

Public Enemy, They Used To Call It Dope

Little piece of my heart like Janis
No Joplin
But pure hip hoppin
As they try to ban us
Crazy flight time no jacket
Or ticket
Wilson Picket had soul
Fat tax so the rappers
Can kick it
Alan freed the waves
As much as
Lincoln freed da slaves
Its here I bleed and some
Bled until dead
I got the rhythm from this
Headbanger
Who used to fly high
Now he's just hangin in da hanger
Hangin around homeless
In a city of no hope I can't cope
Just to think
See they used to call it dope