

Enemy Public

"Bring the Noise"

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Bass! How low can you go?
Death row. What a brother knows.
Once again back is the incredible
the thyme animal
the incredible D Public Enemy Number One
"Five O" said "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun
Now they got me in a cell 'cause my records they sell
'Cause a brother like me said "Well...
...Frarrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen
to
what he can say to you, what you ought to do."
Follow for now, power of the people, say,
"Make a miracle, D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, we're gonna win
Check it out, yeah y'all, here we go again
Chorus: Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder
than mad
At the fact that's corrupt as a senator
Soul on roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope

'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope

Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music that the
critics are blasting

me for

They'll never care for the brothers and sisters

now across the country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now, they're gonna
have to wait

Till we get it right

Radio stations I question their blackness

They call themselves black, but we'll see if they'll play
this

Chorus: Turn it up! Bring the noise!

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me

My deejay is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, ya know

He can cut a record from side to side

So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than
a suicide

Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll

Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man

Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know

You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too

Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you

Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono

Run-DMC first said a deejay could be a band

Stand on its feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B. and LL, as well, hell

Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells

Ever forever, universal, it will sell

Time for me to exit, Terminator X-it

Chorus...

From coast to coast, so you stop being like a comatose

"Stand, my man? The beat's the same with a boost
toast

Rock with some pizzazz, it will last. Why you ask?

Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as

We got to plead the Fifth, we can investigate

Don't need to wait, get the record straight

Hey, posse's in effect, got the Flavor Terminator

X to sign checks, play to get paid

We got to check it out down on the avenue

A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you

Yeah, I'm telling you

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