Public Enemy, Miuzi Weighs A Ton

[Ridenhour, Shocklee]

Step back, get away, give the brother some room You got to turn me up when the beat goes boom Lyric to lyric, line to line Then you'll understand my reputation for rhyme Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what Style of record my DJ cuts His slice, dice, super mix so nice So bad, you won't dispute the price It's plain to see, it's a strain to be Number one in the public eye enemy I'm wanted in 50, almost 51 States where the posse got me on the run It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder A fugitive missin' all types of hell All this because I talk so well When I,

Rock, get up, get down Miuzi weighs a ton

The match up title, the expression of thrill For elite to compete and attempt to get ill If looks could kill, I'd chill until The public catches on to my material Ducks criticize my every phase of rapture Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture Accused of assault, a 1st degree crime Cause I beat competitors with my rhymes Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped Coocked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip And if you want my title, it would be suicidal From my end, it would be homicidal When I do work, you get destroyed Make all the paranoid, try to avoid The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed This is no kid and I'm no toy boy

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I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks My style is supreme, number one is my rank And I got more power than the New York Yanks If miuzy wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate If they made me a King, I would be a tyrant If you want to get me, go ahead and try it Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a Instead of takin' me out, take a girl to dinner The level of comp has never been thinner It's a runaway race where I'm the winner It's unreal, they call the law And claimed I had started a war It was war they wanted and war they got But they wilted in the heat when miuzi got hot

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My style versatile said without rhymes

Which is why they're after me on my back Lookin' over my shoulder, seein' what I write Hearin' what I say, they wonderin' why Why they can't ever compete on my level Superstar status is my domain Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture And then you'll know why I'm on the run This change of events results in a switch Lateral movements of my vocal pitch It eliminates pressure on the haunted But the posse is around so I got to front it Plus employ tactics so coy And leave no choise but to destroy Soloists, groups and what they say And all that try to cross my way