

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.