

Air Hoodlum

Public Enemy

Yo, Chuck, where you at, G?
I think he went upstairs, y'know
A very furious mixture of noise
What Public Enemy producer Hank Shocklee calls
'Music's worst nightmare'

(Hey, he's a good kid)

Air Hoodlum
Check the elevation
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Check the elevation

(Player, that can leap, with the best of them)

Risin' up in the 'Velt, Strong Island, New York
The hood, in case you did not know my base
There was a ballplayer who had all the skills
Wit the pill to pay the piper, plus all the bills

Mick his first name, Mack the awesome game
Practiced in the heat, in the rain or in pain
Mick so quick, at six foot six
Down to be picked by anyone but the Celtics

Oh, what a handle could score from the floor
With people bangin' on him or even hangin' on him
But what he did best, above all the rest was

(A player that can leap, with the best of them
(As a high school phenom, the Skywalker himself
I felt he could do to make this an effective basketball team)

Grades nine an' ten, Mickey Mack was all that
But in class, his ass sat way in the back
How I know? 'Cause I know, I used to flow wit the bro
He didn't mind I used to read him his own headline

'Cause he could not read 'em, his school wouldn't need 'em
If the lines wouldn'ta went like this
Mickey Mack jumped over the candlestick
His stack was his stats but his D was still whack
Grades eleven an' twelve, he found the wrong clientèle an' all
Durin' class, he would dribble in the hall

But never got in trouble in school, but the trouble was
It was cool if your brain was just another bubble
As long as he could score fiddy-two
Get thirty-three rebounds, fuckin' around

Teams lost to him, he went right through 'em
Division, county, state, that's three, count 'em
Championships for a small town bro
That's bound to go pro

(He gets free, turn on the jumper, good
Streak of lightning when he breaks loose

We all felt in our hearts we could win this ballgame
They just required me to have the game that I did)

(I'm just, that's all I, that's all I, that's all I can say
That's all I can say, he hauled down fifteen rebounds
And kept the ball away from everybody
Then he had a triple double, a sensational player)

SATs didn't matter 'cause he was all that
You know, the pat on the back
He was always in the news, you gotta know what it means
It means revenue an' I'm tellin' you

I saw cars an' Gs come to our school, please
Approach hell with the principal, where's the coach?
Went to college four years wit a scholarship
An' won the championship

But when it came to his life, he didn't care
'Cause he took it to the air

(Cross and a hook, he scores, he's fouled
From the far corner, breaks West and here's the jumper, good
There's the jumper, it's not gonna go, rebound batted back)

The fall began when Mickey Mack fell
Hell, ripped his knee, drafted last by personnel
Oh, how he loved the game, it was fantastic
Until he was cut an' couldn't stick

Times got tighter an' tighter
he had an attitude, was rude, so he turned into a fighter
School wouldn't give him the job that he needed
Assistant to the assistant coach, they didn't need it

Then he resorted to a stick up kid
Ski-mask an' gat but this game he wasn't good at
An' the drugs on the side
Police ambushed his ride, another homicide

He was over, ghost, y'know
Hometown hero but now a zero
To those hypocrites who ripped him blind
For his skills without the will to develop his mind

Forever in the news the community views him
Only as Air Hoodlum

(I don't understand it, the kid coulda been another Jordan)