

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