

# Preachin' to the Quiet

Public Enemy

Celebrity the new drug  
In america  
Gotta have it  
Gotta be it  
So the young ones see it  
Watch out now  
Looka here now  
In these get rich or die tryin times  
Greed that i see  
Got these cats  
Whipped by tv  
3 generations of fatherless women  
We drownin instead of swimmin  
This aint what yall asked for  
Thats what they locked ya ass up for  
And closed the door  
Beyond these streets  
These kids is always watchin  
See it aint been the same  
Since teen summitt left the game  
Off the air, who cares?  
Now kids get programmed  
Ask their peoples  
Who buy them almost everything the stars wear  
People see , people do  
See the new pied pipers  
Got a hold on you  
Back to the boogaloo  
Get a shot  
So you wont catch the flu  
Dont get shot  
And get a hole in you

Im talkin advanced  
But goin back at the same time  
Rewind  
So what, some of this song dont rhyme  
Like i said  
Most of us get ghetto at the wrong time  
Fear  
So leave a little room for god  
Up in here  
Back in the day  
Even real pimps, hustlers, players  
Told young cats  
Cmon get their lives on track  
These raps you hear today  
Is a bad ass act  
Im here to tell it  
Like it ought to be  
It aint no kids fault to me  
35 year olds  
Actin 16  
Know what i mean  
You dont work, mean you dont eat  
You need more than a ball  
And some bomb ass beats

New kicks on your feet  
Need your mind in these time  
To compete  
Make your world complete  
Sweet not sour  
Thats what they really call fightin the power

Here it is , no fable  
I put it all on the table  
Spendin my time  
Identifyin whos behind  
Some of these labels  
Who profit off the spit  
Some of the same way same cats  
That owned them ships  
Yes  
Its a business  
Butslavery was too  
Prison industrial complex  
New slavery lookin to own you  
Ownin the labels , stations, jails and cemeteries  
Thug life  
Turnin hip hop into a one stop shop  
Somebody behind  
Makin up your own damn mind  
Signed , sealed delivered  
In a nigger package  
So dumb you cant hear  
The ignorance protected  
By the backpacker  
Who co signed the say so  
Claimin they dig the flow  
Filled wit jim crow  
Return of the old negro  
How you gonna say no to drugs  
If you dont say no to thugs  
See the government  
Sweep it deep  
Under the rug