

Public Enemy, Can't Hold Us Back

We spit flows on foes
Listen to the message that ya never know
Got a plan for the man and it's federal
The rhyme animal, back to play the part again
Clear the madness - and put the message in

D the enemy is back to rip the mic
We come together - so don't believe the hype
Check my tone it's a war here at home
We united and strong - and never move alone

We rep justice, equality and freedom now
Put fam first, man woman and child
Never mild keep it hostile 'till we raise
Where we say what we mean and we mean what we say

It's been a long time coming that we mob as one
Guerrilla funk, hard truth and, that's what's up
No peace on the street 'till the justice come
From the ballot to the bullet, if it's on, it's on

Chorus:

I ain't lettin nothin hold me back or block me, they gon' have to pop me to stop me, see
I ain't lettin nothin hold me back or block me, they gon' have to pop me to stop me, believe
I ain't lettin nothin hold me back or block me, they gon' have to pop me to stop me, my brother
I ain't lettin nothin hold me back or block me, they gon' have to pop me to stop me, that's real talk o

Yo I'm a target I got proof, my building got an 'X' on it
Bloomberg threw the hex on it,
It's like a pistol with effects on it
On a brother with arrest warrants

Hittin' pigs in they in they chest quadrant where they vest wasn't
Now he dead cousin
All you snitches hit the red buttons, we some Uncle-Tom killas
Mini-nina concealers, political cap-peelers for this freedom fo' rilla

Yo if police stop the whip you got to eat them trees
I ain't got no 'G' to give to these coppers and court fees
You know my steez, security first, prepare for the worst
Never caught slippin' if you stay on alert

Malcolm X said send send 'em to the cemetery if they touch you
A revolutionary virtue - a dull blade'll hurt you
I'm up early workin' my machete
In war, it ain't no warning, you just got to be ready

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It's bigger than rap-
You really think you gon' be left alone
On sayin' that you believe and ain't gon' have to get your scrap on?
Then yap on, and will see if that's the right route
While I get my clap on and turn snitches lights out

I tried to be nice, now we gon' have to bleed 'em
I'm willin' to do a killin' for the price of freedom
Comin' from the left, brother, hood is how we kept it
So prison or death is just something I done accepted

So we'll murder a snake, and we'll kill a skunk
This ain't the word of a fake, it's Guerrilla Funk
So right now is the time and your turf's the location
Y'all about to see the Rebirth Of a Nation

Even if some got de-rebelized
The revolution still will not be televised
U.S. Government tellin' hella lies
And it's evident when you look in this president's devil eyes

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