

War At 33 1/3 (Instrumental)

Public Enemy

War at 33 1/3, haven't you heard
I got quick and clever at the level
Of a scientist with this list
My fist pumps, chumps and don't miss Sorry majority grudgin' against the enemy
And any other nigger wit an attitude see
And any other rapper whose a brother
Who try to speak to one another Gets smothered by the other kind
No so divine so I heard it through the grapevine
Sent the feds out to get mine
Time yo-yo to go Bronco in 90-91
Laughin' while they're searchin' for my 98 Accelerate the race from the chase
Looka my face
It ain't hate but they don't want a debate
To take great Can I live my life without 'em treatin'?
Every brother like me, like we're holdin'
A knife alright time to smack Uncle Sam
Don't give a damn, look at the flag My bloods a flood without credit
Black and close to the edit
I fed it, you read it, just remember who said it
War at 33 1/3 not really live, I rather do it at 45 Went west in the quest for my intelligence
Climbed a fence took a teacher on
Ain't seen him since, hence he winced
And convinced that the Black Was back revolving to a renaissance
Bronze to gold I told felt bold
Taught a so called teacher our role
In civilizin' the whole globe Banned unplanned as I said
I don't break down religion why?
There ain't a smidgen for a pigeon
Nature for bird, dog, worm or lion So my question to man is, so why the lyin'?
God's law I saw is natural factual
Only man creates a waste
Defiance in his haste Based on scheme a scam
From some mastermind damn if we read it
And we see it and still be blind
No need to search a fake church Evangelical, huster
Anglo taxin' to muscle ya
Check I wreck you guess yes
All the bullshit now that's progress

Songwriters

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