

Express Yourself (Remaster 00)

N.W.A.

Yo man there's a lot of brothers out there
Flaking and perpetrating but scared to kick reality
Man, you been doing all this dope producing
You ain't had a chance to show 'em what time it is
So what you want me to do?

(Express yourself!) I'm expressing with my full capabilities

And now I'm living in correctional facilities

Cause some don't agree with how I do this

I get straight and meditate like a Buddhist

I'm dropping flavor, my behavior is hereditary

But my technique is very necessary

Blame it on Ice Cube, because he said it gets funky

When you got a subject and a predicate

Add it on a dope beat, and it'll make you think

Some suckers just tickle me pink, to my stomach

Cause they don't flow like this one

You know what? I won't hesitate to diss one

Or two before I'm through, so don't try to sing this

Some drop science, while I'm dropping English

Even if Yella, makes it a-capella

I still express, yo, I don't smoke weed or sess

Cause it's known to give a brother brain damage

And brain damage on the mic don't manage, nothing

But making a sucker and you equal

Don't be another sequel (Express yourself!)(Express yourself!)

(Go on and do it)

(Express yourself!)

(Express yourself!)

(Go on and do it) Now, getting back to the PG

That's program, and it's easy

Dre is back, new jacks are made hollow

Expressing ain't their subject because they like to follow

The words, the style, the trend; the records I spin

Again and again and again, yo, you're on the other end

Watch a brother blend dope rhymes, with no help

There's no fessing or guessing while I'm expressing myself

It's crazy to see people be

What society wants them to be, but not me

Ruthless, is the way to go, they know

Others say rhymes which fail to be original

Or they kill where the hip-hop starts

Forget about the ghetto, and rap for the pop charts
 Some musicians cuss at home
 But scared to use profanity when upon the microphone
 Yeah, they want reality, but you will hear none
 They'd rather exaggerate a little fiction
 Some say no to drugs, and take a stand
 But after the show, they go looking for the "Dopeman"
 Or they ban my group from the radio
 Hear N.W.A. and say, "Hell no!"
 But you know it ain't all about wealth
 As long as you make a note to (Express yourself!)(Express yourself!)
 (Go on and do it)
 (Express yourself!)
 (Express yourself!)
 (Go on and do it)(Express yourself!) from the heart
 Cause if you want to start to move up the chart
 Then expression is a big part of it
 You ain't efficient when you flow, you ain't swift
 Movin like a tortoise, full of rigor mortis
 There's a little bit more to show
 I got rhymes in my mind, embedded like an embryo
 Or a lesson, all of 'em expression
 And if you start fessing, I got a Smith and Wesson for ya
 I might ignore your record because it has no bottom
 I get loose in the summer winter spring and autumn
 It's Dre on the mic, getting physical
 Doin' the job, N.W.A is the lynch mob!
 Yes I'ma climb, but you know you need this
 And the knowledge is growing just like a fetus
 Or a tumor, but here is the rumor
 Dre is in the neighborhood and he's up to no good
 When I start expressing myself, Yella, slam it
 Cause if I stay funky like this I'm doing damage
 Or I'ma be too hyped, and need a straight jacket
 I got knowledge, and other suckers lack it
 So, when you see Dre, a DJ on the mic
 Ask what it's like, it's like we're getting hyped tonight
 Cause if I strike, it ain't for your good health
 But I won't strike if you just (Express yourself!)(Express yourself!)
 (Go on and do it)
 (Express yourself!)
 (Express yourself!)
 (Go on and do it)
 (Express yourself!)
 (Go on and do it)

(Go on and do it)

Songwriters

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