

Public Enemy, I Stand Accused

I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble
So now I'm speaking out
Against those
That flip the way the story goes
One never knows
Who be flippin the script
Whatever the traitors name
My aim is dunk em like
I'm Chris Webber

So many phony smilin faces
Traces of slander
Got em comin outta funny places
I had it an hear em
Talkin loud behind my back
What was good for the hood
Is what they say is wack
I take the stabbin & grin
When I'm hit
Cause I know the suckas smile
When I leave em
What I'm comin wit

I cant complain about the money
Although the suckas in the back
They talkin shit
An laughin like its somethin funny
I aim to make changes
An never change
Unless its for the better
Cause I always been a go better

Clean hustler
Rhyme instead of muscle ya
Born when ya thinkin I'm gone
The terror era is on...

I stand accused
To the crews
I paid my dues

I stand accused
I refuse
To stand and lose

I stand accused
To the news
I kick da blues
I stand accussed
I refuse

I hear em talkin & walkin
Behind my back I'm attacked
Fuck the knife in the back
Cause it feels like they got an axe

Yeah I can dig it wit a shovel
I never dig dirt wit the devil
Instead I'm on that other level

But I took time to reach down
To help the black & brown

I never stood around

I hear em talkin behind
My mind
In a ocean of sharks
And a back full a hackmarks

They say I'm fallin off
Yeah, they better call it off
& get muscle
& find another hustle quick
Sick n tired of critics
But I can take a hit
I'm all man
Alley oopin the vocal on jams
But they dont know it
They can blow it

& take a puff of dis joint
I see I'm kissin it off the cuff
Behind the back
I'm pullin axes and blades out the arms & the legs
Still my fellas get paid
The terror era is on

Fuck a critic/fuck fuck a critic
All the fuckin critics
Can get the did dit

All a fuckin critic does is
Draw a fuckin line

Cross a line and dis my rhyme
& then they ass is mine

If you find a critic dead
Remember what I said
Who killed a critic
Guess the crew did it

Say paybacks a crazy ass message
Sent to the writers who criticize
They're fuckin wit afreedom fighter

Who raises flags
& dragged the klan in bodybags
I hung em up in Mississippi & bum fuck
This is Chuck so what the hell
You think I did it for
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas
And lemme let em I met em
I told my boys forget em
An what they did got rid of me
Negative
But 94 got stunts & blunts in da mix
I hear the crowd fallin vic
To old ghetto tricks
But if I wasn't your cousin
Wed leave em in the dozens
Of sellin out & bellin out
Half pint 40 ounce
Announce to the rest
We had a fall out

I never took a drink
Never took a hit or bribe
Or got spread by what a silly

Rumor said
Never sang or gang banged
Sold out or rented hip hop
Cause I know when to stop