

What Side You On?

Public Enemy

It's overtime
So the lyric
They fear it
When they hear it
The flow
100 miles and runnin
Get near it
And go
Check it out
Go
To the race
Give the drummer a taste
The bass iz commin commin
Suckas runnin from it
Damn, why you call him
The man
Here I am scramm
Never ran
Never fight the black
From Iraq
Or Iran
Who bombed Japan
Blood on his hands
Part of a plan
He don't really believe
In uhh! God damn

If it comes down to shuttin
Them down
I'm in the hood surrounded
Tell em I'm grounded
I'm on that psycho analytical
Tip if politics iz stickin to
The mix
Like tricks
I'm one more time givin time
Where the rhyme go
Elite to the street
To the brothas doin death row
So where ya at
If the beat ain't fat
Say what

C'mon
And get some
Rattle rattle
Kiss and I hum
Come can you
Get it on the one
C'mon pick it up
pick it at
pack it at
pack it up
To the black
Who be talkin
Where they at
Where they at

Wicked wild
Feelin irie
Not sorry
Get it see it written down in a diary
Same say fuck all dat
Political shit
But wanna get paid when
Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come
Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first
I reverse another trick verse
To the point
Where I can rock dis funky joint
In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear
In 33 years so what
I never had a beer
I don't know what I'm missin
I'm not dissin
But I know I ain't ass kissin
Time to draw the line
This time the rhyme
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine
Cause I know the hoody
Got it good wit the hitman
Can I get a hitman
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand
The funky automatic
Handlin static
Sellin out I ain't good at it
& when I got bumbed
I'm gonna open up
Hitt em up stone to da bone
But it ain't gotta be like that

And thats that
Can u tell me yall...what
All in wit the law
They fall in
The great white hole where they
Be sellin their soul
Never get enough
They be talkin dat roughneck shit
Be comin they quit
Fuck dat blood iz ticker
Than water shit
That shit iz counterfeit
Devil go where da shoe fit
Black mans law iz raw like Africa
You violate
Were comin after ya

They're here