

## Public Enemy "I Stand Accused - Clean Version"

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I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble  
So now I'm speaking out  
Against those that flip the way the story goes  
One never knows who be flippin' the script

Whatever the traitors name  
My aim is dunk 'em like I'm Chris Webber  
So many phony smilin' faces, traces of slander  
Got 'em comin' outta funny places

I had it an hear 'em  
Talkin' 'loud behind my back  
What was good for the hood  
Is what they say is wack

I take the stabbin' grin when I'm hit  
'Cause I know the suckas smile  
When I leave 'em, what I'm comin' wit'  
I can't complain about the money

Although the suckas in the back  
They talkin' shit  
And laughin' like it's somethin' funny  
I aim to make changes and never change

Unless it's for the better  
'Cause I always been a go better  
Clean hustler, rhyme instead of muscle ya  
Born when ya thinkin' I'm gone

The terror era is on  
I stand accused to the crews  
I paid my dues, I stand accused  
I refuse to stand and lose

I stand accused to the news  
I kick da blues, I stand accused  
I refuse, I hear 'em talkin' and walkin'  
Behind my back I'm attacked

Fuck the knife in the back  
'Cause it feels like they got an axe

Yeah, I can dig it wit' a shovel  
I never dig dirt wit the Devil

Instead I'm on that other level  
But I took time to reach down  
To help the black and brown  
I never stood around

I hear 'em talkin' behind my mind  
In a ocean of sharks  
And a back full a hackmarks  
They say I'm fallin' off

Yeah, they better call it off  
And get muscle  
And find another hustle quick  
Sick and tired of critics

But I can take a hit, I'm all man  
Alley oopin' the vocal on jams  
But they don't know it, they can blow it  
And take a puff of dis joint

I see I'm kissin' it off the cuff  
Behind the back  
I'm pullin' axes and blades  
Out the arms and the legs

Still my fellas get paid  
The terror era is on  
Fuck a critic, fuck fuck a critic  
All the fuckin' critics

Can get the did dit  
All a fuckin' critic does is  
Draw a fuckin' line  
Cross a line and dis my rhyme

And then they ass is mine  
If you find a critic dead  
Remember what I said  
Who killed a critic

Guess the crew did it  
Say paybacks a crazy ass message  
Sent to the writers who criticize  
They're fuckin' wit' a freedom fighter

Who raises flags  
And dragged the klan in bodybags  
I hung 'em up in Mississippi and bum fuck

This is Chuck so what the hell

You think I did it for  
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas  
And lemme let 'em, I met 'em  
I told my boys forget 'em

And what they did got rid of me, negative  
But 94 got stunts and blunts in da mix  
I hear the crowd fallin' vic  
To old ghetto tricks but if I wasn't your cousin

We'd leave 'em in the dozens  
Of sellin' out and bellin' out  
Half pint forty ounce  
Announce to the rest

We had a fall out  
I never took a drink  
Never took a hit or bribe  
Or got spread by what a silly

Rumor said  
Never sang or gang banged  
Sold out or rented hip hop  
'Cause I know when to stop

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