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## Enemy Public "Resurrection"

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featuring Masta Killa

Chuck D:

**MotoLyrics** 

damn back again up on track again

some of y'all black again it got dark

on your mark get set

out of sight out of mind

hyprocites forget like marionettes

strings in the back like nets

the chosen one who can laugh themselves to death

lack of rhymes meaningless punch lines

battle for your mind

like Israel and Palastine

good news there is some hard ass times

no more disses

repeated hook lines and chorus'

days of doris'

got issues and wishes

got the jam but gettin paid up off the misses

ain't nothin wrong but wait fuck another love song

it's the r&b strangler bringing nosie in the wranglers

rock all the heads big times and alzheimers

shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil

now the pitch

Lord save us from that sword of Davis

that kidnap hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap

put my soul in it

care less about the gold in it

boom the shootie

got 'em running from the paparazzi

lodie dotie

when the feds come and doom your party

cracker in the back

don't you know it's illuminati

ain't nothing changed

PE we be the same crew

resurrection in the game here to save you

Flava Flav:

yo it's going down baby

it's going down family

that's my word

we gettin ready to turn this shit to the two and three zeros

ya know what I'm sayin

have all the clocks goin backwards

have everything goin haywire

you lauged before let's see you laugh now blue cow

how now black cow

word to bird

word to bird

word to bird nigga

Chuck D:

one on one

hard like tarot cards

behold the one man million man march

takes a nation

400 year violation

apocalyptic no power in this happy hour

hazordus no you don't like lazarus

just black baby

where my soul be at

star spelled backwards is rats

let bra man rap

I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats

one step forward two steps back

making habits claiming habitats

ratta tat tat

wish you could turn back the hands of time

and get mental

pop the track eight track lincoln contniental

I'm the mouth that roared

swore to the Lord

the eye of hawk

both live and die by the sword

the forbidden

the six man be sinning from the beginning

the suckers hand be hidden

intesne

knocking your block with some sense

PE got more jewels than dead presidents

the devil try to get me cross like a crucifix

but I am focused on the vultures

like a loc of locusts

new world order is goin down

gettin round

I'm the spook that sat by the sound

fucking with Sadamn will bring a new Saigon

ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

Flava Flav:

yeah that's right

nine eight

no joking

we coming out smoking

and for all y'all that's been sleeping on us

you're lacking you're lacking

aiyo check 1-2

I've got my mand that's about to sneak up on you and your crew

ya know what I'm saying

check 1-2

aiyo Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son

and show 'em you ain't done son

ball 'em with the back of the gun son

make 'em run son

Masta Killa:

sliding down broadway beneath the j line

slumped in the incline position

mind travellin beyond the shell

which holds the soul controlled by the Allah

I be most humble but also punishable

for those who are unlawful to righteousness

I strive to stay alive and live this

many fell victim to the wisdom

I mastered this

the track ovulates the mic like prostate gland imperegnates

onto the paper the pain pours

for the love of my brother that hurts just the same

fuck fame

my gun I bust to maintain

moods are insiduous

baffels and eludes those who label the God being antisocial

chose not to apply their third eye

I travel at the speed of thought rate

it's fatal

what will enable a man to levitate

Flava Flav:

and you can take that and put that on the back of your brain

coming straight to you from Masta Killa

ain't nuttin iller

I told you PE is still in full effect

beyond the year 2000

we ain't taking no shorts

and y'all need to know that

to make your head fat boy

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