

Last Mass of the Caballeros

Public Enemy

Mad topics, no you can't stop it
Like how much they paid for that rocket?
People in the hood really ain't got shit
How much got spent by the President? Where my money went? livin' here separate
Even heads gotta nerve yellin' represent
Beat down cribs funky ghetto adlibs
Gadgets, value jets, half lit cigarettes, city limits Put my whole soul in it
I been waitin' too long to get where I'm goin'
Hatas dissin' this flowin', thinkin' ball and rap
Is the greatest thing from blacks Hype, watch a sucka run to it
Seems like a river runs through it
Simple to do it, pass the can around
Try to help one another The pimp got tricks
That he learned from the other
Go by the color you'll discover
Damn everybody ain't no brother Just when you thought it was safe
I'm dubbing mad breaks on ol' C.I.A. tapes
Ain't no stoppin' who in this country tis of you
It's monkey see monkey do Now in the age of followin' the celebrity rage
A twelve gauge flipped the whole page
The score lopsided in a one sided war
Could be more than what you bargained for Six-pack weasels pumped up by their own press releases
Till the capital ceases
Ain't no difference tween black and white
Except the green in between, yeah, right Know, what I mean? Spook that sat by the sound
Black like James Brown, it's been goin' down
Spirit in your dark ass direction
Projection controls perception Got you guessin' in the art of deception
Indexes confusin' Rolexes for Rolodexes
Another brother fried in Texas
Spent my best pay days hittin' off exec's
Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up Analysis of the situations
Bringing forth alarming revelations
Cigars a hundred thousand dollar cars, what
Most of us do the laundry in the bus Is we blessed 'cause fast foods processed
Will the last be first can the first be less?
Got no leverage
Mad thirst for the beverages Now the funk got us dead 'n' drunk
Got your drink on but got no think on

Now you got beef, wanna knock out teeth
Against the land of the lost, gettin' tossed a week of course to the bosses
Old timers preachin' as born again rhymers
In the school gotta walk men
Graduates can't talk, man Lyin' between the chalk man
shakin' that money maker
That MTV honey is a faker
Let Ill and Al take her Dead borders separated by the waters
Stats and surveys be off like Saturdays
Madd killers reproducin' like caterpillars
What's on your mind on the welfare line? Cuttin' Medicaid got us droppin' like flies
Words from the wise comin' from the dead
Not alive from Facundo Ariel LÃ³pez Trejo

Songwriters

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