

Public Enemy "Generation Wrekked"

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If I can't change the people around me
I change the people around me
2x's

Don't know was up
Shit iz jus fucked up
They don't know what's next
Generation Wrekked

See I'm hangin in like Sam Sever
To all you Johnny come latelys
Who didn't recognize how great
Clever some of those rhymes be

Think quick
Been flowin over domes
Mad vocab to silly crabs
Before Metaphors be passin
Your ass like taxi cabs

Hit my toll free number
To hear bombs I dropped
1 800 7654321
you don't stop

I need my noize like Patrick
& Barkley need rings
Like Griffey gets swings
1st time rhymes played me off like
Sacramento Kings

3-6 for the 9-6 1 move my rhymers
with the times wit no crimes or pantomime
No great pretender spenders

20 years got mad peers leavin tears
in they beers
from the rear old school getting theirs
you getting scared

On&on; 3 steps ahead
Hot topics shock in the house

Fulla heads
Getting burned while you
Learn on a hospital bed
Madd kids never checkin for what I said

Jack be quick
Jack be nimble on the brain
IÂ'm stayÂ'n simple
But the sound remains insane

Mad pain no gain getting getto on the table
No stories no fables relax IÂ'm cinemax to
The black
No cable

Round & round here I go
Putting this sound down
But some a yÂ'all got fears & scared to get
Down

If I canÂ't change the people around me
I change the people around me
2xÂ's
Some donÂ't know wasÂ'up
Shit iz jus fucked up
They donÂ't know whatÂ's next
Generation Wreckked

The one who flew over the
CuckooÂ's nest & tested
And wasnÂ't ever bullet proof vested

Resurrection of the one man vocal section
Spirit in your dark ass direction
For your mind body and soul protection

Reality checks keep it real
Bring in real checks
On & off the road been through
1100 sondtracks

Those influenced under the influence
Getting mad hits from truants
Dazed & confused hangin wit crews
Who livin blues
A million doomed consumers
Who say they know they black
Threw they medallions back
In exchange for 40 dozen six packs
Born under a terrible sign in 1969 comin
Blind

Livin inside hard ass times

Getting kicks offa wack karate flicks
He kills but gots no
Fightin skillz
It's getting ill
So many funerals

Stylin now its gold plated medallions
I didn't know under fros
We got so many black Italians

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