

Public Enemy "Who's Your Hero?"

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Chuck d
And i'm a keep on spreadin
Them names of livin and dead legends
Till armageddon
I save n support those makin a livin
Against those makin a killing
Uh, i crush the villain
Diametrically opposed
My minds able to leap and beatdown
All the clowns in a single bound
Im fit for some comic strip
Save the silenced
From punks drunk off the threat of violence
My secret identity
Im hated for what i am
Instead of loved for what im not
Damn i'm a man
Not judged by what i got
If rap games like a sport
Who the hell cares what i bought?
This is chuck no car here to snatch up and bag up
Ignorance no matter where it is
No matter where you are
Bulls on parade i rain on that charade
Played in the shame
This heros a deeper shade
Now why wouldnt i be cantankerous?
At this stage and age
I be spinnin like a 45
Video chicks the reason
They peep them flicks
Villian seed implanted
So they take it for granted
In order to lead the people
You gotta love the people
To save the people
You must serve the people
To teach the people
You better reach the people
But only if you care, yo
Whos your hero?

Evil suits and ties attemptin to try
To flip the impressionable scripts of masterminds
Feels like a jungle sometimes
Makes me wonder
Is rap the new co intelpro
Makin us all go under
Sounds of criminal thunder
Call it my hate thats stoppin ya
Im too old to be popular
I aint faster than no speeding bullet
I cant fly
And i damn sure aint high
You wanna know why
A page from 69
Peace
And that dont mean no crooked police
Avoid that pork at all costs
And them ol beefs
Cause is fuel for the motor
Foolin you to fill the quota
Thats why i hate that scarface flick
Not brad jordan
But that al pacino shirt you sportin
Yeah i said it
Perhaps you aint read it
If you was black or brown
Your ass damn sure wouldnt be down
Too many clowns promoting
Criminal backgrounds
Using crime like sugar
To get them kids hyper
These new pied pipers
Is the new co-intelpro
Whos your hero?

Try for the money
Even die for the money
Cry for the money

Cause they
Try for the money
Even die for the money
Cry for the money

I paid attention way back when
Krs one said loves gonna getcha
So it stuck in my kitchen
So many cats switchin
To get on that old road to riches
Stupid talkin bout snitchin
Whole lotta killin

With the so called bling
Hides the villain
Twisted thuggin into lovin
Just to get her
Supported by mixtape djs
Who supposed to know better
Time for some action
Against the whippings of mass distraction

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