

# Check What You're Listening To

## Public Enemy

[verse 1]

The Black falling down, its goin down  
No subject matter, I dont hear it goin around  
Minds over matter , they don't mind cause  
We dont matter, DJ Lord's on the platter  
Cant shake this, the gott-damn matrix  
Got actors winning politics, the tricks  
Got hot chicks in the back of of wack ass rap flicks  
Called videos (hoooo)  
Turn off the got-damn radio  
Cause they dont show yall what yall need to know  
Cant fade it though, Lord don't fade it yo  
Year of the Lord , make love fuck war tour  
After before 2004, i swore  
Dj Lord come bust down the door  
Los Angel-less, New Jack Pity  
They say fuck the sticks cause they be the city  
Homeless sitting outside smellin shitty  
Thanks for not giving a got-damn thing pretty  
So called land of plenty , can't spare a penny  
It's the have nots against the haves,  
Is you wit me? Check What You Listening To [verse 2]  
You might be cuttin tracks  
But he's cuttin edge  
The sword of Lord high like Phil Upchurch  
Through the verse, the truth hurts  
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph  
Lord ,don't make him mad  
So I spit , how loud you want it to get?  
Cold sweat.  
2005 flicks, new trips through dirty beats  
Hits and all those bass kicks  
Lookout yall,  
Cmon, cant forget to kick this  
If the shoe fits get with the ramblin wreck  
Check it, to stomp out  
All dem nitwits Chuck D stylin  
Don't you know where ?  
On the new Buckwhylin

Cross the Land, cause the band  
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam  
Yes they can can, beware the man  
Take a stand yall, wreck the plan  
Check What You Listening To[verse 3]  
One foot stuck in the rave  
Millennium dance craze  
Cross fade to the new phase  
Like the old days, twisted in convoluted systems  
Existed in the beats of wisdom existance  
Cross the Land, cause the band  
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam  
Illegal beats , frisk him  
Find not a pop thing with him  
Multi-ethnic like a prism  
Cant hear this?  
You in audio prison  
Hands be whizzin, cross the wax  
Movin tracks from across the tracks  
Through your mind he attacks, DJ Lord.  
Scratch the gospel , tell them wack ass beats  
They can go to hell, 'ding'  
The rave bell  
See the crowd swell, got even when the needle fell  
Still heard them cuts over the yell!  
Through the verse, the truth hurts  
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph  
Mr Chuck , Dj Lord attack the tracks  
Yall CHECK WHAT YOU LISTENING TO....

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