

Bedlam 13_13

Public Enemy

Huffed and he puffed
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Blew tha house down
Now how dat soundNever no never
Give up gotta, gotta live up
To my name
Triple double in da rap game'Cause I ain't goin' niggatronic
Smart enuff to know I ain't bionic
Wit my main man Harry
Not Connick
Rather rap my black as of
Getcha hooked on phonicsGood enuff to know no endo
Through it out tha window
Along wit tha Super NintendoI'm a strict daddy
Got dat right
God damn right
But have a good time, DynamiteIt's just that I don't talk
That same ol' crap
(Shit)
'Cause papa got a brand new
Bag fulla rap
(Hitz)The world don't work no more no more
The world wont work no more
Ain't gonna week no more no moreMy main knick knack paddy wack
C'mon and give a damn
Confrontational man
Is what I am, is what I amI'm tearin' down da house that Jack built
'Cause he killed whoever he wanted and hunted
And tax the backs of the environment macks
Who plan in da silence of the scamsA world dat won't work
No more, no moreMother earth gets treated like a whore
And he doeth great wonders
So that he maketh fire come
Down from heaven on the earth
In sight of menToms to the left of me
Bombin' to the right
World good night
He got destruction
In his appetiteOn a platter a planet

To him it doesn't matter
3-2 at the plate
Up go the greedy batterEnvironmental alarm
To all not some
Good God
'Cause we don't get two of 'emI was told that oil and water don't mix
But the new world order
Got a disorder
And so I dissCuss my disgust, if I must
One earth is da birth outta all of us
And so I diss after the math
Disaster wit a European autographGonna be Bedlam
If he spread 'em
Da triggga is cocked
Nowhere to flockGonna be Bedlam
If he spread 'em
Pass da word
F what you heardGonna be Bedlam
If he spread 'em
Glock is cocked
Now drop da propsGonna be Bedlam
If we spread 'em
The day the whole world
Couldn't do itRepent
Oh no!
Check the preacher what he spent
One way ticket to God to fix scars
Woman and man runnin' the land sea and air poorDo we all go the way of the dinosaur?
Or to hell and back attack
The new clear fog got us sniffin' like
Atomic dogsPocket fulla pimp daddy moves
Put a code on a can
Whatta hell of a man, shootin'
Trigga pollution, planet prostitutionUprootin' da third
We go to the way of the bird
Can't do whatcha want to da place
Don't waste my placeWhere you from?
We only got one