

# Public Enemy, Swindler

A Dollar A Rhyme But We Barely Get A Dime  
If You Dont Own The Master  
Then The Master Own You  
Who Do You Trust From Swindlers Lust  
From The Back Of The Bus  
Neither One Of Us Control The Fate Of Our Soul  
And Swindlers Lust  
Hickory Dickory Dock Hand In My Pocket  
Robbed Me For My Chocolate  
Mo Dollars Mo Cents For The Big Six  
Another Million Led To Bled Claimin They Innocence  
Is It Any Wonder Why Black Folks Go In Under  
Cause Niggas Be Sold In Bundles  
No Pressure Tell Me Why They Dont Care  
Rap And R & B Pavin The Streets Of Belair  
From The Sales Of Singers No Longer Here  
The Bigger Killer Gets The Bigger Share  
Now The Ones I Attack The Negros Got Their Back  
And Know 80-20 Is A Whack Contract  
Forever Lack The Voice Of Real Black  
Stole Rock And Roll And Aint Gave It Back  
Started Off My Defense  
Now Theyre The Ones I Defend Against  
Who Fell Up Into The Tricks  
Fuck The Fight The Power Shit  
Get That Chuck D Nigga Fixed  
And Keep Him Up Outta The Mix  
Well Hell Tell Em Chuck Dont Suck No Dick  
Be An Ass And The Ass Get Kicked  
Hand In My Pocket Robbed Me For My Chocolate  
Watch Em Swindle Yo Ass And Turn A Profit  
If You Dont Own The Master  
Then The Master Own You  
Who Do You Trust From Swindlers Lust  
From The Back Of The Bus  
Neither One Of Us Control The Fate Of Our Soul  
And Swindlers Lust  
They Dont Care About Me  
They Dont Care About You  
They Dont Care About You And Ya Crew  
Ya Family Neighborhood And Plus  
They Dont Give A Damn About Us  
Profit Off The Soul Of Black Folk  
Turn Em Into Bitchez And Niggas  
And Stupid Ass Jokes  
Laugh Wit Us Or Laughin At Us  
That Is What Im Guessin  
We Interrupt This Program Wit That Question  
Laughin All The Way To The Bank  
Remember Dem Own The Banks  
And Dem G-Damn Tanks  
Now What Company Do I Thank  
Aint This A Bitch Heard They Owned Slaves  
And A Ship That Sank  
If You Dont Own The Master  
Then The Master Own You  
Who Do You Trust From Swindlers Lust  
From The Back Of The Bus  
Neither One Of Us Control The Fate Of Our Soul  
And Swindlers Lust  
This Is For The Blues People In The Delta  
This Is For Everybody In The 50s That Didnt Get Their Money  
Little Richard Gettin Half A Penny A Penny  
All The Super Soul Singers Of The 60s

All The Bands Of The 70s On The Outside Lookin In  
All The People That Didnt Make A Dime Off Their Session Playin  
And Even The Rappers In The 80s And The 90s  
Still Tryin To Get Paid For What They Put In  
If You Dont Own The Master  
Then The Master Own You  
Who Do You Trust From Swindlers Lust  
From The Back Of The Bus  
Neither One Of Us Control The Fate Of Our Soul  
And Swindlers Lust