

Public Enemy, Sex, Drugs And Violence

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

Once upon a time, not long ago
A rapper got shot, and no one knows
Who pulled the trigga on the kid and layed him in his grave
And after the prayers and the street parade
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead
And all the fans loved everything he said
So understand this, you don't wanna miss
Sex, drugs, and violence

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Hey yo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means
It was just another murder scene
But let's get on with the bling bling
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man
While they takin us down, man
We're takin you down. I got another new sound
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101
Here it is... Bam
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man
Now you see the plan, from west to east
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

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Once upon a time I was on Long Island
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin
He was bleedin from his guts, yo
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo
Now when police light came on
When the man died, who was the blame on?
Wasn't me. Not you
I didn't kill nobody 'cause my records don't do that
I make the records for the kids
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

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