

## Stop in the Name...

Public Enemy

Full fledgin never sat on my legend  
No shuffle or shoulder shruggin  
Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rhymin  
This renegade rippin  
Rugged trax I love it  
Sorta black owned  
Like da Denver Nuggets  
Pow pow  
The original  
Harder hitter  
Iz back in black  
On deck wit a turtleneck  
Uh ha you can drink  
All you want  
But hard don't make  
Da liquid matter you intake  
The logical  
Sorta psychological  
Brother like butter spread to one  
Another  
Thicker da blunt & got sicker  
Once upon a rhyme all bigger  
Meant was for bigga cotton picker  
Leave alone  
The men from the mice  
Who twice packs da gatt  
Turn into dirty ratts  
I'm comin wit the antidote, I hope they cope  
To da rhythm I wrote  
Pawns in da game  
Goin down da drain  
Final call to my race in pain