Hoovermusic

You got the mic People So called street cred The radio The tv The world wide web But we cant do nothing with what you said Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds Hoovermusic How you gonna make music When you take music And abuse it make my crew sick So nobody else can use it More than just some Non singin Drug slingin Hollywood swingin Fling Sing Is it rating or raping No more taping But somebody is still regulating These love to hate songs Yall know thats wrong Anything for the money Tough guy Bet, mtv pic The mic the pig Honesty This policy Be killin me Good for who Good for what Is your mind body soul Is it better from it Tell me why do yall love it? Songs meant to send you to prison Bids to influence a million and half kids You got the mic People So called street cred The radio The tv The world wide web But we cant do nothing with what you said Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds Monstars lurking the planet fame 1 hand in your pocket 1 hand in your brain Sucking your soul like a video game I don't even understand what the f you sayin Whos consumin the boom As they vaccuum your room Shake your boom boom

Public Enemy

They finance your doom You think its romance Just because you dance That black exec you know he didn't stand a chance Trapped in the middle of what you be doin Increased market position Down to what and how you listenin Came in this game Never thought that id ever Seehiphop The game in the name of jedgar You got the mic People So called street cred The radio The tv The world wide web But we cant do nothing with what you said Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds Hoovermusic From cats told crap Young rappers gettin trapped. Buying the same of trick On some of the same ol tracks The rich stackin chips Poor banging with new slang In the ghost and the shadow of your government name Made in the usa Fighting the power in brooklyn To grinnin in juicin while crooked Say you don't know me Or owe me or us My disgust Interrupting my black august I fuss Cause these white kids confusing the worst of us Can it be a lil bit more Than sex and drinks songs Fight clubs gettin they strip on Gangs of kids Who copy what they did Both coasts are clear Some people got no idea Who sent em here You got the mic People So called street cred The radio The tv The world wide web But we cant do nothing with what you said Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds Hoovermusic