

Field Nigga Boogie

Public Enemy

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-ass rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin wood on they ass can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a "No Spin Zone," fuck a scanadalous bitch
It's the return of the (Bush Killa) back to bust
Just us for the justice, in God we trust
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events and contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)

"Welcome to the show!"

"Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before"

"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna s top"

"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather

"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"

"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"

"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."

"Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government"

"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R.

"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"

"We need a change! We need a change.." (2x)

"One of these motherfuckers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
Fuck who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherfucker it's the way that we live
Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
Fuck around, and I'ma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of shit, shit, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the fuck home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year nigga it's on