

# Miuzi Weighs A Ton

## Public Enemy

Step back, get away, give the brother some room  
You got to turn me up when the beat goes boom  
Lyric to lyric, line to line  
Then you'll understand my reputation for rhyme  
'Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what  
Style of record my DJ cuts  
His slice, dice, super mix so nice  
So bad, you won't dispute the price  
It's plain to see, it's a strain to be  
Number one in the public eye enemy  
I'm wanted in 50, almost 51  
States where the Posse got me on the run  
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under  
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder  
A fugitive missin' all types of hell  
All this because I talk so well  
When I rock, get up, get down  
Miuzi weighs a ton  
The match up title, the expression of thrill  
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill  
If looks could kill, I'd chill until  
The public catches on to my material  
Ducks criticize my every phase of rapture  
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture  
Accused of assault, a 1st degree crime  
'Cause I beat competitors with my rhymes  
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped  
Cooked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip  
And if you want my title, it would be suicidal  
From my end, it would be homicidal  
When I do work, you get destroyed  
Make all the paranoid, try to avoid  
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed  
This is no kid and I'm no toy boy  
Rock, get up, get down  
Miuzi weighs a ton  
I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks  
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks  
My style is supreme, number one is my rank

And I got more power than the New York Yanks  
If Miuzi wasn't heavy, I'd probably fire it  
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate  
If they made me a King, I would be a tyrant  
If you want to get me, go ahead and try it  
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a  
Instead of takin' me out, take a girl to dinner  
The level of comp has never been thinner  
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner  
It's unreal, they call the law  
And claimed I had started a war  
It was war they wanted and war they got  
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot  
Rock, get up, get down  
Miuzi weighs a ton  
My style versatile said without rhymes  
Which is why they're after me on my back  
Lookin' over my shoulder, seein' what I write  
Hearin' what I say, they wonderin' why  
Why they can't ever compete on my level  
Superstar status is my domain  
Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture  
And then you'll know why I'm on the run  
This change of events results in a switch  
Lateral movements of my vocal pitch  
It eliminates pressure on the haunted  
But the posse is around so I got to front it  
Plus employ tactics so coy  
And leave no choice but to destroy  
Soloists, groups and what they say  
And all that try to cross my way

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