

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 oops!
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