Public Enemy, Swindlers Lust

[Flav] Yeah back it up
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
A dollar a rhyme, but we barely get a dime
Uh-huh, check it out

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust? (GEYEAH!)
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hickory dickory dock
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate (eheheheh)
Mo' dollars, mo' cents, for the Big Six
Another million led to bled, claimin innocence
Is it any wonder why black folks goin under -
- cause niggaz be sold in bundles
No pressure, tell me why they don't care
Rap and R&B pavin the streets of Bel-Air
From the sales of singers, no longer here
The bigger killer, get the bigger share (eheheheh)
Now the ones I attack, negroes got their back
No, eighty/twenty is a wack contract
Forever lack, the voice of real blacks
Stole rock'n'roll and ain't gave it back (yea yea)
Started off my defense, now they're the ones I defend against
who fell up into the tricks
"Fuck the _Fight the Power_ shit; get that Chuck D nigga fixed,
 and keep him up out of the mix"
Well hell, tell em Chuck don't suck no dick
Be an ass, and that ass get kicked
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate
Watch em swindle yo' ass and turn a profit

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Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
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They don't care about me, they don't care about you
They don't care about you and your crew
your family neighborhood and plus, heh,
they don't give a damn about us

[Flav] One thing about them, they like to exploit though
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
[Flav] They like to exploit little suckers
[Chuck] A dollar a rhyme -- while we barely get a dime

[Chuck D]
Profit off the soul of black folk
Turn em into bitches, niggaz, and stupid ass jokes
Laugh with us? Or laughin at us? That's what I'm guessin
We in the Rutgers program with that question

They came in and sat at the feet (uh-huh)
of our ancient ancestors; they learned (yeah)
they took it back. They came back, then they imitated (right)
Once they got enough, they came back and destroyed

[Chuck D]
Laughin all the way to the bank; remember them own the banks
and them god damn tanks (god damn right)
Now what company do I thank? Ain't this a bitch

Heard they owned slaves, in a ship that sank

[Flavor Flav]
Aight aight aight aight yo yo
Where all the Louie's? Where my Louie's? Ehehe

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
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This to the blues people in the Delta
This for everybody in the 50's that didn't, get their money
Little Richard gettin half of a penny
All of the super soul singers of the 60's
All the bands of the 70's on the outside lookin in
All the people that didn't make a DIME
off their session playin
And even the rappers in the 80's and 90's
still tryin to get paid, from what they put in, yeah

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
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Hmm..