

N.W.a, Express Yourself

Yo, man... There's a lot of brothers out there flakin' and perpetratin
But scared to kick reality.
Man, you've been doing all this dope producing.
You had a chance to show 'em what time it is...
So, what you want me to do?
Express Yourself...

I'm expressin' with my full capabilities,
And now I'm livin' in correctional facilities,
Cause some don't agree with how I do this.
I get straight, meditate like a Buddhist
I'm droppin' flava, my behaviour is heriditary,
But my technique is very necessary.
Blame it on Ice Cube... Because he says it gets funky
When you got a subject and a predacit.
Add it on a dope beat
And that'll make you think.
Some suckaz just tickle me pink
To my stomache. 'Cause they don't flow like this one.
You know what? I won't hesitate to dis one
Or two before I'm through.
So don't try to sing this!
Some drop science
While I'm droppin' English.
Even if Yella
Makes it a-capella
I still express, yo, I don't smoke weed or a sess.
Cause its known to give a brother brain damage.
And brain damage on the mic don't manage
Nuthin'
But makin' a sucker and you equal.
Don't be another sequel...

Express Yourself...
Express Yourself...
Come on and do it...

Express Yourself...
Express Yourself...
Come on and do it...

Now, gettin' back to the PG.
That's program, and it's easy.
Dre is back. Newjacks, I mean hollow,
Expressin' ain't their subject
Because they like to follow
The words, the style, the trend,
The records I spin.
Again and again and again
Yo, you on the other end.
Whatch a brother playin' dope rhymes with no help.
There's no fessin' and guessin'
While I'm expressin myself.
It's crazy to see people be
What society wants them to be. But not me!
Ruthless...
Is the way to go
They know.
Others say rhymes that fail
To be original.
Or they kill where the hiphop starts,
Forget about the ghetto
And rap for the pop charts.
Some musicians curse at home

But scared to use profanity
When up on the microphone.
Yeah, they want reality.
But you won't hear none.
They rather exaggerate, a little fiction.
Some say no to drugs and take a stand,
But after the show they go lookin' for the dopeman.
Or they ban my group from the radio.
Hear NWA and say "Hell no!";
But you know it ain't all about wealth.
As long as you make a note to...

Express Yourself...
Express Yourself...
Come on and do it...

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Come on and do it...

Express Yourself...
From the heart.
Cause if you wanna start to move up the chart
Then expression is a big part of it.
You ain't efficient when you flow
You ain't swift, movin' like a tortoise.
Full of rigor mortis.
There's a little bit more to show
I got rhymes in my mind, and better like an embryo.
Or a lesson - all of 'em expression
And if you start fessin' -
I got a Smith and Wesson
For you.
I might ignore your record
Because it has no bottom.
I get loose in the summer. When in spring and autumn
It's Dre on the mic, gettin' physical.
Doin' the job
NWA is the lynch mob!
Yes, I'm a cob?
But you know you need this.
And the knowledge is growin'
Just like a foetus, or a tumor.
But here's the rumor:
Dre is in the neighborhood
And he's up to no good.
When I start expressin' myself,
Yella, slam it!
Cause if I stay funky like this I'm doin' damage.
Or I'mma be too hyped,
And need a straight jacket.
I got knowledge and other suckaers lack it.
So, when you see Dre, a DJ on the mic,
Ask what it's like.
It's like we gettin' hype tonight.
Cause if I strike
It ain't for your good health.
But I won't strike if you just...

Express Yourself...
Express Yourself...
Come on and do it...

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