

## Public Enemy "Revolution"

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### "Revolution"

*[Society's verse]*

We was raised in these streets on pork and poison  
meat

Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the  
gold teeth

Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police

While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole  
beef.

I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain  
Cell by cell and frame by frame.

Names, dates, are all inmaterial. i big dick sick rhyme  
killer like cereal. i

Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry that  
climbs right through

The curcity.

Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as  
we go

Drop shit like seaguls and smash your little ego.

I get visions like stevie and coleco,

Give me 2000 live people

One late show no seaquel.

Aint no equal in the flesh

I been through more evil than men do.

Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

*[Chuck's verse]*

Now im pissed

Easy to rhyme on tracks like this

The more things change

The more they remain the same

These games them vidiots

Playin on the brink of insane

Must be a hockey rink

Lost in their drink

In pursuit of plain jane

I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink

Now in these new tracks

Some of these cats dont know how to act

All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap

One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black

Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap  
Revolution is more than what you hear and what you  
see  
The mass reintroduction  
Of society to society  
Together we got 100 years of sobriety  
These clones  
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me  
Turned out  
They happy just to be in the house  
So im a call emout  
I aint no church mouse  
Luvout

*[Griff's verse]*

I master rap  
Write a 16 and half of that  
Then eat some mix greens after that  
My raps niggerish black like licorice  
While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish  
The hoods begging for deliverance"g"  
I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this  
L y should get into the "sy"  
I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on  
Society's the menace  
He get's more love than tennis  
On the road to riches  
Cause revolutions expensive  
Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips  
In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.  
No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist  
While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys  
Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips  
Still aint signed the master mind  
The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome  
The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is  
the mind of the oppressed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out

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