

Public Enemy, New Whirl Odor

[verse 1]

Check that soul in
Tape is rollin
Black dont crack
Where the party at?
Stax, jumpback
Wax them tracks
Barkays cut it live
Like 45s
Strong songs survive
On records
95 beats per second
Get it mike on the guitar cmon wreck it
You go ooh ahh there go them superstars, of soul
20 times better than gold, stax,
Keep it here
Cuttin them tracks, relax
Pop them fingers, play it barkays
Jumpback baby
Soul gotcha crazy
Cold feet thanks
For the groove
And them bomb beats
To make me move
Color of dead
Looks like the future is history
Why you dissin me
Aint no mystery
On the outside peekin in
End of your freeride
No way you can win
Beginnin of the end
Of your liberal friends who pretend
Everythings changed
While nuthins changed much
Uhh this is chuck
Stays to the left of this
And to the right of that
Just black where my mind be at
Shit wheres the rest of my cats?
High trees catch a lotta wind my friend
My shits in a bind
Fine line between aware and blind
Dont mind
Some of them aint got a mind
Mind over matter
They dont mind
And we dont matter

[verse 2]

I flock to refugees
Who flock to me
The roots the coup
And kick aside the genocide and the juice
Comedians actors nuclear reactors
Players and ballplayers
Singers dancers and rhyme sayers
Why do us like you do
Ska doo
Fuck da residue
Frustrated 5 on 2s
No breaks for madd crews
Nowwho the fuck is you
Sick a you
Community hoesis

Who posin as mozes
In street clothist
Who be the closest who blows it
Every ryme be for the future of mankind
Crazy heads cuttin off the dreds
Ruin health
Wit no knowledge of self
Incomin taxes breakin backs off a blacks
Who done 400 years in this abyss?
And so im pissed the fuck at this new whirl odor
So i piss
[verse 3]
Some things in the air
When the smoke clears
Will it only be white folks and black jokes
How many be gone
If they bomb barbershops and hair salons
Time to dot com
Before they rub out clubs
Where you get your drink on
Mother father sister bro
Love is the message
But war be the front page
In this mess-age
Ghetto celebs spread by the hundred
Macked by the same tactics
Wit us in a tundra
Goin under
Avoidin cries from sodimized
Society
Scary getting screwed without a dictionary