

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
Cooched 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

Rock, get up, get down
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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 choice but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way