

Da Brat F/ Mystikal "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 can come up strong and live long
And not to be scared to get it on...

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