

# Resurrection

Public Enemy

Damn back again up on track again  
'round the bend  
Some of y'all black again, it got dark  
On your mark get set, out of sight out of mind

Hypocrites forget like marionettes, strings in the back like nets  
The chosen one who fuckin' laugh themselves to death  
Lack of rhymes, meaningless punch lines  
Battle for your mind like Israel and Palestine

Good news in some fuckin' hard ass times  
No more disses, repeated hook lines and chorus'  
Days full of doris' got issues and wishes  
Got the jam but gettin' paid up off the misses

Ain't nothin' wrong but wait, fuck another love song  
It's the R&B strangler bringing noise in the wranglers  
Rock all the heads big times and Alzheimer's  
Shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil

Now the pitch, time for a label switch  
They psych it, I put the roof up on top of this bitch  
Guess what like Tony  
They forgot, I used to around that clock

Lord save us from that sword of Davis that kidnap  
Hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap  
Put my soul in it, careless about the gold in it  
Boom the shotty, got 'em running from the Papparazzi

Lodi dodi, when the Feds come and doom your party  
Cracker in the back, don't you know it's Illuminati  
Ain't nothing changed, PE we be the same crew  
Resurrection in the game here to save you

Yo, it's going down baby, it's going down family  
That's my word, we gettin' ready to turn this shit  
To the two and three zeros, you know what I'm sayin'  
Have all the clocks goin' backwards

Have everything goin' haywire  
You laughed before let's see you laugh now, blue cow  
Hell now, black cow, word to birds  
Word to bird, word to bird nigga

One on one, hard like tarot cards  
Behold the one man million man march  
Takes a nation, 400 year violation  
Apocalyptic no power in this happy hour

Hazardous, no you don't like Lazarus  
Just black baby, where my soul be at  
Star spelled backwards is rats, let bra man rap  
I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats

One step forward two steps back  
Making habits claiming habitats, ratta tat tat

Wish you could turn back the hands of time  
And get mental, pop the tape eight track Lincoln Continental

I'm the mouth that roared, swore to the Lord  
The eye of hawk both live and die by the sword  
The forbidden, the six man be sinnin' from the beginnin'  
You know the suckers hand be hidden

Intense, knocking your block with some sense  
PE got more jewels than dead presidents  
The devil try to get me cross like a crucifix  
But I'm focused on the vultures like a local locust

New world order is goin' down, gettin' 'round  
I'm as spooked as that by the sound  
Fuck it with Saddam I'll bring a new Saigon  
Ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

Yeah, that's right, nine eight no jokin'  
We coming out smokin'  
And for all y'all that's been sleeping on us  
You're lacking, you're lacking  
Ayyo, check 1-2, I've got my man  
That's about to sneak up on you and your crew

Ya know what I'm saying, ayyo check 1-2  
Ayyo, Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son  
And show 'em you ain't done son  
Ball 'em with the back of the gun son, make 'em run son

Sliding down broadway beneath the J line  
Slumped in the incline position mind travels  
Beyond the shell which holds the soul  
Controlled by the Allah, I'll be the most humble

But also punishable  
For those who are unlawful to righteousness  
I strive to stay alive and live this  
Many fell victim to the wisdom

I mastered sex, the track ovulates  
The mic like prostate gland impregnates  
Onto the paper the pain pours  
Or the love of my brother that hurts just the same

Fuck fame, my gun I bust to maintain  
Moods are insidious baffles and eludes  
Those who label the God as anti-social  
Chose not to apply their third eye  
I travel at the speed of thought rate, it's fatal  
What will enable a man to levitate

And you can take that and put that  
On the back of your brain son  
Coming straight to you from Masta Killa  
Ain't nottin' iller

I told you PE is still in full effect  
Beyond the year 2000  
We ain't taking no shorts and y'all need to know that  
To make your head fat boy