

# Willie D, Fuck Rodney King

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:  
&quot;We shall overcome...we shall overcome...&quot;

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 con come up strong and live long  
And not to be scared to get it on...