

Public Enemy

"The Night Of The Living Bassheads"

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BAMMM!

And you say, G**damn! This is the dope jam!

But let's define the term called "Dope"

And you think it mean funky now, no

Here is a true tale

Of the ones that deal, are the ones that fail

Yeah! You can move if you wanna move

What it prove

It's here like the groove

The problem is this - we gotta' fix it

Check out the justice - and how they run it

Sellin', smellin', sniffin', riffin'

And brothers try to get swift an'

Sell to their own, rob a home

While some shrivel to bone

Like comatose walkin' around

Please don't confuse this with the sound

I'm talking about BASS!

Rock the bells of those that boost the dose

Of lack a lack and those that sell to Black

Shame on a brother when he dealin'

The same block where my 98 be wheelin'

And everybody know

Another kilo

From a corner from a brother to keep another - Below

Stop illin' and killin'

Stop grillin'

Yo, black, yo (We are willin'!)

4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'

Wait a minute y'all!

The fiends are fiendin'

Day to day they say no other way

This stuff is really bad I'm talkin' 'bout BASS!

Yo, listen

I see it on their faces

(First come first serve basis - Run-DMC - "Sucker MCs'

(Krush Groove 1)")

Standin' in line

Checkin' the time

Homeboys playin' the curb

The same ones that used to do herb
Now they're gone
Passin' it on
Poison attack - the Black word bond
Daddy-O once said to me
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his Jeep
And at night he went to sleep
And in the mornin' all he had was the sneakers on his
feet!
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo
He stripped the Jeep to fill his pipe
And wander around to find a place
Where they rocked to a different kind of BASS!

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