

Swindlers Lust

Public Enemy

If you don't own the master
Then the master own you
Who do you trust from swindlers lust
From the back of the bus?
Neither one of us control
The fate of our soul and swindlers lust Hickory, dickory, dock, hand in my pocket
Robbed me for my chocolate
Mo' dollars, mo' cents for the big six
Another million led to bled, claimin' they innocence
Is it any wonder why black folks goin' under?
'Cause niggas be sold in bundles No pressure, tell me why they don't care?
Rap and R and B Pavin' the streets of Belair
From the sales of singers no longer here
The bigger killer gets the bigger share Now the ones I attack, the negros got their back
And know 80-20 is a whack contract
Forever lack the voice of real black
Stole rock and roll and ain't gave it back Started off my defense
Now, they're the ones I defend against
Who fell up into the tricks
Fuck the fight, the power shit Get that chuck D nigga fixed
And keep him up outta the mix
Well, hell, tell 'em Chuck don't suck no dick
Be an ass and the ass get kicked
Hand in my pocket robbed me for my chocolate
Watch 'em swindle yo ass and turn a profit If you don't own the master
Then the master own you
Who do you trust from swindlers lust
From the back of the bus?
Neither one of us control
The fate of our soul and swindlers lust They don't care about me
They don't care about you
They don't care about you and ya crew
Ya family, neighborhood and plus
They don't give a damn about us Profit off the soul of black folk
Turn 'em into bitches and niggas
And stupid ass jokes
Laugh wit us or laughin' at us
That is what I'm guessin' We interrupt this program wit that question
Laughin' all the way to the bank

Remember dem own the banks
And dem D-damn tanksNow, what company do I thank
Ain't this a bitch heard they owned slaves
And a ship that sankIf you don't own the master
Then the master own you
Who do you trust from swindlers lust
From the back of the bus?
Neither one of us control the fate of our soul
And swindlers lustThis is for the blues people in the delta
This is for everybody in the 50s that didn't get their money
Little Richard gettin' half a penny a penny
All the super soul singers of the 60sAll the bands of the 70s on the outside, lookin' in
All the people that didn't make a dime off their session playin'
And even the rappers in the 80s and the 90s
Still tryin' to get paid for what they put inIf you don't own the master
Then the master own you
Who do you trust from swindlers lust
From the back of the bus?
Neither one of us control the fate of our soul
And swindlers lust

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