

Public Enemy, Livin In A Zoo

Skills to kill
And fill a hole, we roll deep
Wit a frown that's down
Low in the meddle of jeep beats
So I'm makin a point
Not stickin butts or blunts
But the Terminator X
And the rhythm he cuts
Figure this bigger brother
Gonna trigger the track
No I ain't country
And my name ain't Zack
Step the fuck back
Take a look at the racks
My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax
CDs they only double the tax
And makin money money
New York City to lax
Tell the suckers suckers
Never ever relax
I'm kickin in cold facts so true
It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho
Wheres my rifle? right though
I ain't Michael, yo
I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay
Wastin time in a crime wit a nine
Rather find another brutal rhyme
It's us verses, I put it all in verses
If the sound reverses
I pump it up wit curses
Fuck sittin in the back of the bus
But don't front what we lack
We got it loaded in a back pack
See they can do it to a man
But wit men suckers semi
Think that shit before they come again
No science to the wild senile
Slackin cause he packin like a

Runaway child yeah
Would I ever try to sever, hell no
Never would work if the
Rhyme wasn't clever
Wild in an isle
Stackin high from the floor tile
Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a
What I gonna wanna do...
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at
Here's a track
I try to duck duck
Those 3 bullets in the back
Top 40
Ignore me
Sooooo
I him 'em in the hood
Until it feel good

But I'm all right though
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills
But a battle of wills
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler
They call me over the phone
Che-che-checkin me out
Takin my time
To find a brother droppin dime
Once again it's on
In the paint, and I ain't givin up
No props to the game
And it stops in the name of the hip hop
Reign and the pain got me goin
Goddamn wont they even pull a
Bullet on a pop jam