Hard Rhymin'

Public Enemy

(Hard truth soldier radio)
Brothers and sisters, this is not a test
I've been asked by Public Enemy leader Chuck D
To make this emergency announcement
The police in your cities, for all intents and purposes
Have declared open season on black people
(Hey yo, check one two)
Public Enemy was driven into the underground by Government forces
However a small resistance is forming
Both Terminator X and Chuck D have resurfaced
Leading a small mobile rebel unit, "The Valley of the Jeep Beats"
(1 2 3 4 5 6)
Hard rhyme and the rebel is on the mic
One time, rhyme animal's on the mic
They're still keepin', youth asleep an'
We in the hood with heat and still beatin'
And we back with the rap that packs the room
Black tracks with the rhythm that make you move
Can't hush the bum rush, we bust the sound
With these sonic bombs, feel the pressure all around
Raise the level I'm up again rhymin'
Ridin' on the devil, since I began rhymin'
Hell, we bring back the meat that rap lacks
'Cause like I said, we got sold down the river
And I ain't for these racist wars
A lie's fed by these TV whores
I know, it's more to news fake the truth
We break through won't lose we move with Public Enemy
Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic
One time rhyme animal's on the mic
It's P.E. it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do?
(Whattup?)
Brother tell me, if it's on, it's on
Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic
One time rhyme animal's on the mic
It's P.E. it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do?
(Whattup?)
Brother tell me, if it's on, it's on
Now hip-hop was a gift that lifted up

Loved rap 'til the companies ripped it up
Now the soul is set, we've been had like jazz
If you down for change then they take your voice away
And then they tell you the best is white
Co-signed by a nigga that pimped the mic
Make the rule the view that the beef is cool
But what it do is fool the few fools who buy the feud
Keep the people all blind and dumb dancin'
Never let a record that wreck become rampant
See the street copycat the crap rap and songs
Not knowin', "There's a Poison Goin' On"
'Til the message revealed and I show
But you never get to hear it on the radio
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, fuck Jack
Bust that, squeeze, rewind the shit, c'mon
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Brother tell me, if it's on, it's on
C'mon now, DJ Lord
Here we go again
C'mon now, Guerrilla Funk
Hey yo check one
We move as a team to keep them demons out
Y'all know what I'm talkin' about
See 'em used, abused, confused us into thinkin' that
Bein' ghetto mean the same as bein' ignorant
And so we strive to rise and get by
No peace for the beast we police and shine the light
Culture vanish on the television pimpin' those
On "Cribs" in a home that they never own
Damn, tell me that once again
Radio and the video don't uplift
Take a stand be demandin' all my freedom and my civil rights
Worldwide fight the plan and they genocide
Yes, the road is long and hard
And when I'm gone you'll say, I did my part
Keep gunnin', we the crew that never lose
On the ones and the motherfuckin' twos, Public Enemy

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Brother tell me, if it's on, it's on
(Hey yo check, one two)
Yeah that's right, Flavor Flav takin' you back to the next millennium
You know what I'm sayin'? Always cold cold killeenum
You know what I'm sayin'? And I ain't playin'
It's all in the message that we're layin'
I got a secret weapon, you know what I'm sayin'?
Let's take two steps to the rear, we gettin' out of here
(You know what I'm sayin'?)
Operation Cold Killin' 'Em to the next millennium
Flavor Flav, rock the house
Hey yo check, one two

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