

Public Enemy

"Bedlam 13:13"

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Ridenhour - walford

Huffed and he puffed
Huffed and he puffed
Blew tha house down
Now how dat sound
Never no never
Give up gotta gotta live up
To my name
Triple double in da rap game

Cause I ain't goin niggatronic
Smart e nuff to know I ain't bionic
Wit my main man harry
Not connick
Rather rap my black as of
Getcha hooked on phonics

Good e nuff to know no endo
Thru it out tha window
Along wit tha super nintendo

I'm a strict daddy
Got dat right
God damn right
But have a good time/dyn-o-mite
Its just that I don't talk
That same ol crap (shit)
Cause papa got a brand new
Bag fulla rap (hitz)

The world don't work no more no more
The world wont work no more
Ain't gonna weok no more no more

Verse ii

My main knick knack paddy wack
C'mon & give a damn
Confrontational man
Iz what I am
Iz what I am

I'm tearin down da house that jack built
Cause he killt whoever he wanted & hunted
And tax the backs of the environment macks
Who plan in da silence of the skams
A world dat wont work
No more/no more

Mother earth gets treated like a whore
And he doeth great wonders
So that he maketh fire come
Down from heaven on the earth
In sight of men

Toms to the left of me
Bombin to the right
World good night
He got destruction
In his appetite

On a platter a planet
To him it doesn't matter
3-2 at the plate

Up go the greedy batter

Environmental alarm
To all not some
Good god
Cause we don't get two of em

I was told that oil & water don't mix
But the new world order
Got a disorder
& so I diss
Cuss my disgust
If I must
One earth is da birth outta all of us
And so I diss
After the math
Disaster wit a european autograph

i.

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Da trigga is cocked
Nowhere to flock

li.

Gonna be bedlam

If he spread em
Pass da word
F what you heard

lii.

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Glock is cocked
Now drop da props
Gonna be bedlam
If we spread em
The day the whole world couldn't do it

Repent
Oh no!
Check the preacher what he spent
One way ticket to God to fix scars
Woman & man runnin the land sea & air poor
Do we all go the way of the dinosaur? or
To hell & back attack
The new clear fog got us sniffin like
Atomic dogs
Pocket fulla pimp daddy moves
Put a code on a can
Whatta hell of a man, shootin
Trigga pollution, planet prostitution
Uprootin da third
We go to the way of the bird
Can't do whatcha want to da place
Don't waste my place
Where you from?
We only got one

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