

# 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  
Air Hoodlum  
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)