

# Prophets Of Rage

## Public Enemy

With vice I hold the mike device  
With force I keep it away of course  
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'  
And on stage I rage  
And I'm rollin'  
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors  
Not bluffin', it's nothin'  
That we ain't did before  
We played you stayed  
The points made  
You consider it done  
By the prophets of rage  
(Power of the people say) I roll with the punches so I survive  
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive  
I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'  
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'  
Wa wiggle round and round  
I pump, you jump up  
Hear my words my verbs  
And get juiced up  
I been around a while  
You can descibe my sound  
Clear the way  
For the prophets of rage  
(Power of the people say) I rang ya bell  
Can you tell I got feelin'  
Just peace at least  
Cause I want it  
Want it so bad  
That I'm starvin'  
I'm like Garvey  
So you can see be  
It's like that, I'm like Nat  
Leave me the hell alone  
If you don't think I'm a brother  
Then check the chromosomes  
Then check the stage  
I declare it a new age  
Get down for the prophets of rage

Keep you from gettin' like this You back the track  
 You find we're the quotable  
 You emulate  
 Brothers, sisters that's beautiful  
 Follow a path  
 Of positivity you go  
 Some sing it or rap it  
 Or harmonize it through Go-Go  
 Little you know but very  
 Seldom I do party jams  
 About a plan I'm considered the man  
 I'm the recordable  
 But God made it affordable  
 I say it, you play it  
 Back in your car or even portable  
 Stereo  
 Describes my scenario  
 Left or right, Black or White  
 They tell lies in the books  
 That you're readin'  
 It's knowledge of yourself  
 That you're needin'  
 Like Vescey or Prosser  
 We have a reason why  
 To debate the hate  
 That's why we're born to die  
 Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher  
 You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage  
 (Power of the people you say) It's raw and keepin' you on the floor  
 Its soul and keepin' you in control  
 It's pt. 2 'cause I'm  
 Pumpin' what you're used to  
 Until the whole juice crew  
 Gets me in my goose down  
 I do the rebel yell  
 And I'm the duracell  
 Call it plain insane  
 Brothers causein' me pain  
 When a brothers a victim  
 And the sellers a dweller in a cage  
 Yo, run the accapella  
 (Power of the people say)

Songwriters

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