## Public Enemy "Air Conditioning"

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the same song heard over over and over and over and over and over and over gotta tell me why the hell they got a mars rover when much of arizona still cant grow a thing in dirt im hurt you dont know solomon burke or james brown did work or the son of bazerk ike turner beats before he got meaner wit tina when times were leaner cats did six shows horne at the appollo, holla dyamite shows below 5 dollars sax machines dont be so mean heard were trumpets cmon can you jump it off over the atlantic took the soul for granted air stole the soul like a bandit conditioning

## verse 2

motown stax
put the soul to rest
chess put the blues up in that chest
sex shops
backdrops
joe tex beats
in the middle of hip hop
get em out them seats
fast cars and faster women
take em to the limit
the poetry of money
taking names down wit it
sayinno to techno

beat it up too quick
dark chords livin on a
sick guitar lick
mutated, faded, now im feelin fela
hate i cant find it without radar
cross fader crossed over
caught in the chaos
cant hear want cause it costs some dollars
and the air snatched the soul and we abandoned
i think somebody planned it
conditioning

## verse 3

please, please, please soul dont grow on trees why a blues show very few blacks show white folks from the front to the back row we know what we know from the radio jazz show even a rap show can still be no black show hot or not depends on the video james brown in town still few of us around they dont even know flash from another shakin ass bet some cash soul is dissapearin fast dancehalls sorry they aint hardly bob marley get that soul back on tracks tighten up dont always make them lyrics lighten up if the soul yall feelin, lemme hear you say yeah dont you feel it in the air conditioning

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