

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