

Enemy Public

"Miuzi Weighs A Ton"

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Step back get away give the brother some room

You got to turn me up when the beat goes boom

Lyric to lyric line to line

Then you'll understand my reputation for rhyme

Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what

Style of record my DJ cuts

His slice dice super mix so nice

So bad you won't dispute the price

It's plain to see it's a strain to be

Number one in the public eye enemy

I'm wanted in 50, almost 51

States where the posse got me on the run

It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under

Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder

A fugitive missin' all types of hell

All this because I talk so well

When I,

Rock, get up, get down

Miuzi weighs a ton

The match up title, the expression of thrill

For elite to compete and attempt to get ill

If looks could kill, I'd chill until
The public catches on to my material
Ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault, a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhymes
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Cooched from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title, it would be suicidal
From my end, it would be homicidal
When I do work, you get destroyed
Make all the paranoid, try to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm no toy boy
Rock, get up, get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme, number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If miuzy wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King, I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me, go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a

Instead of takin' me out, take a girl to dinner

The level of comp has never been thinner

It's a runaway race where I'm the winner

It's unreal, they call the law

And claimed I had started a war

It was war they wanted and war they got

But they wilted in the heat when miuzi got hot

Rock, get up, get down

Miuzi weighs a ton

My style versatile said without rhymes

Which is why they're after me on my back

Lookin' over my shoulder, seein' what I write

Hearin' what I say, they wonderin' why

Why they can't ever compete on my level

Superstar status is my domain

Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture

And then you'll know why I'm on the run

This change of events results in a switch

Lateral movements of my vocal pitch

It eliminates pressure on the haunted

But the posse is around so I got to front it

Plus employ tactics so coy

And leave no choice but to destroy

Soloists, groups and what they say

And all that try to cross my way

