

Sudden Death (Interlude)

Public Enemy

Virgin bitches, with rockin' clitches, gettin' riches
Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here after
The devil carried the cross to Christ
On the back of a black angelic hood rat
On an anti low jack crack hat I'm humble, but I'll rumble
With any given devil on any given level
But must I put into effect
And black caught [Incomprehensible] No don't test me, checks from the ass to the throne
Grown, I'ma do it my way, oh, by the way, I don't play
So what you say about this lost and found, in lust but bound
To get the stacks from the last sex acts Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter
And sent native daughters to the slaughter
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock
Entitled, 'Life in the fast lane'
Like death, in the last lane I live, until the day I die
I live, until the day I cry
I'm dead, the day I lie I'm not takin' pay off's and lay off's
Knockin' G's off from the tip off
Less academic calories
Hope to make a high price salary I got 40 acres to confiscate
I got a mule that can't wait to [Incomprehensible]
On who gets paid and who gets layed
And who gets saved and who gets sprayed By burnt pale faces, fiends in high places
Faces and faces, chasin' traces and cases
And cases of case suits, gettin' loot
In a two piece multi national corporation noose
Around the neck of his pops
Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop, stop Yeah, I got a attitude how do you figure
Am I supposed to be a nigga?
Am I supposed to be a nigga?
Am I supposed to be a nigga?
Am I supposed to be a nigga?

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