

Air Conditioning

Public Enemy

the same song heard over
over and over
and over and over
and over and over
gotta tell me why the hell they got a mars rover
when much of arizona
still cant grow a
thing in dirt
im hurt
you dont know solomon burke
or james brown did work
or the son of bazerk
ike turner beats
before he got meaner wit tina
when times were leaner
cats did six shows
horne at the appollo, holla
dynamite shows below 5 dollars
sax machines
dont be so mean
heard were trumpets
cmon can you jump it
off over the atlantic
took the soul for granted
air stole the soul like a bandit
conditioningverse 2motown stax
put the soul to rest
chess put the blues up in that chest
sex shops
backdrops
joe tex beats
in the middle of hip hop
get em out them seats
fast cars and faster women
take em to the limit
the poetry of money
taking names down wit it
sayinno to techno
beat it up too quick

dark chords livin on a
sick guitar lick
mutated, faded, now im feelin fela
hate i cant find it without radar
cross fader crossed over
caught in the chaos
cant hear want cause it costs some dollars
and the air snatched the soul and we abandoned
i think somebody planned it
conditioningverse 3please, please, please
soul dont grow on trees
why a blues show
very few blacks show
white folks
from the front to the back row
we know what we know from the radio
jazz show even a rap show
can still be no black show
hot or not depends on the video
james brown
in town
still few of us around
they dont even know flash
from another shakin ass
bet some cash
soul is dissapearin fast
dancehalls sorry
they aint hardly bob marley
get that soul back on tracks
tighten up
dont always make them lyrics lighten up
if the soul yall feelin, lemme hear you say yeah
dont you feel it in the air
conditioning

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