

## **Enemy Public**

### **"Live and Undrugged Pt 1 and 2"**

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Live And Undrugged Part I

Its been a long time

Since the rhyme rode

A rough road

I'm riding rhymes & givin

A dose of brotherland

Never said I wasn't good at it

Cause I'm a static addict

No fear you gotta

Know I had it

If you know better

Spose to do better

So I know like Al Green

We gotta stay together

Knock knock...who's there

Where? overhere

Da boom kids knockin

Bang and they outta here

The dopemans livin at home

Aloneman

They dont understand

But they can

They can can

If I dont say it

I'm a sucka parlayin it

Don't really matter

When the flow fatter

But I dont dont

Believe

& duck bob an weave

Will deceive a street corner

And the 40 thieves

They bring em in

You do em in

He bring em in

You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom

Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha

Live and uncut

An undrugged

These days they be thinkin I'm bugged

Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it

Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be

Seekin is self preservation  
A nation of millions  
Gotta go wit a feelin  
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom  
And when it comes to drugs  
Uncle Tom gotta bomb  
Can I get a pop  
Till the muthafukas stop  
Sellin nat shit  
That make the hoody drop  
No more easy gettin over  
For da cracka in the back  
Yo its over  
Number 1 wit a bullet  
He pull it what I do now  
Cant out run it or duck  
Or get a new Chuck  
Up against the wall  
Wont confess yall  
I mo move & I'm gone  
An so I guess yall  
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen  
I'm missin a life  
If I aint givin up an ass kissin  
No television or movie style  
No buckwild thinkin

Cause I dont know what he drinkin

But he better act quick

Cause I'm gettin quicker

3 mo seconds to go

I hope he hold da trigga

If he do dat

The gatt iz outta his hands

& then he gotta deal wit a man

Punks jump up to get beat

I'm on the funky beat

Beat beat yall

Until its 6 feet

Under dirt & the mud

Here we go again

Another enemy if you

Never was a friend

Never clever

As I was in this endeavor

Never again trust a smile or grin

From comin outta da womb

To endin up in a tomb

Another sport

Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts

Head brother in charge

So I better get bodyguard  
What can I do  
Break a leg on the avenue  
Where the bootleggers  
They be stackin the odds  
Try to be hard but they playin my cards  
Fuckin wit chicken  
But I'm duckin in the lard  
Been goin straight since 78  
I wanna live I dont wanna be late  
I head em comin at me  
Runnin fast & ruff  
Aint this a bitch & test for the tuff  
Bang/doubt it  
Without a life  
I cant live without it  
Bang  
Live And Undrugged Part II  
Rhymer in a zone  
Say u wanna revolution  
40 acres to 40 ounces  
Plus they announcin  
The mule is the one thats fooled  
But I pass to be that jackass  
Knockin that boom  
To the tomb

Out the womb

I bet against the spread

I flipped death threats

And the 3 to the head

Never get enough

The raw, the rugged, the ruff

Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff

I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta

Hard in a rock place my corner

And the winner is

Whoop there it is

33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz

Rather get frunk off

Hearin rhymin wit biz

Rhymamatician, rumpshaker

Mindquaker

Not a cracker or a quacker

But a waker

Put my thing down

Step my shit up

Put up or shut up

Peace to the original what up

Back to the motherland

Where its warmer, transformer

Kill the informer

I hear em talkin creepin  
But I'm not sleepin  
My mellow I go back  
Way back going, going  
Before crack  
And the 8 track  
Still goin, gone, goodbye  
To the lazy  
I ain't pushing up or drivin  
No daisies  
I gotta remember Philly in September  
Aint nuttin finer than peace  
In Carolina & to the gods  
Wanna be, gotta be  
Starter of mo flow  
Here we go the front row  
As I cut the silly rhymin  
Riddlin still the flow  
Gettin ridda dem  
Racist swazis  
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes  
They gotta give us where we live  
We don't own  
What you think is home  
Its time to go up in smoke  
911 is no joke

Once again friends  
This enemy states fiddy states  
Still say chill wait until  
The right time baby  
Damn the blood line  
Gettin raid with AIDS  
But somebodys gettin paid  
Lets get it on and a on  
But brothers gettin killed  
Cause blunts & 40's is like  
Cookies to da milk  
I'm not crazy  
I'm the revelation  
Last days in time  
The overtime rhymer  
Rhymer in a zone  
Right vs wrong  
Good versus evil  
God versus the devil  
Public Enemy  
Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age

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