

# Bring That Beat Back

## Public Enemy

Played in Cincinnati  
Wit my whole head nappy  
Made a rally in the street  
Wit nothin' but a beat Gotta grudge against a judge  
Kick 'em out that seat  
You are what you eat  
So what you eatin'? Same message to your mind  
Be self defeatin'  
Sick n tired of bein' sick  
And tired of bein' beaten Saw 'em drop it like it  
Was way too hot and too fast  
For hip hop, doo wop, rock or bop  
Ain't here to hurt you Don't hang in them circles  
Government ain't got me  
Yet so y'all don't stop me  
See a stampede of fake cats Runnin' from Bill Cosby  
What does he gotta do wit you doin' you?  
Y'all know what? DJ, Lord gimme that cut  
Bring that beat back  
That's what's up Feedback from truly  
Freed blacks  
Gotta think outta this  
Box of hard knocks Lined 'em up at Fort Knox  
To die in Iraq  
You don't know I rock?  
What you under a rock? Old cats beggin' us to bring that beat back  
Each generation thinks  
The next one is wack  
Jump started in the daze of crack R&B Reagan, daddy Bush  
Way the hell on back  
Pray to god  
Feel like I got a church in myself Good god, uh, can't get no help  
I say again health care cutback  
Shit is wack  
Bring that beat back They say the youth don't matter  
And the old don't mind  
It takes a lotta spine  
To build all them young minds Some of us get ghetto at the wrong damn time  
Album what? We just makin' one at a time

To save another brother whose life on the line  
A big shot to claim some rocks and shine  
Signs of a soul gone solo, robbed blind  
A very small part of half the worlds crime  
Runaway child blown by an old land mine  
Little ones workin' in diamond mines  
So cats can say what's hers and what's mine  
Diamonds is girls best friend  
So why's he cryin'? See when y'all hear it get near it  
And you recognize the lyrics  
You trained to refrain  
And you start to fear it  
Escapism  
Like today there ain't racism  
Obviously y'all ain't see  
Black folks on TV  
Judgment calls  
Made on behalf of you and me  
Or you and I  
Do or die  
I say an I for an I  
Dividin' line  
Got the poor people  
Payin' for crime  
Corporations gettin' paid off our jail time  
Now y'all can tell Russell  
Yes, I knock the hustle  
Cause 2 million in lock down  
Under federal muscle  
Beyond the streets  
These kids is always watchin'  
Watching some of these jerks  
When they go berserk  
So I work

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