

# Public Enemy, Kevorkian

Start a war on the poor gettin mad donations  
Takin cheese out of poor nations  
Got haitians still on sugar plantations  
Wiped em out called it exotic vacations.  
As you dig it they set up regulations  
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients.  
Whats the diff no buts ands or ifs...  
Now i need a place to hide away.  
Are you ready are you ready

Whose the real docs of death  
Oh no its doctor death

Killer man atomic b-boys in japan.  
Another brother dies up in sudan  
Kevorkian got the heads lookin for that kill em  
Dead from the feds shit man  
Contaminated in sad predicaments  
Blood threats, blastin continents  
Kings, queens dead presidents  
Cant tell me where my chiza went.  
Take em down blow the house down blaw  
The evils got you wobblin like weebles  
Thinking you equal, killin lost peoples  
No sequal remember biko

Whose the real docs of death  
Oh no its doctor death

Whose the real docs of death  
Killin millions til theyre last breath  
Got no right to be dead ass wrong  
Killin me softly with your songs

Bring the noise  
But surrounded by cowboys  
Indigenous but wiped out  
Diggin new ditches  
Can you dig it  
Turnin tricks at the tip of politics  
The devils slick, gettin their head split  
I spit at those hypocrites  
So i sticks to the music  
Think about it its god  
You better get with the scene  
Keep you and i from being human beings  
You deserve what you deserve,  
If you believe what he believes  
And into everything you leave.  
Oh what a tangled web you weave,  
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees  
Bringing satan down to his knees