Paris, Tear Shit Up

(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
Strugglefor 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 commemmorate
NRD - National Revolutionary Day, say it -

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