

## Public Enemy "Bedlam"

Visit "[Bedlam](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 woek 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

II.  
Gonna be bedlam  
If he spread em  
Pass da word  
F what you heard

III.

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

Visit [Public Enemy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.