

# Long and Whining Road

Public Enemy

Its been a long and whining road  
Even though time keeps a changin  
Ima bring it all back home  
I been told i spit lyrics wit politics  
Why wouldnt i?  
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation  
Throughout / ive been a spokesperson  
For a generation  
Within the same ol fear of a black planet  
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it  
If times is hard  
Time is god  
Understand it  
Never took time for granted  
Its all right ma  
As child of the sixties  
All along the watchtower  
I cant bet they gonna miss me

Im only bleeding  
Every grain in me  
Fans if not for you  
There be no pe  
From the nashville skyline  
Girls in south country  
In this world gone wrong  
So heres another love song

We came a long way baby  
You know whats amazin  
The surprise we told these new guys  
Flav has always been crazy  
Hit london 87 like it was an invasion  
Toured the world for 3 years  
Hell with vacation  
Vocation of vocalization  
Especially with the impact of it takes a nation  
Of millions to hold us back  
You bet theres blood on them bomb squad tracks  
Black steel , baseheads, party for your right to fight  
Prophets of rage , bring the noise  
Dont believe the hype  
Cant do nuttin for you man  
911 is a joke  
20 years we got here by actin like common folk  
Touring the world like a rolling stone  
Then the nineties came  
Welcomed yall to the terrordome  
Some threw it away , instead of something to say  
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names  
Since rebel without a pause beats were never the same  
And by 1998 we still had game.

Only a pawn in the game  
Chastised for namin names  
What was said and who said it  
Anti nothing so forget it  
Tears of rage left a friend  
Blowin in the wind  
But time is god  
Been back for 10 years and black again  
Some of them same cats  
Help usher in gangster rap  
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.  
Praised the gangsta  
Just because it sold  
While consciousness  
Went from platinum to gold  
Seen a nation reduce fight the power to gin and juice  
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

Beethoven, bach brahms  
I want some james brown  
Even bruce, brian, bono, beck, yeah chuck berry  
Prince stevie sly smokey johnny cash in my chevy  
Heard some call me an uncle tom  
Now thats petty  
I'm a songwriter fool  
I condense sense from right and wrong  
Livin in the key of protest songs  
From basement tapes  
Beyond them dollars and cents  
Changin of the guards spent  
Where the--went  
Most of their time out of mind  
Hatin my mess age rhymes  
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna  
But they made a day fit for a king  
By the time we got to arizona

Tommorrows a long time  
We got god on our side  
Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride  
A poison goin on  
Shelter from the storm  
Hard rain gonna fall  
Still the people rock on.