

N.W.a, Appetite 4 Destruction

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 doughter
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 cougth 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 ...