

# Hit Da Road Jack

Public Enemy

I remember when us blacks were on our backs  
Across tracks where we live, now we packin' in Cadillacs  
Or Pontiac if you know what I'm sayin'  
Po' old nigg thinks it's a Caddy and now he's playin' mack daddy

But that's all right I blame it all on Jack  
Who's Jack you ask me, you say, I say it every time  
But the rhyme goes into your head down to your toes  
And you missed me play it off like a diss, yo

Let's go and diss the wick wick wack, wiggedy whack in fact  
I'm sayin' hit the road Jack for the hook  
I'll play it by the book for the track, I'll bring it back  
Look out, hit da road Jack

Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack

Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back

Black is black and white is white  
That's all right if you're right, that's all right, no need to fight, yo  
Much respect if your nature's in check a little  
If not expect me to cock a doodle do a riddle

Just actin' cracka proves to be a killer to me  
Like I refuse to be a negro but we grow to be people, people  
But our color had 'em playin' us out  
Like we was Cinderella

But if you take it and break it down, full of noise  
But Jack and his boys keep doin' what they wanna do  
But hear me out Jack goes under color to kill one another  
'Cause some blacks act devil too

And if you see him, you can tell by his act  
Not his word but his deed and we bleed all because of that  
Lifestyle of a dirty rat and if you act like that  
Step back and hit da road Jack

Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack

Don't you come back, don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back, don't you come back

Don't you come back, don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back

Not Jack the Ripper or the Jack of Spades, I'm not jackin' for beats  
Let's get Jack the Raper, mothers cried while forefathers died from the whip  
And not a bit ever made the paper when I come they all run and hide  
And they quit and yell loud, here he come wit' dat black s\*\*\*

I'm through wit' Jack bein' the quarterback of the scene  
He's played out like bell-bottom jeans, you know  
I took a line from the Main Source for that  
I know they feel the same, thank you, hit da road Jack

Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack  
Hit da road Jack

Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Come back no more

Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Don't you come back, don't you come back  
Come back no more, don't you come back