

## Sex, Drugs & Violence

Public Enemy

We like those gangsta rhymes...  
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...  
These rappers kill and thief...  
A lot of times it's only make believe...

Once upon a time, not long ago  
A rapper got shot, and no one knows  
Who pulled the trigga on the kid and layed him in his grave  
And after the prayers and the street parade  
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead  
And all the fans loved everything he said  
So understand this, you don't wanna miss  
Sex, drugs, and violence

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Ayo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens  
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means  
It was just another muder scene  
But let's get on with the bling bling  
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing  
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around  
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town  
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man  
While they takin us down, man  
We're takin you down. I got another new sound  
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down  
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun  
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101  
Here it is... Bam  
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man  
Now you see the plan, from west to east  
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace  
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats  
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise  
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap  
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

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Once upon a time I was on Long Island  
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin  
He was bleedin from his guts, yo  
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo  
Now when police light came on  
When the man died, who was the blame on?  
Wasn't me. Not you  
I didn't kill nobody cuz my records don't do that  
I make the records for the kids  
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

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