

Public Enemy, Godd Complexx

Are you ready?

Uptown, on the corner, uptown

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I turn around and hear the sound of voices talkin bout who's
goin to die next

Cause the white man's got a God complex

Tellin niggas screamin for help (help me, help me, help me, help
me)

Nigga go make your own help

Shit you need it

I turn around and hear the sound of jukeboxes playin in bars

Pimps parked outside in big pretty Flavor Flav cars

Cleaner than a broke dick dog

Sittin in a big fine frog

Dressed very fine and fly in their Calvin Kani

No matter how you flex

Yo Jim

They'll die next

Cause the white man's got a God complex

Uptown on the corner, uptown (X 4)

Hey brother what you sport my man

I got just the thing for you

Only cause you're 10 and 2

What ya gonna do baby

I got black ones

Brown ones

Red ones

Yellow ones

I even got a white one

If you want to buy some

Yeah

That's right

2 5 8 play it straight

Got it all worked out

I know what I'm talkin bout

Yo I been readin my dream books

So I ain't no way the kid is gonna get took

Nigga what you mean

I didn't hit

Nigga

You full of shit

Nigga

Lick the ice (uh)

Now 7

Come on be nice and hit 11

Well what do you know

It's lil Joe

Ey my man

Got twenty dollars eh lil Joe don't blow

Ah baby needs a new pair of shoes

Ah pappas got the funky blues

Ah mamma plays the crosswords in the news

Sorry nigga you lose

The line forms to the rear lady muther fuck your welfare check

Cause the white man's got a God complex

Uptown on the corner (X 4)

Mr. Stein elevating a friend

But is proud to be mine

But you just want to cheat me cause I ain't your kind

Damn

I'm so poor

I don't know what the hell I'ma do anymore

Not from this day to the next

Cause the white man's got a God complex

(vamp out)