

Show 'Em Whatcha Got

Public Enemy

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?
I'm bout ready to bounce
Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce
Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild
I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb
Too much dont give a fuck
Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring
I sing a song cause I see wrong
I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from
See, the brothers aint dumb
Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence
Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk

Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk