

Enemy Public

"Stop in the Name"

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Full fledgin never sat on my legend

No shuffle or shoulder shruggin

Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rhymin

This renegade rippin

Rugged trax I love it

Sorta black owned

Like da Denver Nuggets

Pow pow

The original

Harder hitter

Iz back in black

On deck wit a turtleneck

Uh ha you can drink

All you want

But hard dont make

Da liquid matter you intake

The logical

Sorta psychological

Brother like butter spread to one

Another

Thicker da blunt & got sicker

Once upon a rhyme all bigger
Meant was for bigga cotton picker
Leave alone
The men from the mice
Who twice packs da gatt
Turn into dirty ratts
I'm comin wit the antidote, I hope they cope
To da rhythm I wrote
Pawns in da game
Goin down da drain
Final call to my race in pain

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