

Enemy Public

"I Stand Accused"

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I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble

So now I'm speaking out

Against those

That flip the way the story goes

One never knows

Who be flippin the script

Whatever the traitors name

My aim is dunk em like

I'm Chris Webber

So many phony smilin faces

Traces of slander

Got em comin outta funny places

I had it an hear em

Talkin loud behind my back

What was good for the hood

Is what they say is wack

I take the stabbin & grin

When I'm hit

Cause I know the suckas smile

When I leave em

What I'm comin wit

I cant complain about the money
Although the suckas in the back
They talkin shit
An laughin like its somethin funny
I aim to make changes
An never change
Unless its for the better
Cause I always been a go better
Clean hustler
Rhyme instead of muscle ya
Born when ya thinkin I'm gone
The terror era is on...
I stand accused
To the crews
I paid my dues
I stand accused
I refuse
To stand and lose
I stand accused
To the news
I kick da blues
I stand accussed
I refuse
I hear em talkin & walkin
Behind my back I'm attacked

Fuck the knife in the back
Cause it feels like they got an axe
Yeah I can dig it wit a shovel
I never dig dirt wit the devil
Instead I'm on that other level
But I took time to reach down
To help the black & brown
I never stood around
I hear em talkin behind
My mind
In a ocean of sharks
And a back full a hackmarks
They say I'm fallin off
Yeah, they better call it off
& get muscle
& find another hustle quick
Sick n tired of critics
But I can take a hit
I'm all man
Alley oopin the vocal on jams
But they dont know it
They can blow it
& take a puff of dis joint
I see I'm kissin it off the cuff
Behind the back
I'm pullin axes and blades out the arms & the legs

Still my fellas get paid
The terror era is on
Fuck a critic/fuck fuck a critic
All the fuckin critics
Can get the did dit
All a fuckin critic does is
Draw a fuckin line
Cross a line and dis my rhyme
& then they ass is mine
If you find a critic dead
Remember what I said
Who killed a critic
Guess the crew did it
Say paybacks a crazy ass message
Sent to the writers who criticize
They're fuckin wit a freedom fighter
Who raises flags
& dragged the klan in bodybags
I hung em up in Mississippi & bum fuck
This is Chuck so what the hell
You think I did it for
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas
And lemme let em I met em
I told my boys forget em
An what they did got rid of me

Negative

But 94 got stunts & blunts in da mix

I hear the crowd fallin vic

To old ghetto tricks

But if I wasn't your cousin

Wed leave em in the dozens

Of sellin out & bellin out

Half pint 40 ounce

Announce to the rest

We had a fall out

I never took a drink

Never took a hit or bribe

Or got spread by what a silly

Rumor said

Never sang or gang banged

Sold out or rented hip hop

Cause I know when to stop

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