

Enemy

Ice Cube

Every January 16th it's "The Dreamer The Dreamer."
And all of you say "I have a dream The Dreamer."
And what did he dream?
It stuck him right there.
And little black boys and little white girls
Will one day hold hands together.
Shit.
Is that where it's at?
Is that where it's at now?
Them little blacks hands are yours.
You can't hold the black brothers' hands?
But you gonna grow old holdin' crackers' hands
Before you hold each other's hands?
You gonna walk with your enemy
Before you learn to walk with one another?
How sick can you be?
(Enemy)

Where you gonna go when the brothers want to bust a shot
Where you gonna go when I want to kill bloodclot
Supercat said that the ghetto red hot
Bust a gloc, bust a gloc, devils get shot
Nappy-headed, no-dreded look where ya read it
Buck the devil, buck the devil, look who said it
Listen what I say after 1995 not one death will be alive
God will survive, him protect the civilized
Who really cares if the enemy lives or dies?
Not me, not me
Me never eat from the tree with the apple
I'd rather have a Snapple
Do you know where you're going to
Do you know where you're runnin' from
Scared of the sun, I live in the sun
You shrivel up like a raisin
And burn like the blunt that I'm blazin'
Ku Klux Klan scared of my nutty beats
Cause them nutty beats equal bloody sheets
Out number you somethin' like 15 to 3
See, don't love your enemy

Enemies, enemy runnin' from the G
Enemies, enemy, you're my enemy
Enemies, enemy, when will I see?
Enemies, enemy R.I.P.

Where you gonna run when God want to do ya?
J. Edgar Hoover, I wish I woulda knew ya
With the boom ping ping is the ring from the fire
Me not afraid, cause me know Elijah
Goin to the East but straight from the Westside
Swing down sweet chariot and let me ride
Through the fire, through the fire that will please us
I know that Farrakhan is your baby Jesus
Devil don't you know I'm a soldier?
In God's name and the baby claim I'm gonna hold ya
Like Folger's Crystals feds
I'ma pick your ass like Juan Valdez

You don't care if me die from the cracker
You don't care if me have a heart attacker
You don't care if me get car jacker
You don't care cause you're nothing but a cracker
Now it's Judgment Day, and Allah'll never play
"freedom got an AK," them Guerrilla say
Bobby Seale said, "please make it rough, bro"
When God give the word, me herd like the buffalo
Through your neighborhood, watch me blast
Tribe of Shabazz, get in that ass
You shoulda took heed of my word and became a friend of me
Now you're just a enemy

Enemies, enemy runnin' from the G
Enemies, enemy, you're my enemy
Enemies, enemy, when will I see?
Enemies, enemy R.I.P.

Now I change my style up, my style up, bodies pile up
Just to trouble you, throwin' out the W
Sent me a subpoena
Cause I kill more crackers than Bosnia, Herze - govina
Each and every day out a siz-tre Chevrolet
With the heavy A to the motherfuckin' K
Now you treat me like a germ
Cause your scared of the su - per sperm
Please don't bust til you see, the whites of his eyes
The whites of his skin, the whites of his lies
Nappy head nigga with the bone in his nose
Ya scared I'ma put this bone in your hoes
But I don't want to, I've been to cona
From the cavebitch with the nasty persona
Hit me with the big black billy club
Cause you white and your hoe than a silly nub
Three men in the tub, rub-a-dub-dub
And it's really scary, now they're in the military
Sodom and Gomorrah, devil read your Torah,
Bible, Holy Qur'an
Once again it's on, got the hollow point teflon
And the brother Ron 2X, so who's next?
(devil)

With Dub see, Brother G
Crazy Toons is a crazy coon ready for the enemy
High off the Hennessey
Hundred ten degree, no it's not Tennessee
West L.A., what the hell can I say?
Niggas want to play, each and every day
Pass me the pill, a nigga shoot the J
Rougher than the roughest rough motherfucker, had enough motherfucker?
Handcuff this motherfucker with the duct tape, tie it to the bumper
Grab his bitch, dump her, cause nobody want to hump her
They call me Thumper cause I thump til it hurt
Knock your dick in the dirt, puttin' in work
Master Farad Muhammad comin' like a comet
When they see em, they all start to vomit
1995, Elijah is alive
Lewis Farrakhan, NOI
Bloods and Crips and little ol' me
And we all gettin' ready for the enemy