

## Express Yourself

N.W.A

Yo, man... There's a lot of brothers out there flakin' and perpetratin  
But scared to kick reality.  
Man, you've been doing all this dope producing.  
You had a chance to show 'em what time it is...  
So, what you want me to do?  
Express Yourself...

I'm expressin' with my full capabilities,  
And now I'm livin' in correctional facilities,  
Cause some don't agree with how I do this.  
I get straight, meditate like a Buddhist  
I'm droppin' flava, my behaviour is heriditery,  
But my technique is very necessary.  
Blame it on Ice Cube... Because he says it gets funky  
When you got a subject and a predacit.  
Add it on a dope beat  
And that'll make you think.  
Some suckaz just tickle me pink  
To my stomache. 'Cause they don't flow like this one.  
You know what? I won't hesitate to dis one  
Or two before I'm through.  
So don't try to sing this!  
Some drop science  
While I'm droppin' English.  
Even if Yella  
Makes it a-capella  
I still express, yo, I don't smoke weed or a sess.  
Cause its known to give a brother brain damage.  
And brain damage on the mic don't manage  
Nuthin'  
But makin' a sucker and you equal.  
Don't be another sequel...

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Come on and do it...

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Now, gettin' back to the PG.  
That's program, and it's easy.  
Dre is back. Newjacks, I mean hollow,  
Expressin' ain't their subject  
Because they like to follow  
The words, the style, the trend,  
The records I spin.  
Again and again and again  
Yo, you on the other end.  
Whatch a brother playin' dope rhymes with no help.  
There's no fessin' and guessin'  
While I'm expressin myself.  
It's crazy to see people be  
What society wants them to be. But not me!  
Ruthless...  
Is the way to go

They know.  
Others say rhymes that fail  
To be original.  
Or they kill where the hiphop starts,  
Forget about the ghetto  
And rap for the pop charts.  
Some musicians curse at home  
But scared to use profanity  
When up on the microphone.  
Yeah, they want reality.  
But you won't hear none.  
They rather exaggerate, a little fiction.  
Some say no to drugs and take a stand,  
But after the show they go lookin' for the dopeman.  
Or they ban my group from the radio.  
Hear NWA and say "Hell no!".  
But you know it ain't all about wealth.  
As long as you make a note to...

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Express Yourself...  
From the heart.  
Cause if you wanna start to move up the chart  
Then expression is a big part of it.  
You ain't efficient when you flow  
You ain't swift, movin' like a tortoise.  
Full of rigor mortis.  
There's a little bit more to show  
I got rhymes in my mind, and better like an embryo.  
Or a lesson - all of 'em expression  
And if you start fessin' -  
I got a Smith and Wesson  
For you.  
I might ignore your record  
Because it has no bottom.  
I get loose in the summer. When in spring and autumn  
It's Dre on the mic, gettin' physical.  
Doin' the job  
NWA is the lynch mob!  
Yes, I'm a cob?  
But you know you need this.  
And the knowledge is growin'  
Just like a foetus, or a tumor.  
But here's the rumor:  
Dre is in the neighborhood  
And he's up to no good.  
When I start expressin' myself,  
Yella, slam it!  
Cause If I stay funky like this I'm doin' damage.  
Or I'mma be too hyped,  
And need a straight jacket.  
I got knowledge and other suckaers lack it.  
So, when you see Dre, a DJ on the mic,  
Ask what it's like.  
It's like we gettin' hype tonight.  
Cause if I strike

It ain't for your good health.  
But I won't strike if you just...

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