

# Public Enemy, Aintnuttin Buttersong

We got so much soul  
You can damn near see it  
Spinnin on a 45  
I've come to the conclusion  
Clear the confusion  
My point is to rock  
Dis funky joint  
Dont you know  
I got tangled  
In the star spangled banner  
In the middle of Alabama  
Or was it Tennessee or Arkansas  
New York & Cali got the same  
Amount of race rallys  
I know they wanna hang me  
Straight around the neck  
So I'm knockin off the hand checks  
So you can  
When I say what it is  
It ain't nutting but a song

Krackas, killas, kidnappas  
KKK tryes to blame it on the rappers  
They dont count the ones  
That bounce to the 40 ounce  
Or the runts dat get stunted  
By the bluntz  
This time I'm gonna take it down the line  
To the ones that are ready  
They be holdin it steady  
When a song so wrong  
So many be singin it  
Strangled tangled  
Caught in a spangled  
Banner got em on dat camera  
Stars I'm seein from  
A beatdown in a slamma  
O cay can you see  
But you cant  
Uncle Sammy wears the pants  
Toms his bitch  
When he's swingin a switch  
Rather stick da poor up  
And give it to da rich  
I always thought dat power  
Was to the people, we the people  
O say can I see we ain't people

When I pledge allegiance  
I shoulda got a sticka  
1st grade/2nd grade  
I shoulda just kicked a  
Verse in the middle of class  
Instead of singin bout bombs  
Like a dumb ass  
Land of the free  
Home of the brave  
And hell with us nigas we slaves  
That shoulda been the last line  
Of a song that's wrong form to get  
So when everybody stand  
I sit

The red is for blood shed

The blue is for the sad ass songs  
We be singin in church while white mans heaven is black mans hell  
The stars what we way when we  
Got our ass beat  
Stripes whip marks in our backs  
White is for the obvious  
Ain't no black in that flag