

Crayola

Public Enemy

Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks
New cats jackin' beats from way back
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin' you for taxRobbery and snobbery
Shit is killin' me softly wit that same damn song
Makin' folk dumber in the summer
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummerKeep it simple stupid means numbers
Payola dough white owned black radio
Runnin' on empty help go the desperadoSo I bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow
No info to the masses as they shake their asses
No clue but I can't get my shit up in to youCrayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hitsAll fucked up ways must fall
Now the industry can't stop me
A vendetta to make the whole game better
They get the cheddar all I got is a fuckin' letterWhat I owe? What am I
Another number and a ho, they don't know
Time to see 'em go like dominoes
About time 'cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhymeGot these new souls controlled goin' outta their mind
Missed what I said 'cause they don't even own their own heads
Go one go all I forgot they made robots outta some of ya'll
Today all fucked up ways must fallToday is up against the wall
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs
Noddin' heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow
Swallowing all that shit that's shallowGive the baby anything the baby wants
But that's how them bastards get us up in them caskets
Try to get me where they want me
Before some of them jump meGo tell 'em I'm a start a rebellion
Educate the felons easy on, yeah
Tell 'em what the fuck am I yellin'
No tellin' you got them artists and artificialsIf it ain't right I don't give a damn if it's sellin'
Recruits chasin' and racin' for that loot
Usin' usual drum loops so I salute my troops
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionalsAnd you know what and that g-damn single
And the marketing team for that matter
It don't matter DJ's gettin' dimes for time on a platter
I ain't gotta be high to jack so I hijackFM radio EFF 'em turn it around muthafucka
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches

Race against time see 'em all runnin' for the riches
Everything had its chance last danceSome things change like them weather forecasts
Ha funny how shit don't lastCrayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

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