

# Timebomb

Public Enemy

Hey Chuck, we got some non-believers out there

Yo, we gotta do somethin' about that man  
Yo, we gotta get stupid  
Yo, we gotta let 'em know what time it is

You go ooh and ahh when I jump in my car  
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar  
No matter who you are when I'm up to par  
I betcha go hip hop, hurray or hurrah

But the ahhs and ohhs is my kind of news  
Pop your tape in, put your car in cruise  
I never heard the boos, I never drank booze  
'Cause I just rock the rhythm left alone the blues

The L.I. mystique, you sneak to peek  
A look and then you know that we're never weak  
I know you can't wait, it's never too late  
No fear I'm here and everything is straight

Cycles, cycles, life runs in cycles  
New is old, no, I'm not no psycho  
The monkey on the back makes the best excel  
The people in the crowd makes the best rock well

The people in the back lets you know who's whack  
And those who lack the odds are stacked  
The one who makes the money is white not black  
You might not believe it but it is like that

When you come to my show watch me throw  
Down with the other brothers toe to toe  
When you make a move, new not used  
And watch the bro here just bust a groove

A fat lady soprano, loads my ammo  
Hear my jam with a funky piano  
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel  
A fool smokes Kools 'cause he chokes on Camels

In effect the crew's in check  
Run by the posse with the gold around the neck  
Homeboys in heat lookin' for sweet  
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet

Somebody to body makin' a baby  
Givin' it to grandma an' makin' her crazy  
I'm a MC protector, U.S. defector  
South African government wrecker

Panther power, you can feel it in my arm  
Lookout y'all I'm a timebomb  
Tickin', tockin', all about rockin'  
Makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'

The rhythm to shake the house downy down

Bounce to the ounce is sound the crown  
The man, the enemy, Public King, no thing  
All fall to the force of my swing

Like Ali Frazier, Thriller in Manila  
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer am I  
No need to lie, got the Flavor Flave  
To prove I'll win and if not the save

I'll pick up, rack up, put your whole shack up  
Just choose to lose the bet, emcee stick up  
This is the wiz but the mike's not his, it's mine  
One time let the star shine

And I'm tellin' you, yelling at you you're through  
Don't think you're grown 'cause your mustache grew  
I'm number one you know it weighs a ton  
And I'll be the burger you can be the bun, girl

Surroundin' my steady poundin', get on down to my funky sound  
And rock the rhythm rhyme one time your mind  
Rhythm roll, two times control  
The mauler and the caller of your doom  
And when I'm ready to leave, you're gonna know I go boom

Three times y'all rhythm rhyme and rock  
Then you'll that the D is on the block  
Four times y'all and never ever the whack  
It's the hour to the minute, time to blow black