

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 andidote, I hope they cope
To da rhythm I wrote
Pawns in da game
Goin down da drain
Final call to my race in pain