

Public Enemy, Live And Undrugged Part I & II

Live And Undrugged Part I

Its been a long time
Since the rhyme rode
A rough road
I'm riding rhymes & givin
A dose of brotherland
Never said I wasn't good at it
Cause I'm a static addict
No fear you gotta
Know I had it
If you know better
Spose to do better
So I know like Al Green
We gotta stay together
Knock, knock...who's there
Where? overhere
Da boom kids knockin
Bang and they outta here
The dopemans livin at home
Aloneman
They dont understand
But they can
They can can
If I dont say it
I'm a sucka parlayin it
Don't really matter
When the flow fatter
But I dont dont
Believe
& duck bob an weave
Will deceive a street corner
And the 40 thieves
They bring em in
You do em in
He bring em in
You do us in
Smell em knockin da/boom
Hear em hittin nat/boom
I'm comin atcha
Live and uncut
An undrugged
These days they be thinkin I'm bugged
Livin I be kicken it
Hard instead of lickin it
Down domination on the overground
Tell me what we be
Seekin is self preservation
A nation of millions
Gotta go wit a feelin
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom
And when it comes to drugs
Uncle Tom gotta bomb
Can I get a pop
Till the muthafukas stop
Sellin nat shit
That make the hoody drop
No more easy gettin over
For da cracka in the back
Yo its over
Number 1 wit a bullet
He pull it what I do now
Cant out run it or duck
Or get a new Chuck
Up against the wall

Wont confess yall
I mo move & I'm gone
An so I guess yall
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen
I'm missin a life
If I aint givin up an ass kissin
No television or movie style
No buckwild thinkin
Cause I dont know what he drinkin
But he better act quick
Cause I'm gettin quicker
3 mo seconds to go
I hope he hold da trigga
If he do dat
The gatt iz outta his hands
& then he gotta deal wit a man
Punks jump up to get beat
I'm on the funky beat
Beat beat yall
Until its 6 feet
Under dirt & the mud
Here we go again
Another enemy if you
Never was a friend
Never clever
As I was in this endeavor
Never again trust a smile or grin
From comin outta da womb
To endin up in a tomb
Another sport
Caught knockin nat boom
Here go the verse that hurts
Head brother in charge
So I better get bodyguard
What can I do
Break a leg on the avenue
Where the bootleggers
They be stackin the odds
Try to be hard but they playin my cards
Fuckin wit chicken
But I'm duckin in the lard
Been goin straight since 78
I wanna live I dont wanna be late
I head em comin at me
Runnin fast & ruff
Aint this a bitch & test for the tuff
Bang/doubt it
Without a life
I cant live without it
Bang
Live And Undrugged Part II
Rhymer in a zone
Say u wanna revolution
40 acres to 40 ounces
Plus they announcin
The mule is the one thats fooled
But I pass to be that jackass
Knockin that boom
To the tomb
Out the womb
I bet against the spread
I flipped death threats
And the 3 to the head
Never get enough
The raw, the rugged, the ruff

Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff
I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta
Hard in a rock place my corner
And the winner is
Whoop there it is
33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz
Rather get frunk off
Hearin rhymin wit biz
Rhymamatician, rumpshaker
Mindquaker
Not a cracker or a quacker
But a waker
Put my thing down
Step my shit up
Put up or shut up
Peace to the original what up
Back to the motherland
Where its warmer, transformer
Kill the informer
I hear em talkin creepin
But I'm not sleepin
My mellow I go back
Way back going, going
Before crack
And the 8 track
Still goin, gone, goodbye
To the lazy
I ain't pushing up or drivin
No daisies
I gotta remember Philly in September
Aint nuttin finer than peace
In Carolina & to the gods
Wanna be, gotta be
Starter of mo flow
Here we go the front row
As I cut the silly rhymin
Riddlin still the flow
Gettin ridda dem
Racist swazis
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes
They gotta give us where we live
We don't own
What you think is home
Its time to go up in smoke
911 is no joke
Once again friends
This enemy states fiddy states
Still say chill wait until
The right time baby
Damn the blood line
Gettin raid with AIDS
But somebodys gettin paid
Lets get it on and a on
But brothers gettin killed
Cause blunts & 40's is like
Cookies to da milk
I'm not crazy
I'm the revelation
Last days in time
The overtime rhymer
Rhymer in a zone
Right vs wrong
Good versus evil
God versus the devil
Public Enemy

Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age