

## They Used to Call It Dope

Public Enemy

Little piece of my heart like Janis, no Joplin  
But pure hip hoppin' as they try to ban us  
Crazy flight time, no jacket or ticket  
Wilson Picket had soul, fat tracks so the rappers can kick it

Alan freed the waves as much as Lincoln freed da slaves  
It's here, I bleed and some bled until dead  
I got the rhythm from this headbanger who used to fly high  
And now he's just hangin' in da hanger

Hangin' around homeless  
In a city of no hope, I can't cope  
And just to think see  
They used to call it dope