

# Anti-Nigger Machine

## Public Enemy

When I'm talkin' rhyme time  
To blow your mind time some say  
It's nothing worse than a verse  
To hear some nigger curse They call me rude  
Some dudes fiery attitude  
Claimin' I boast, smoke  
And sometimes sing the blues I twang metal and settle  
Try to never back pedal  
From the power some got  
To get a nigger shot The null and void I avoid  
I test the paranoid  
Never had to be bad  
My mama raised me mad So what I got is hot  
Love my life a lot  
I'm never sad just glad  
That's why I thank my dad Once they never gave a fuck about what I said  
Now they listen and they want my head  
This is what I mean a Anti-nigger Machine Instead of peace the police  
Just wanna wreck and flex  
On the kid  
What I did was try to be the best So they fingered the trigger  
Figured I was a bigger nigger  
And started to search  
So I headed west Went to Cali a rally  
Was for a brothers death  
It was the fuzz who shot him  
An not da blood or cuzz I wondered why it was like  
So I just held my mike  
But in my mind I was blind  
So I just tried to find A reason we was  
Just the way that we was  
So I just stayed in the crib  
Until I got a buzz

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