

Enemy Public

"Nightrain"

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featuring CL Smooth

Land of the free

But the skin I'm in identifies me

So the people around me

Energize me

Callin' all aboard this train ride

Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore

Leavin' frauds on the outside

But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train

And the reason

For that is 'cause we look the same

Lookin' all around at my so called friend

Light skin to the brown

The black

Here we go again

Homey over there knows Keith an

But he be thiefin'

I don't trust him

Rather bust 'em

Up out goes his hand and I cough

He once stole from me

Yeah I wanna cut it off

The black thing is a ride I call the nighttrain

It rides the good and the bad

We call the monkey trained

Trained to attack the black it's true

'Cause some of them look just like you

Stayin' on the scene

Sittin' on the train

See all the faces

Look about the same

There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo

'Cause he deal

The keys from Key Largo

Runnin' Nat narcotic

By George he got it

Takin' makin' the G erotic

And the fiends they scheme

So he can put 'em down

But his method is wreck 'em

Put 'em in tha ground

Got tha nerve as hell

To yell brother man

He ain't black man

Cuz he ate his Pac Man

Known to murder his own

Traitor on the phone

Ridin' the train

Self-hater trained

To sell pain

The master's toy

Little boy

Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void

'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the
cause

'Cause his face looks just like yours

(CL Smooth)

The conductor, track the structure overstood

Nighttrain the plain, little engine that could

One express so let's next stops Mecca

A place to face to make a black man better

CL and Chuck D, we don't talk rubbage

But just like a slave, we gotta ride wit the luggage

On the nighttrain

More of the same insane who sayin'

Like flowin' like nighttrain

Runnin' the pain of the black reign

You look, you laugh

You doubt and go out

And I'm gone

But the bass goes on

To talk the talk, but walk the walk

The king of New York
Crack a lack attack the black
To crack the back
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity
Or consider him an enemy
Who am I to tell a lie
Rather push the Bush
Hope da cracker get crushed
I'm rollin' wit Rush
Leader of the bum rush
Russian I ain't
Spreadin' like paint
Lookin' at the put I got
And its kickin'
But it ain't chicken
But it's livin' for a city
So sick 'n' tired
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file
Senile or chile
They said it never been no worser
Than this, I'm on the nightrain
They hope ya don't miss it
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go
You musn't just put your
Trust in every brother yo
Some don't give a damn

'Cause they the other man

Worse than a bomb

Posin' as Uncle Toms

Disgracin' the race

Blowin' up the whole crew

Wit' some of them lookin'

Just like you

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