

## **Enemy Public**

### **"Crayola"**

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Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks  
New cats jackin beats from way back  
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques  
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax  
Robbery a&r snobbery  
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song  
Makin folk dumber in the summer  
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummer  
Keep it simple stupid means numbers  
Payola dough white owned black radio  
Runnin on empty help go the desperado  
So i bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow  
No info to the masses as they shake their asses  
No clue but i can't get my shit up in to you  
Crayola with that same same ol shit  
Crayola with that played playa shit  
Crayola with that kid crayon shit  
Crayola with them ol spray on hits  
All fucked up ways must fall  
Now the industry can't stop me  
A vendetta to make the whole game better

They get the cheddar

All i got is a fuckin letter

What i owe? What am i

Another number and a ho, they don't know

Time to see em go like dominoes

About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the  
rhyme

Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind

Missed what i said cause they don't even own their  
own heads

Go one go all i forgot they made robots outta some of  
yall

Today all fucked up ways must fall

Today is up against the wall

Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love  
songs

Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow

Swallowing all that shit that's shallow

Give the baby anything the baby wants

But that's how them bastards get us up in them  
caskets

Try to get me where they want me

Before some of them jump me

Go tell em i'm a start a rebellion

Educate the felons easy on yeah

Tell em what the fuck am i yellin

No tellin you got them artists and artificials

If it ain't right i don't give a damn if it's sellin

Recruits chasin and racin for that loot  
Usin usual drum loops so i salute my troops  
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals  
And you know what and that g-damn single  
And the marketing team for that matter  
It don't matter  
Dj's gettin dimes for time on a platter  
I ain't gotta be high to jack so i hijack  
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka  
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches  
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches  
Everything had its chance last dance  
Some things change like them weather forecasts  
Ha funny how shit don't last  
Crayola with that same same ol shit  
Crayola with that played playa shit  
Crayola with that kid crayon shit  
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

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