

Hannibal Lecture

Public Enemy

[Malcolm X] Being here in America doesn't make you an American
Being born here in America doesn't make you an American
Why if birth made you an American you wouldn't need any legislation
You wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution
I don't see any American dream, I see an American nightmare
I'm one of the 42 million black people who are the victims of America
[Paris] Aiiyyo we all in together now, all in together now
Hard truth soldierin, hard truth soldier SHIT
Keep on servin 'em, cause you know we do work
Mashin in my Chevy down the streets of New York, they feel me
I smooth grip, and hit up the spot
Snatch Flav as my dual pipes burn up the block
We bumpin hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast
On the street they hear my beat, my 69 is fast
Smash down Lennox, head up to the 'View
Some reporter wanna holla and I said it was cool
Wanna know about the album and the Enemy's new
How P.E. and Guerilla Funk is keepin it movin
Breakin bread talkin politics, you know how it go
'Bout the war and how it's shitty that we murder for dough
Then the reporter asked a question, that I had to mash
How, I would act if every day was maybe my last
How if every day I worried 'bout my family in this
I'd be murdered on these street in a puddle of piss
Or if I would get some news that my brother had died
If they ran up in my house and held my kids and my wife
Or if we was looted and somebody took all our thangs

If my sister was abducted, never heard from again
I began to compare it, so he could observe
When I made the parallels with how they livin abroad
I can't ignore it, these pigs ride deep in the streets
Cap a nigga for his wallet, beat another for free
And the cold part about it, life is cheaper than that
Down there people on the bottom kill each other for scraps
Imagine that, propoganda got the people confused
Damned by the media that keep 'em subdued
I been around the world, seen a lot of shit in my life
Same sirens, same ghetto birds swirlin at night

Same racism, profilin each of us all
Same outsiders where we live enforcin the law
Gats clappin on the streets, gunplayin with heat
Same prisons full of brothers herded in like sheep
Same turncoats that'll burn folks for pay
Same conditions in communities we die everyday
Same brutality and ignorance, now what will it take
to break the motherfuckin cycle, get the people away?
That's why I'm fresh out of tears for 'em, all out of tears for 'em
Even though my heart goes out, what the fuck you cryin 'bout?
Money for rebuilding but, what about home?
When the way we live is shitty where's the love for our own?
I can't decide it, it's real, I hit you with proof
Maybe I'll be suicided cause I hit you with truth
See they kill for less than what we say on records to you
Hear the message in the music from a rebel to you, now listen
[Outro: x6 to end] Save my life you gotta, save my life you gotta [x3]
Save us, save us

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