothafuckin' brain

Cuz I'm a nigga you can't sleep on  
So set the alarm, cuz I'm hittin' like a mothafuckin'  
bomb  
I do damage with the 9 in my hand  
But the average nigga they do not mean to understand  
I'm from the streets so therefor  
You know I don't care for  
A sucker that ain't down with the real niggaz the niggaz  
the niggaz yo  
And after when the shit gotta go ain't even sober  
Any time that the 9 wanna leave  
I got a .38 hittin' down the sleeve  
And it's ready to go to work cuz that's what it's here for  
I shoot down a milion niggaz and shoot one more  
And that's the milion and one  
They could'nt hang with the appetite  
Cuz they was'nt rappin' right  
So I had to destroy whoever was standin' in my  
presence  
For fuckin' up de asses appetite for destruction

"Cops would'nt hurt you, on your ass, man, you know,  
they realy degrade you,  
I suppose you don't believe that shit, don't believe in  
cops degrade you,  
Oh come on, those biddin'z, those people was resistin'  
arrest"

Check it out yo, in de house yo  
So I can show and flow and let the people know  
So won't you ease on down to the yellow brick road to  
Compton  
But first let me tell you somethin' -  
I possess to 10 commendments of the Hip Hop  
Baxter,  
Known as the thief and murderer :  
First one -  
I'm a be a nigga with an attitude  
Gotta get respected, break your mothafuckin' neck  
Second one -  
Allwayz gotta fuck at a wedlock  
I like it when the pussy goes snack crack and pop  
Number three -  
I'm a gangsta, an addict  
I smoke any foolz tryin' to cause some statix  
Number four -  
Here's what's these are  
A crazy-ass nigga that remains hard core  
Fifth one -  
My kill has just begun  
I pull out my gun that will keep me on the run

Step six -  
Hmmm, it's kinda tricky -  
Can't forget that I'm mothafuckin' chickenshit  
To the ones who tries to play the E -  
By the time you reach Seven you'll be 6 feet deep  
Number eight -  
Make no mistake,  
Move real slicky and you're bound to catch yo' pray  
Ninth one -  
I gotta be raw, fuck any brain once your man made law  
Last but not least, I must be real -  
Number ten - is my appetite to ki ...

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