

# Public Enemy, Thin Line Between Law & Rape

Ya took me from a place  
Where the race didn't matter  
And gathered up bodies  
Without a choice  
So I rather  
Pass my opinion/back  
Run ya over  
With my rack an pinion  
Never stop the engine  
For watcha fathers did do the indian  
North & south  
Plus the Carribbean

I got a vendetta  
Cause I know better  
Better black than a stereotype white  
No cash flow wit out work  
Talkin bout the past  
You busted our past  
You busted our ass  
Now you afraid cause I never got paid  
Now sucka jump  
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus]  
You can't take whatcha want  
Cause ya took whatcha want  
Cant get away cause we got it on tape  
You cant take whatcha want  
Cause ya took whatcha want  
Thin line between law & rape (scream)

You can't take whatcha want  
Dont cha know  
We aint got nuttin left  
Cause you took the rest  
We aint got jazz rock & roll  
Rappin the lose  
Wit a few fat ladies left singin da blues  
Go abracadabra to make  
A wish I can mess wit  
Wonder why I'm under  
Neath a crew I cant get wit  
I never knew land was an acquisition  
BS from the best man in position  
Come again wit dat shit  
And set hit like a punk  
No, you cant take whatcha want

[Chorus x2]

[Break]

You cant take whatcha want  
I open up the trunk  
I see your phony ass  
Try to counterfeit funk  
From land to land

To sea to sea  
Allover got the other man  
Messin wit me  
Took the motherland  
Made a slave of my mother and man

Got a good man  
Sayin goddamn

[Long pause]

And to hell with  
Back in the days  
Unless we go way back  
To the black ways  
Always  
Watch your back  
If ya crooked dont front  
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus x2]

We died on the line  
We walk the fine line he talked a good line