

Whole Lotta Love Goin' on in the Middle of Hell

Public Enemy

Whole lotta love goin' on
In da middle of what?
Say what?
What's goin' on? I leave 'em home alone
Dey turned into danger zones
Studio shootouts, leavin' no doubt
In da eyes of the wise
And not for other guys Fantasize an' gettin' nat rep
Makin' you move
While they disturb the groove
Now the party's over, oops
Outta time Yo, my brother, can you spare a crime?
Some wanna take me out
I even call 'em my own
(Can't we all just get along?) Rap iz a contact sport
Can I get support?
When I hum to da maximum
What I talk is straight
From da sidewalk strong
The velt New York 112 beatz a minute
An' I'm flowin' in it
Have no mercy
To da ones that curse me And when I'm in da paint
The feudin' might be over
But the fussin' ain't
Some hate the way I say 'em
'Cause I clock 'em like
Zo to da AM Beginnin' of an end of an error
Incredible shrinkin' race
Fiend without a face Still got love for 'em
But some ain't got no love
For the rest of us
So my boys get iller than Illinois
Return to da noise I'd rather fall off
Than fall victim of crime
And a low percentage rhyme
If I go down they ain't goin' wit me So ya'll come get me, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on

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