Public Enemy, Live And Undrugged, Parts 1 & 2

"Live And Undrugged Part I"

It's been a long time
Since the rhyme rode
A rough road
I'm riding rhymes and; givin'
A dose of brotherland
Never said I wasn't good at it
Cause I'm a static addict
No fear you gotta
Know I had it
If you know better
Suppose to do better
So I know like Al Green
We gotta stay together

Knock, knock...who's there Where? overhere Da boom kids knockin' Bang and they outta here The dopeman's livin' at home Aloneman They don't understand But they can They can can If I don't say it I'm a sucka parlayin it Don't really matter When the flow fatter

But I don't don't Believe And duck bob an weave Will deceive a street corner And the 40 thieves

They bring em in You do em in He bring em in You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha Live and uncut An undrugged These days they be thinkin I'm bugged Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be
Seekin is self preservation
A nation of millions
Gotta go wit a feelin
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom
And when it comes to drugs
Uncle Tom gotta bomb
Can I get a pop
Till the muthafukas stop
Sellin nat shit
That make the hoody drop

No more easy gettin over For da cracka in the back

Yo it's over Number 1 wit a bullet He pull it what I do now Cant out run it or duck Or get a new Chuck Up against the wall Wont confess y'all I mo move and I'm gone An so I quess y'all Lemme tell you so lend me a listen I'm missin a life If I ain't givin up an ass kissin No television or movie style No buckwild thinkin Cause I don't know what he drinkin But he better act quick Cause I'm gettin guicker 3 mo seconds to go I hope he hold da trigga If he do dat The gatt iz outta his hands

And then he gotta deal wit a man Punks jump up to get beat I'm on the funky beat Beat beat y'all Until its 6 feet Under dirt and the mud Here we go again Another enemy if you Never was a friend Never clever As I was in this endeavor Never again trust a smile or grin From comin outta da womb To endin up in a tomb Another sport Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts Head brother in charge So I better get bodyguard What can I do Break a leg on the avenue Where the bootleggers They be stackin the odds Try to be hard but they playin my cards Fuckin wit chicken But I'm duckin in the lard Been goin straight since 78 I wanna live I dont wanna be late I head em comin at me Runnin fast and ruff Aint this a bitch and test for the tuff Bang/doubt it Without a life I cant live without it Bang

"Live And Undrugged Part II"

Rhymer in a zone

Say u wanna revolution 40 acres to 40 ounces

Plus they announcin

The mule is the one thats fooled

But I pass to be that jackass

Knockin that boom

To the tomb

Out the womb

I bet against the spread

I flipped death threats

And the 3 to the head

Never get enough

The raw, the rugged, the ruff

Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff

I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta

Hard in a rock place my corner

And the winner is

Whoop there it is

33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz

Rather get frunk off

Hearin rhymin wit biz

Rhymamatician, rumpshaker

Mindguaker

Not a cracker or a quacker

But a waker

Put my thing down

Step my shit up

Put up or shut up

Peace to the original what up

Back to the motherland

Where its warmer, transformer

Kill the informer

I hear em talkin creepin

But I'm not sleepin

My mellow I go back

Way back going, going

Before crack

And the 8 track

Still goin, gone, goodbye

To the lazy

I ain't pushing up or drivin

No daisies

I gotta remember Philly in September

Aint nuttin finer than peace

In Carolina and to the gods

Wanna be, gotta be

Starter of mo flow

Here we go the front row

As I cut the silly rhymin

Riddlin still the flow

Gettin ridda dem

Racist swazis

Cause I'm brinin kamikazes

They gotta give us where we live

We don't own

What you think is home

Its time to go up in smoke

911 is no joke

Once again friends

This enemy states fiddy states

Still say chill wait until

The right time baby

Damn the blood line

Gettin raid with AIDS

But somebodys gettin paid
Lets get it on and a on
But brothers gettin killed
Cause blunts and 40's is like
Cookies to da milk
I'm not crazy
I'm the revelation
Last days in time
The overtime rhymer
Rhymer in a zone
Right vs wrong
Good versus evil
God versus the devil
Public enemy
Muse sick in hour mess age