

## Bedlam 13:13

Public Enemy

Huffed and he puffed  
Huffed and he puffed  
Blew tha house down  
Now how dat sound

Never no never  
Give up gotta, gotta live up  
To my name  
Triple double in da rap game

'Cause I ain't goin' niggatronix  
Smart enuff to know I ain't bionic  
Wit my main man Harry  
Not Connick  
Rather rap my black as of  
Getcha hooked on phonics

Good enuff to know no endo  
Through it out tha window  
Along wit tha Super Nintendo

I'm a strict daddy  
Got dat right  
God damn right  
But have a good time, Dynamite

It's just that I don't talk  
That same ol' crap  
(Shit)  
'Cause papa got a brand new  
Bag fulla rap  
(Hitz)

The world don't work no more no more  
The world wont work no more  
Ain't gonna week no more no more

My main knick knack paddy wack  
C'mon and give a damn  
Confrontational man  
Is what I am, is what I am

I'm tearin' down da house that Jack built  
'Cause he killed whoever he wanted and hunted  
And tax the backs of the environment macks  
Who plan in da silence of the scams

A world dat won't work  
No more, no more

Mother earth gets treated like a whore  
And he doeth great wonders  
So that he maketh fire come  
Down from heaven on the earth  
In sight of men

Toms to the left of me

Bombin' to the right  
World good night  
He got destruction  
In his appetite

On a platter a planet  
To him it doesn't matter  
3-2 at the plate  
Up go the greedy batter

Environmental alarm  
To all not some  
Good God  
'Cause we don't get two of 'em

I was told that oil and water don't mix  
But the new world order  
Got a disorder  
And so I diss

Cuss my disgust, if I must  
One earth is da birth outta all of us  
And so I diss after the math  
Disaster wit a European autograph

Gonna be Bedlam  
If he spread 'em  
Da trigga is cocked  
Nowhere to flock

Gonna be Bedlam  
If he spread 'em  
Pass da word  
F what you heard

Gonna be Bedlam  
If he spread 'em  
Glock is cocked  
Now drop da props

Gonna be Bedlam  
If we spread 'em  
The day the whole world  
Couldn't do it

Repent  
Oh no!  
Check the preacher what he spent  
One way ticket to God to fix scars  
Woman and man runnin' the land sea and air poor

Do we all go the way of the dinosaur?  
Or to hell and back attack  
The new clear fog got us sniffin' like  
Atomic dogs

Pocket fulla pimp daddy moves  
Put a code on a can  
Whatta hell of a man, shootin'  
Trigga pollution, planet prostitution

Uprootin' da third  
We go to the way of the bird

Can't do whatcha want to da place  
Don't waste my place

Where you from?  
We only got one