

1 Million Bottlebags

Public Enemy

1 million bottlebags count 'em
Think they can bounce the ounce an' it get 'em
Yo, black spend 288 million
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz
An' don't know what the fuck it is

An' oh, lemme tell you 'bout Shorty
He about seventeen, lookin' like 40
Treats his 40 dog better than his G
When he gets a big B O T T L E
Oh, he loves tha liquor

But look, watch Shorty get sicker
Year after year
While he's thinkin' it's beer
But it's not, but he got it in his gut
So what the fuck, yo nigga, what's up?

Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out
But I ain't mad, I know what he about
He's just a slave to the bottle an' the can
'Cause that's his man, the malt liquor man

1 million bottlebags, where's my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?
1 million bottlebags, gimme my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?

1 million bottlebags, so where's my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?
1 million bottlebags, gimme my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?

1 million bags count 'em all
Other man gets happy
Watch the killas drink 8 ball
Don't know a damn thing, but his breath stinkin'
Then I ask a question you brother
What the fuck is you drinkin'?

He don't know but it flow
Out the bottle in a cup
He call it gettin' fucked up
Like we ain't fucked up already
See the man they call Crazy Eddie
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand

He give the liquor man ten to begin
Wit' no change an' he run
To get his brains rearranged
Serve it to the homies an' they're able
To do without a table
Beside what's inside, ain't on the label

They drink it thinkin' it's good
But they don't sell that shit
In the white neighborhood, exposin' the plan

They get mad at me, I understand
They're slaves to the liquor man

1 million bottlebags, where's my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?
1 million bottlebags, yo, wassup with my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?

1 million bottlebags, yo, I need my bottle
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?
1 million bottlebags, somebody's gotta find my bottle?
1 million bottlebags, what the hell are they drinkin'?

Back to my homeboy Shorty
He can drink it down
An' think nuttin' about it
Pass it around an' get tha 40 dog buzz
At the same time
Shorty can't remember what day it was

Say I'm yellin' is fact
Genocide kickin' in yo back
How many times have you seen
A black fight a black
After drinkin' down a bottle
Or a malt liquor six-pack

Malt liquor bull
What it is, is bullshit Colt
45 another gun to the brain
Who's sellin' us pain
In the hood another up to no good
Plan that's designed by the other man

But who drink it like water
One an' on, till the stores reorder it
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it
Sippin' it lick drink it down, oh, no
Drinkin' poison but they don't know

It used to be wine, a dollar an' a dime
Same man, drinkin' another time
They could be hard as hell
An' don't give a damn
But still be a sucker to the liquor man