

## Chingy

### "Sleeping With the Enemy"

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[Paris]

Come, I'm P-Dog, with the shit  
that stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous  
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease  
A act up it's a shame disease  
Nigga please, you still don't act right up  
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right  
When I say that we all don't act the same  
Just a handful wanna salt the game  
So I gotta roll deep  
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete  
Damn shame but it's like that  
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack  
Raised up on TV  
Fast food and fast times, do or die G  
Without nuttin to lose but a war  
And here life don't mean SHIT to die for

{\*scratched Chuck D: "Every brother ain't a brother"\*}

[Paris] C'mon, yeah

{\*"Every brother ain't a brother"\*}

[Paris] B'le dat!

{\*"Every brother ain't a brother"\*}

[Paris] Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo

{\*"Every brother ain't a brother"\*}

{\*"You got my back and I got yours"\*}

[Paris]

The reporter looked just like me or you  
But that don't mean the man was cool  
He understood when I said that it was death to  
intergrate  
Cause intergrate means assimilate (word!)  
But the media, hate the youth  
Love to spread lies and distort the truth  
They say the pen is stronger than the sword  
but the sword'll give any house nigga his just reward!  
So let the beat just roll on, huh  
While the weak get told on  
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact  
is just cause the skin is black don't mean shit!

It ain't about us comin up  
To them, it's about us gunnin up  
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see  
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

C'mon!  
Yeah  
Yeah!

[Paris]  
Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about  
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out  
P-Dog, I never slipe or slide, I never float along  
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr  
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with  
The facts, that I keep on smashin shit  
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color  
of the cop  
And now I hate police so I won't stop  
See the punk bitch get mad, huh  
I ain't the one for a toe tag  
You best believe when you see me on the street  
I be a motherfucker ready for the static with a glock  
automatic!  
So let me tell you why I hate pigs  
The black gestapo, ultimate house nigga  
Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan  
that wanna kill off and cage the black man  
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A.  
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave  
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is  
clear to me  
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy

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