

# Public Enemy, LSD

Told ya buffalo soldier  
Fell to the ground like folgers  
Couldnt hold the boulder  
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer  
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer  
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors  
Generation x be the end of baby boomers  
Is the next generation headed for doom  
Control the soul and you got a got a  
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot  
Think its terrorism the border lines hot  
Check the passports tap the telephone  
Surprise they home grown  
And one of your fuckin own  
Its dat same ol shit - dat same ol game  
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing  
Now what i see say you know me  
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I dont know what yall thinkin about  
But if you know like i know  
You better strap on your seatbelt  
Cause you in for a long ride

Now i be damn i been a man  
Figure i never call myself a nigger  
To get benjamans  
Whats love got to do wit what you got  
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot  
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes  
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud  
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales  
How the dead bled and fled  
Now they livin up in the bed  
Instead they seize us like jesus  
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead  
Lord had mercy wanna curse me  
New world order got my ass drownin in the water  
Now what you stuck to the west  
That funk to the east is phat  
Atl be krunk dirty south  
Thirty thou crankin trunks  
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk  
Now what be indebted  
Better get over it  
Those times and raps aint never comin back  
No future without a pass i kick ass  
Rock the sox offa pandoras box  
Is itany wonder why the clocks flavor got  
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox  
I set the bomb between the r & b scene  
Go against the grain run up on the train  
And so i parallel the brains of cobain  
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne  
Make it plain the sound remains insane  
Come the same no holes closin up the lane  
Dont ask no questions on the simple level  
Can the magic get shaq back  
Knicks get van exel  
Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard  
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words  
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs

I aint never been cuckoo for no coco puffs  
Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks  
Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties  
Lie for a lie i look em in the eye  
History speaking lawyers should die  
Kissed the companies and made them all cry  
A new rap song and a real drive by  
Why o why did the video die  
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid  
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid  
The god damn white man got you afraid  
Social service got your mama afraid  
Scared of the fact before a niggas black  
Some of you say nigga before you say crack  
You got no back is what you lack  
Just say black and ill see where your ass is at