

**April 29th, 1992**

**Guttermouth**

April 26th, 1942

There was a riot on the streets  
Tell me where were you?  
While you were sittin' home watchin' your TV  
While I was participating in some anarchy  
First spot we hit it was my liquor store  
I finally got all that shit I can't afford  
Red lights flashin', time to retire  
And then we turned that liquor store into a structure fire  
Next stop we hit, it was the music shop,  
It only took one brick to make the window drop  
Finally we got our own P.A.  
When two guys are holdin' hands I'd assume they are gay

When we returned to the pad to unload everything  
It dawned on me that I could use a loveseat  
So once again we filled the van 'til it was full  
Since that day my living room's been much more comfortable  
The man in the hood with the forty years  
He's getting harder, and harder, and harder each and every year  
Some kids went in a store with their mother  
I saw her when she came out she was gottin' some Pampers  
They said it was for the black man  
They said it was for the mexican  
But not for the white man  
If you look at the streets, it wasn't about Rodney King  
About this fucked up situation and fucked up police  
Ooh, said I'm comin' on top and comin' on top  
And screaming 187 on a big ol' cop  
Show those paintings on the walls  
Crabs are crawling on my balls

Wanna let it burn, wanna let it burn  
It burns, it burns, it motherfuckin' burns  
(Just when I pee)  
Oh, half the moon's over Miami  
Riots on the streets of Chicago  
Riots on the streets of Long Beach  
Mmm, San Francisco  
Riots on the streets of Kansas City  
Tuskaloosa, Alabama  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Fountainberry, Texas, Paramount, Vista Buelle, and all these other  
shitty places that no one would ever wanna go to anyways, so you  
might as well burn them  
Let it burn  
Let it burn  
(Mr. Burns)  
Let it burn  
(Mr. Burns, Mr. Burns)  
Let it burn  
Let it burn