

Enemy Public

"Give It Up"

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Flavor Flav vocals in these brackets]

{crowd chant vocals in these brackets]

Intro: Chuck D Flavor Flav

Aight {aight} aight aight {aight} aight {aight}

I'm aight if you aight {I'm aight}

I be better get some of that bass

{word give it up} aight yeah

[Rinkin twinkin body shakin

Nuff attackin brain's a rackin

Clock tockin Chuck shockin

Flavor Flav ain't never shavin]

(one two, three four)

Verse One: Chuck D

It's another record, check it, mad methods

To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed

You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you
blunted

Suckin up to the devil steppin down a level

It's who they fear is you

Who protects us from us and you from you

Yes and it counts [fuck the forty ounce]

I sued them bastards, yeah they got bounce

I did em like a demo {threw em out the window}

I took a 98 cause I never liked a limo

But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up

A mad rhyme, for mad times, that's what's up

Some ain't gonna change, I got em in a range

I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin back your brain

Wreckin records with funky stuff

Am I loud enough? {yeah} You got ta give it up

Chorus: Flavor Flav

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo repeat

Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up / 4 times

repeat #2 -- (occasional) Chuck D vocal

yeah

you gots ta give it up now

Verse Two: Chuck D

Come again with the same old bounce

I'm calling a foul and once again it counts

Mad tense mad tense brothers know

The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's
wack

[And once again it's on!]

Hey Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin "I don't care",
it's on

I'm comin with a rhyme [what?] I'm lettin go a rhyme
[yeah!]

I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times

Call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her

They don't hear me though, so here I go

I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher

When I'm takin his sound to bring you down

Rappers rippin a lyrical kickin finger-lickin

But to the rhythm I'm givin but never cotton pickin

Like James Brown I'm sayin it loud

Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up

[Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change

Some ain't gonna never ever change

Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change

Some ain't gonna NEVER EVER change!]

Chorus [1/2X]

Interlude: Chuck D, Flavor Flav

And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla
cum

Some second guessing my lessons about saving young

Some don't know like Run said so here we go

Where it is inside, whoop there it is

{aaaaaaah} There it is

[There it is, damn right

My man X is a bad mother {shut your mouth)

I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man]

There it is, can you hit me off with another one

Chorus

I never did represent doing dumb shit

Some gangsta lying - I'd rather diss Presidents
Dead or alive, bring em and I'll swing em
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing em
Flick em, and I fling em, you can go with em
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing
em
Go Grandmama, close but no cigar
I got mine, for I'm using my rhyme
The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever
Give a piece of my time, to prevent some crime
And who behind puttin the guns to the young ones
The ones that make em is the ones that take em
Rugged for no reason, down in duck season
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up
Chorus [4X] (fades out

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