

## **Public Enemy "Hard Rhymin'"**

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(Hard truth soldier radio)  
Brothers and sisters, this is not a test  
I've been asked by Public Enemy leader Chuck D  
To make this emergency announcement  
The police in your cities, for all intents and purposes  
Have declared open season on black people  
(Hey yo, check one two)

Public Enemy was driven into the underground by  
Government forces  
However a small resistance is forming  
Both Terminator X and Chuck D have resurfaced  
Leading a small mobile rebel unit, "The Valley of the  
Jeep Beats"  
(1 2 3 4 5 6)

Hard rhyme and the rebel is on the mic  
One time, rhyme animal's on the mic  
They're still keepin', youth asleep an'  
We in the hood with heat and still beatin'

And we back with the rap that packs the room  
Black tracks with the rhythm that make you move  
Can't hush the bum rush, we bust the sound  
With these sonic bombs, feel the pressure all around

Raise the level I'm up again rhymin'  
Ridin' on the devil, since I began rhymin'  
Hell, we bring back the meat that rap lacks  
'Cause like I said, we got sold down the river

And I ain't for these racist wars  
A lie's fed by these TV whores  
I know, it's more to news fake the truth  
We break through won't lose we move with Public  
Enemy

Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic  
One time rhyme animal's on the mic  
It's P.E. it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do?  
(Whattup?)  
Brother tell me, if it's on, it's on

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Now hip-hop was a gift that lifted up  
Loved rap 'til the companies ripped it up  
Now the soul is set, we've been had like jazz  
If you down for change then they take your voice away

And then they tell you the best is white  
Co-signed by a nigga that pimped the mic  
Make the rule the view that the beef is cool  
But what it do is fool the few fools who buy the feud

Keep the people all blind and dumb dancin'  
Never let a record that wreck become rampant  
See the street copycat the crap rap and songs  
Not knowin', "There's a Poison Goin' On"

'Til the message revealed and I show  
But you never get to hear it on the radio  
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, fuck Jack  
Bust that, squeeze, rewind the shit, c'mon

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C'mon now, DJ Lord  
Here we go again  
C'mon now, Guerrilla Funk  
Hey yo check one

We move as a team to keep them demons out  
Y'all know what I'm talkin' about  
See 'em used, abused, confused us into thinkin' that  
Bein' ghetto mean the same as bein' ignorant

And so we strive to rise and get by  
No peace for the beast we police and shine the light

Culture vanish on the television pimpin' those  
On "Crips" in a home that they never own

Damn, tell me that once again  
Radio and the video don't uplift  
Take a stand be demandin' all my freedom and my  
civil rights  
Worldwide fight the plan and they genocide

Yes, the road is long and hard  
And when I'm gone you'll say, I did my part  
Keep gunnin', we the crew that never lose  
On the ones and the motherfuckin' twos, Public Enemy

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(Hey yo check, one two)  
Yeah that's right, Flavor Flav takin' you back to the next  
millennium  
You know what I'm sayin'? Always cold cold killeenum  
You know what I'm sayin'? And I ain't playin'  
It's all in the message that we're layin'

I got a secret weapon, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Let's take two steps to the rear, we gettin' out of here  
(You know what I'm sayin'? )  
Operation Cold Killin' 'Em to the next millennium

Flavor Flav, rock the house

Hey yo check, one two

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