

Night Of The Living Baseheads (live)

Public Enemy

Here it is
Bam!
And you say, Goddamn
This is the dope jam
But lets define the term called dope
And you think it mean funky now, no
Here is a true tale
Of the ones that deal
Are the ones that fail
Yeah
You can move if you want to move
What it prove
It's here like the groove
The problem is this, we gotta' fix it
Check out the justice, and how they run it
Sellin', smellin'
Sniffin', riffin'
And brothers try to get swift an'
Sell to their own, rob a home
While some shrivel to bone
Like comatose walkin' around
Please don't confuse this with the sound
I'm talking about BASSI put this together to
Rock the bells of those that
Boost the dose
Of lack a lack
And those that sell to Black
Shame on a brother when he dealin'
The same block where my 98 be wheelin'
And everybody know
Another kilo
From a corner from a brother to keep another,
Below
Stop illin' and killin'
Stop grillin'
Yo, black, yo (we are willin')
4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'
Wait a minute y'all
The fiends are fiendin'

Day to day they say no other way
This stuff
Is really bad
I'm talkin' 'bout bass!Yo, listen
I see it on their faces
(First come first serve basis)
Standin' in line
Checkin' the time
Homeboys playin' the curb
The same ones that used to do herb
Now they're gone
Passin' it on
Poison attack, the Black word bond
Daddy-O
Once said to me
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his jeep
And at night he went to sleep
And in the mornin' all he had was
The sneakers on his feet
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo
He stripped the jeep to fill his pipe
And wander around to find a place
Where they rocked to a different kind of bass

Songwriters

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