

## Wrestling

# "Public Enemy- "Give It Up""

Visit "[Public Enemy- "Give It Up"](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Flavor Flav vocals in these brackets]  
{crowd chant vocals in these brackets]  
Intro: Chuck D, Flavor Flav  
Aight {aight}, aight, aight {aight}, aight {aight}  
I'm aight if you aight {I'm aight}  
I be better - get some of that bass  
{word, give it up} aight, yeah  
[Rinkin twinkin body shakin  
Nuff attackin brain's a rackin  
Clock tockin Chuck shockin  
Flavor Flav ain't never shavin]  
(one, two, three four)  
Verse One: Chuck D  
It's another record, check it, mad methods  
To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed  
You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you  
blunted  
Suckin up to the devil steppin down a level  
It's who they fear is you  
Who protects us from us and you from you  
Yes and it counts [fuck the forty ounce]  
I sued them bastards, yeah they got bounce  
I did em like a demo {threw em out the window}  
I took a 98 cause I never liked a limo  
But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up  
A mad rhyme, for mad times, that's what's up  
Some ain't gonna change, I got em in a range  
I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin back your brain  
Wreckin records with funky stuff  
Am I loud enough? {yeah} You got ta give it up  
Chorus: Flavor Flav  
Give it up, give it up, give it up yo \ repeat  
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up / 4 times  
repeat #2 -- (occasional) Chuck D vocal  
yeah  
you gots ta give it up now  
Verse Two: Chuck D  
Come again with the same old bounce  
I'm calling a foul and once again it counts  
Mad tense mad tense brothers know  
The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's  
wack

[And once again it's on!]  
Hey Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin "I don't care",  
it's on  
I'm comin with a rhyme [what?] I'm lettin go a rhyme  
[yeah!]  
I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times  
Call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her  
They don't hear me though, so here I go  
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher  
When I'm takin his sound to bring you down  
Rappers rippin a lyrical kickin finger-lickin  
But to the rhythm I'm givin but never cotton pickin  
Like James Brown I'm sayin it loud  
Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up  
[Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change  
Some ain't gonna never ever change  
Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change  
Some ain't gonna NEVER EVER change!]  
Chorus [1/2X]  
Interlude: Chuck D, Flavor Flav  
And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla  
cum  
Some second guessing my lessons about saving young  
Some don't know like Run said so here we go  
Where it is inside, whoop there it is  
{aaaaaaah} There it is  
[There it is, damn right  
My man X is a bad mother {shut your mouth)  
I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man]  
There it is, can you hit me off with another one  
Chorus  
I never did represent doing dumb shit  
Some gangsta lying - I'd rather diss Presidents  
Dead or alive, bring em and I'll swing em  
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing em  
Flick em, and I fling em, you can go with em  
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing  
em  
Go Grandmama, close but no cigar  
I got mine, for I'm using my rhyme  
The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever  
Give a piece of my time, to prevent some crime  
And who behind puttin the guns to the young ones  
The ones that make em is the ones that take em  
Rugged for no reason, down in duck season  
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor  
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself  
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up  
Chorus [4X] (fades out)

