

# Don't Believe the Hype

Public Enemy

Back

Caught you lookin' for the same thing  
It's a new thing - check out this I bring  
Uh Oh the roll below the level  
'Cause I'm livin' low next to the bass, C'mon  
Turn up the radio  
They claim that I'm a criminal  
By now I wonder how  
Some people never know  
The enemy could be their friend, guardian  
I'm not a hooligan  
I rock the party and  
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist  
Preach to teach to all  
'Cause some they never had this  
Number one, not born to run  
About the gun...  
I wasn't licensed to have one  
The minute they see me, fear me  
I'm the epitome - a public enemy  
Used, abused without clues  
I refused to blow a fuse  
They even had it on the news  
Don't believe the hype...

Yes

Was the start of my last jam  
So here it is again, another def jam  
But since I gave you all a little something  
That we knew you lacked  
They still consider me a new jack  
All the critics you can hang'em  
I'll hold the rope  
But they hope to the pope  
And pray it ain't dope  
The follower of Farrakhan  
Don't tell me that you understand  
Until you hear the man  
The book of the new school rap game  
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane  
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind  
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind  
Caught in the middle and  
Not surrenderin'  
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin'  
Some claim that I'm a smuggler  
Some say I never heard of 'ya  
A rap burgler, false media  
We don't need it do we?  
It's fake that's what it be to 'ya, dig me?  
Don't believe the hype...

Don't believe the hype - its a sequel  
As an equal, can I get this through to you  
My 98's boomin' with a trunk of funk  
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk  
Comin' from the school of hard knocks

Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox  
Attack the black, cause I know they lack exact  
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox  
Leader of the new school, uncool  
Never played the fool, just made the rules  
Remember there's a need to get alarmed  
Again I said I was a timebomb  
In the daytime the radio's scared of me  
'Cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy  
They can't c'mon and play with me in primetime  
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine  
I get on the mix late in the night  
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, sike  
Before I let it go, don't rush my show  
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed  
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this  
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you  
As you get up and dance at the LQ  
When some deny it, defy if I swing bolos  
Then they clear the lane I go solo  
The meaning of all of that  
Some media is the whack  
You believe it's true, it blows me through the roof  
Suckers, liars get me a shovel  
Some writers I know are damn devils  
For them I say don't believe the hype  
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?  
Their pens and pads I'll snatch  
'Cause I've had it  
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static  
I'll see their tape recoreder and grab it  
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit  
I'm going' to my media assassin  
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him  
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?  
Don't believe the hype  
I got flavor and all those things you know  
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show  
Yo Griff, get the green black red and  
Gold down countdown to Armageddon  
-88 you wait the S1Ws will  
Rock the hard jams - treat it like a seminar  
Teach the bourgeoisie, and rock the boulevard  
Some sau I'm negative  
But they're not positive  
But what I got to give...  
The media says this