

## Paris

# "Tear Shit Up"

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F/ Dead Prez

\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1 - Paris]

You in tune to the most dangerous on file  
Niggas finna mash on - bitch get wild  
With these field nigga serenades, we break wide  
In the land of the weak home of the slave we rise  
To protect - they servin' us with sticks and shots  
But who protect us from these murderous cops  
Whose heroes, you could keep your flags I'm out, I'll  
Wrap a chain around the precinct and burn shit down  
Fuck the police, I'm thinkin' how to feed my seed  
Bumpin DPs bailin' down the block on D's  
It's the same shit every day  
Seem the more a nigga build they wanna take away  
Like a slave when you can't eat you can't sleep  
Can't seem to find peace, only thing the street see is  
police and poverty  
Bitch don't start with me - I can't fade  
The bullshit noise that the radio play  
Where the world wanna be like and talk like and act like  
and rap like  
The black life is all gats and crack pipes  
I spit right - nigga whut? My shits tight  
Is you a snitch, nigga or bitch? Ya choose sides  
When we roam, we beat back attack of the clones  
What kinda shit cha'll niggas is on? We hit home  
And spill so the people could feel this real talk  
From the bay and everything in between to New York -  
Holla

What we gotta do is tear shit up (8x)

[Verse 2 - Paris]

This is the way we bomb when we come around  
Still keep it on the map for the underground  
Fuck the system, I'ma holla with a black fist  
It's hard truth, where my soldiers? We still blitz  
And who's who with these gangstas, see a vet

Young niggas or the government? Take a guess  
See we blessed with the speech that could reach  
oppressed communities  
World wide so we don't waste time we stress freedom  
And serve 'em wit the style (what)  
Motherfuck smilin' (what)  
Who wanna ride (what)  
Rally up the crowd (what)  
Full hollow tips (what)  
Cyanide squibs (what)  
Power to the people  
With rocks, banana clips see us  
Struggle for the streets motherfuck the bling  
Nowadays radio make it harder to bring  
Real shit to the people - it's deeper than me  
They intice with the conflict ice and blow trees  
Corporatized by the vile - they smile and fill  
Black bodies in the pen it's the men they kill  
3 strikes, whose life? Not my life yours  
Put the men into prison turn women to whores  
Ignore cries of the people - but time is up  
Stay tuned for the sequel - we buildin' to bust  
I'm goin' AWOL - Fuck all laws I wanna attack  
This bullshit, hold 'em accountable for they acts - feel  
me

What we gotta do is tear shit up (8x)

[Verse 3 - Dead Prez]

Militant and political Guevera M-1

I wipe the smile off you many mouths, meld like a gun  
And I remember '99 goin' on tour with Big Pun  
Gettin' this fast rap cash from them six-week runs  
See I done learned from them generals with wild  
entourages  
Fuckin' like rabbits but don't wanna be fathers  
Fuckin' up they hotel room, stay on some star shit  
Know your role, play you position, rule 4  
You know you can't fade it, it's gang truce-related  
We bang for change, hittin', no game, you can't hate it  
I wanna slap Bush and his mammy  
For how he did the Haitians in Miami that's my fam  
Coupe tet Boule kay, so please die cracka die  
That's for 22 generations of genocide  
You see that's why we get high, just to get by  
See we sit and wait until it's dark outside and then we  
ride  
On our enemies, you can depend on me  
If you a pig then you can't be no friend of me  
See it's been 33 years since Fred been gone  
He was murdered on the same day Jay-Z was born, for

real  
12-4-69, same year, when they take one from us  
Then another appears  
We gon' take this time to commemorate  
NRD - National Revolutionary Day, say it -

What we gotta do is tear shit up (8x)

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