

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 shoul da got a sticka
1st grade/2nd grade
I shoul da 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 shoul da 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