

Public Enemy, Give It Up

[Flavor Flav vocals in these brackets]
[crowd chant vocals in these brackets]

[Intro: Chuck D, Flavor Flav]

Aight (aight), aight, aight (aight), aight (aight)
I'm aight if you aight (I'm aight)
I be better - get some of that bass
(word, give it up) aight, yeah

Rinkin twinkin body shakin
Nuff attackin brain's a rackin
Clock tockin Chuck shockin
Flavo Flav ain't never shavin]

(one, two, three four)

[Verse One: Chuck D]

It's another record, check it, mad methods
To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed
You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you blunted
Suckin up to the devil steppin down a level
It's who they fear is you
Who protects us from us and you from you
Yes and it counts [fuck the forty ounce]
I sued them bastards, yeah they got bounce
I did em like a demo {threw em out the window}
I took a 98 cause I never liked a limo
But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up
A mad rhyme, for mad times, that's what's up
Some ain't gonna change, I got em in a range
I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin back your brain
Wreckin records with funky stuff
Am I loud enough? {yeah} You got ta give it up

[Chorus: Flavor Flav]

[x4]
Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

[repeat #2 occasional: Chuck D vocal]

yeah
you gots ta give it up now

[Verse Two: Chuck D]

Come again with the same old bounce
I'm calling a foul and once again it counts
Mad tense mad tense brothers know
The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's wack
[And once again it's on!]
Hey Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin "I don't care", it's on
I'm comin with a rhyme [what?] I'm lettin go a rhyme [yeah!]
I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times
Call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her
They don't hear me though, so here I go
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher
When I'm takin his sound to bring you down
Rappers rippin a lyrical kickin finger-lickin
But to the rhythm I'm givin but never cotton pickin
Like James Brown I'm sayin it loud

Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up

Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna never ever change
Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna NEVER EVER change!

[Chorus x1/2]

[Interlude: Chuck D, Flavor Flav]

And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla cum
Some second guessing my lessons about saving young
Some don't know like Run said so here we go
Where it is inside, whoop there it is
(aaaaaaah) There it is
There it is, damn right
My man X is a bad mother {shut your mouth}
I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man
There it is, can you hit me off with another one

[Chorus]

I never did represent doing dumb shit
Some gangsta lying - I'd rather diss Presidents
Dead or alive, bring em and I'll swing em
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing em
Flick em, and I fling em, you can go with em
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing em
Go Grandmama, close but no cigar
I got mine, for I'm using my rhyme
The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever
Give a piece of my time, to prevent some crime
And who behind puttin the guns to the young ones
The ones that make em is the ones that take em
Rugged for no reason, down in duck season
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up

[Chorus x4: fades out]