

Preachin' to the Quiet

Public Enemy

[verse 1]

Celebrity the new drug
In america
Gotta have it
Gotta be it
So the young ones see it
Watch out now
Looka here now
In these get rich or die tryin times
Greed that i see
Got these cats
Whipped by tv
3 generations of fatherless women
We drownin instead of swimmin
This aint what yall asked for
Thats what they locked ya ass up for
And closed the door
Beyond these streets
These kids is always watchin
See it aint been the same
Since teen summitt left the game
Off the air, who cares?
Now kids get programmed
Ask their peoples
Who buy them almost everything the stars wear
People see , people do
See the new pied pipers
Got a hold on you
Back to the boogaloo
Get a shot
So you wont catch the flu
Dont get shot
And get a hole in you[verse 2]
Im talkin advanced
But goin back at the same time
Rewind
So what, some of this song dont rhyme
Like i said
Most of us get ghetto at the wrong time

Fear
So leave a little room for god
Up in here
Back in the day
Even real pimps, hustlers, players
Told young cats
Cmon get their lives on track
These raps you hear today
Is a bad ass act
Im here to tell it
Like it ought to be
It aint no kids fault to me
35 year olds
Actin 16
Know what i mean
You dont work, mean you dont eat
You need more than a ball
And some bomb ass beats
New kicks on your feet
Need your mind in these time
To compete
Make your world complete
Sweet not sour
Thats what they really call fightin the power[verse 3]
Here it is , no fable
I put it all on the table
Spendin my time
Identifyin whos behind
Some of these labels
Who profit off the spit
Some of the same way same cats
That owned them ships
Yes
Its a business
Butslavery was too
Prison industrial complex
New slavery lookin to own you
Ownin the labels , stations, jails and cemeteries
Thug life
Turnin hip hop into a one stop shop
Somebody behind
Makin up your own damn mind
Signed , sealed delivered
In a nigger package
So dumb you cant hear

The ignorance protected
By the backpacker
Who co signed the say so
Claimin they dig the flow
Filled wit jim crow
Return of the old negro
How you gonna say no to drugs
If you dont say no to thugs
See the government
Sweep it deep
Under the rug

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