

House of the Rising Son

Public Enemy

Look around
What do you see
Can you see what I can see
Hard to live without we
Catchin hell without he
Phenomenons, phenoms and prodigys - huh
20,000 maniacs just gotta be
Human highlight flicks
They wanna be
Hobbys turned to robbery
They killin me
The gun didn't know I was loaded
Devil attempts to get heroes railroaded
Stole the ball from lost souls
For whom the final bell tolls
Confused wit moses in street clothes
I suppose he the one wit cornrows
Blessed to do this
Outside jay
Do you know the way to the aba

One on one
He just begun

Come to the house
Of the rising son

I ain't one of these
Programmed cats
Just off the black
Where the shot clock at
Don't back me if I come
Wit milky raps
Smack me if I rhyme on
Silky tracks
Takes a nation to get back - huh
Mike sometimes the opposite
Of watcha like
I'm tired of taps within
Sometimes your brain's your cell
Prisons the skin you in
Gettin change beyond the point
Blank range
Combined wit the cross it's gettin over strange
Here comes the son
But who's gonna stop
The rain