

## Anti-Nigger Machine

Public Enemy

When I'm talkin' rhyme time  
To blow your mind time some say  
It's nothing worse than a verse  
To hear some nigger curse  
They call me rude some dudes fiery attitude  
Claimin' I boast and smoke  
And sometimes sing the blues  
I twang metal and settle  
Try to never back pedal  
From the power some got  
To get a nigger shot  
The null and void I avoid  
I test the paranoid  
Never had to be bad  
My mama raised me mad  
So what I got is hot  
I love my life a lot  
I'm never sad just glad  
That's why I thank my dad  
Once they never gave a fuck about  
What I said  
Now they listen and they want my head

Instead of peace the police  
Just wanna wreck and flex  
On the kid  
What I did was try to be the best  
So they fingered the trigger  
Figured I was a bigger nigger  
And started to search  
An so I headed west  
Went to cally a rally  
Was for a brothers death  
It was the fuzz who shot him  
An not da blood or cuzz  
I wondered why it was like  
So I just held my mike  
But in my mind I was blind  
So I just tried to find  
A reason we was quick  
Just the way that we was  
So I just stayed in the crib  
Until I got a buzz...