

I Stand Accused

Public Enemy

I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble
So now I'm speaking out
Against those that flip the way the story goes
One never knows Who be flippin' the script whatever the traitors name
My aim is dunk 'em like, I'm Chris Webber
So many phony smilin' faces
Traces of slander got 'em comin' outta funny places I had it an' hear 'em talkin' loud behind my back
What was good for the hood ts what they say is wack
I take the stabbin' and grin then I'm hit
'Cause I know the suckas smile when I leave 'em, what I'm comin' wit I can't complain about the money,
although the suckas in the back
They talkin' shit an' laughin' like it's somethin' funny
I aim to make changes an' never change unless its for the better
'Cause I always been a go better, clean hustler Rhyme instead of muscle ya
Born when ya thinkin' I'm gone
The terror era is on I stand accused to the crews, I paid my dues
I stand accused, I refuse to stand and lose
I stand accused to the news I kick the blues
I stand accused, I refuse I hear 'em talkin' and walkin' behind my back I'm attacked
Fuck the knife in the back 'cause it feels like they got an ax
Yeah, I can dig it wit a shovel, I never dig dirt wit the devil
Instead I'm on that other level But I took time to reach down to help the black and brown
I never stood around, I hear 'em talkin' behind my mind
In a ocean of sharks and a back full a hack marks
They say I'm fallin' off, yeah, they better call it off And get muscle and find another hustle quick
Sick n' tired of critics but I can take a hit
I'm all man alley oopin' the vocal on jams
But they don't know it they can blow it And take a puff of dis joint, I see I'm kissin' it off the cuff
Behind the back, I'm pullin' axes and blades out the arms and the legs
Still my fellas get paid the terror era is on
Fuck a critic, fuck, fuck a critic, all the fuckin' critics Can get the did it, all a fuckin' critic does is
Draw a fuckin' line cross a line and dis my rhyme
And then they ass is mine, if you find a critic dead
Remember what I said, "Who killed a critic?" Guess the crew did it, day paybacks a crazy ass message
Sent to the writers who criticize they're fuckin' wit a freedom fighter
Who raises flags and dragged the Klan in body bags
I hung 'em up in Mississippi and bum fuck This is Chuck so what the hell, you think I did it for
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas
And lemme let 'em, I met 'em, I told my boys forget 'em

An' what they did got rid of me, negativeBut 94 got stunts and blunts in the mix
I hear the crowd fallin' Vic to old ghetto tricks
But if I wasn't your cousin, wed leave 'em in the dozens
Of sellin' out and bellin' out, half pint 40 ounceAnnounce to the rest we had a fall out
I never took a drink, never took a hit or bribe
Or got spread by what a silly rumor said, never sang or gang banged
Sold out or rented hip hop 'cause I know when to stop

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