

# Whole Lotta Love Goin on in the Middle of Hell

Public Enemy

Whole lotta love goin on  
In da middle of what?  
Say what?  
What's goin on?

I leave em home alone  
Dey turned into danger zones  
Studio shootouts, leavin no doubt  
In da eyes of the wise  
About the other guys

Fantasi n gettin nat rep  
Makin you move  
While they disturb the groove  
Now the partys over ooops!  
Outta time  
Yo my brother can you spare a crime  
Some wanna take me out  
I even call em my own  
(Can't we all just get along?)  
Rap iz a contact sport  
Can I get support  
When I hum to da maximum  
What I talk is straight  
From da sidewalk strong

The velt New York  
112 beatz a minute  
An I'm flowin in it  
Have no mercy  
On da ones that curse me

And when I'm in da paint  
The feuding might be over  
But the fussin aint  
Some hate the way I say em  
Cause I block em like  
Zo to da am  
Beginning of an end of an error  
Incredible shrinking race

Fiend without a face  
Still got love for em  
But some aint got love  
For the rest of us

So my boys get iller than  
Illinois (Terminator)  
Return to da noise

I'd rather fall off  
Than fall victim of crime  
And a low percentage rhyme  
If I go down they goin wit me  
So come & get me...c'mon