

# Public Enemy, Crayola

Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks  
New cats jackin beats from way back  
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques  
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax  
Robbery a&r snobbery  
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song  
Makin folk dumber in the summer  
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummer  
Keep it simple stupid means numbers  
Payola dough white owned black radio  
Runnin on empty help go the desperado  
So i bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow  
No info to the masses as they shake their asses  
No clue but i cant get my shit up in to you

Crayola with that same same ol shit  
Crayola with that played playa shit  
Crayola with that kid crayon shit  
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

All fucked up ways must fall  
Now the industry cant stop me  
A vendetta to make the whole game better  
They get the cheddar  
All i got is a fuckin letter  
What i owe? What am i  
Another number and a ho, they dont know  
Time to see em go like dominoes  
About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhyme  
Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind  
Missed what i said cause they dont even own their own heads  
Go one go all i forgot they made robots outta some of yall  
Today all fucked up ways must fall  
Today is up against the wall  
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs  
Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow  
Swallowing all that shit thats shallow  
Give the baby anything the baby wants  
But thats how them bastards get us up in them caskets  
Try to get me where they want me  
Before some of them jump me  
Go tell em im a start a rebellion  
Educate the felons easy on yeah  
Tell em what the fuck am i yellin  
No tellin you got them artists and artificials  
If it aint right i dont give a damn if its sellin  
Recruits chasin and racin for that loot  
Usin usual drum loops so i salute my troops  
I dont socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals  
And you know what and that g-damn single  
And the marketing team for that matter  
It dont matter  
Djs gettin dimes for time on a platter  
I aint gotta be high to jack so i hijack  
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka  
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches  
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches  
Everything had its chance last dance  
Some things change like them weather forecasts  
Ha funny how shit dont last

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