

# Public Enemy, Can't Truss It

Bass in your face  
Not an eight track  
Gettin' it good to the wood  
So the people  
Give you some a dat  
Reactin' to the fax  
That I kick and it stick  
And it stay around  
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down  
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots  
Ain't givin' it up  
So turn me loose  
But then again I got a story  
That's harder than the hardcore  
Cost of the holocaust  
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on  
I know  
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum  
From the base motherland  
The place of the drum  
Invaded by the wack diddie wack  
Fooled the black, left us faded  
King and chief probably had a big beef  
Because of dat now I grit my teeth  
So here's a song to the strong  
'Bout a shake of a snake  
And the smile went along wit dat  
Can't truss it  
Kickin' wicked rhymes  
Like a fortune teller  
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack  
Where everybody at  
Divided and sold  
For liquor and the gold  
Smacked in the back  
For the other man to mack  
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory  
Little Rock where they be  
Dockin' this boat  
No hope I'm shackled  
Plus gang tackled  
By the other hand swingin' the rope  
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew  
The guy's authorized beat down for the brown  
Man to the man, each one so it teach one  
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother  
One love who said it  
I know Whodini sang it  
But the hater taught hate  
That's why we gang bang it  
Beware of the hand  
When it's comin' from the left  
I ain't trippin' just watch ya step  
Can't truss it  
An I judge everyone, one by the one  
Look here come the judge  
Watch it here he come now  
I can only guess what's happ'nin'  
Years ago he woulda been  
The ships captain  
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise  
What I got to lose, lost all contact  
Got me layin' on my back  
Rollin' in my own leftover

When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's  
90 F--kin' days on a slave ship  
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time  
Blood in the wood and it's mine  
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain  
Like my brain bein' chained  
Still gotta give it what I got  
But it's hot in the day, cold in the night  
But I thrive to survive, I pray to god to stay alive  
Attitude boils up inside  
And that ain't it (think I'll every quit)  
Still I pray to get my hands 'round  
The neck of the man wit' the whip  
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass  
To signify  
Owned  
I'm on the microphone  
Sayin' 1555  
How I'm livin'  
We been livin' here  
Livin' ain't the word  
I been givin'  
Haven't got  
Classify us in the have-nots  
Fightin' haves  
'Cause it's all about money  
When it comes to Armageddon  
Mean I'm getting mine  
Here I am turn it over Sam  
427 to the year  
Do you understand  
That's why it's hard  
For the black to love the land  
Once again  
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