

# Public Enemy, A Letter To The New York Post

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Yo gee  
Come and get your New York Post  
New York Post right here  
Come on y'all  
Get the bost stubost stubost  
Coasta coasta New York Post  
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast  
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast  
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl  
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world  
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon  
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond  
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries  
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory  
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney  
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney  
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy  
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy  
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know  
Here's a letter to the New York Post  
The worst piece of paper on the east coast  
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents  
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere  
It makes no goddamn sense at all  
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit  
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money  
Writers making violence in headlines funny  
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked  
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records  
Europe Asia to the street of New York  
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk  
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me  
New York Post can't destroy me  
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover  
With the headline of a fucked up cover  
Out the pot took plate New York Post  
get your story straight motherfucker  
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad  
Here's a letter to the New York Post  
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on  
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton  
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news  
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game  
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet  
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet  
My own people own the most business  
Write on faith of value'sness  
Should have checked with me before you wrote it  
Got it from another source and quote it  
Put it out like the new year bull drop  
In every beauty parlor and barber shop  
Flavor Flav world renown  
Can't keep a man like Flavor down  
Yo Jet be a good host  
Don't print bull like the New York Post  
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here  
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post  
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal  
from the source y'all  
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post  
Burned us just like toast  
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.

Get your shit correct