

New Whirl Odor

Public Enemy

[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
 Now who the fuck is you
 Sick a you Community hoesis
 Who posin as moses
 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 sodomized Society Scary getting screwed without a dictionary

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