

## Enemy Public

### "Timebomb"

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You go ooh and ahh when I jump in my car  
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar  
When I'm up to par no matter who you are  
I betcha go hip hop hurray or hurrah  
But the ahhs and ohhs is my kind of news  
Pop your tape in put your car in cruise  
I never heard the boos I never drank booze  
Cause I just rock the rhythm left alone the blues  
The L.I. mystique You sneak to peek  
A look and then you know that we're never weak  
I know you can't wait, it's never too late  
No fear I'm here, and everything is straight  
Cycles, cycles, life runs in cycles  
New is old, no I'm not no psycho  
The monkey on the back makes the best excel  
The people in the crowd makes the rock well  
The people in the back lets you know who's whack  
And those who lack, the odds are stacked  
The one who makes the money is white not black  
You might not believe it but it's like that  
When you come to my show, watch me throw

Down with the other brothers toe to toe  
When you make a move, new not used  
And watch the bro here just bust a groove  
A fat lady soprano, loads my ammo  
And hear my jam, with a funky piano  
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel  
A fool smokes Kools cause he chokes on Camels  
In effect, the crew's in check  
Run by the posse with the gold around the neck  
Homeboys in heat, lookin' for sweet  
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet  
Somebody to body, makin' a baby  
Givin' it to grandma then makin' her crazy  
I'm a MC protector, U.S. defector  
South African government wrecker  
Panther power, you can feel it in my arm  
Lookout y'all cause I'm a timebomb  
Tickin', tockin', all about rockin'  
makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'  
The rhythm, to shake the house downy down  
Bounce to the ounce, sound so crown  
The man, the enemy, Public King, no  
All fall to the force of my swing  
Like Ali, Frazier, Thriller in Manila  
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer am I

No need to lie, got the Flavor Flave  
To prove ill win and if not the save  
I'll pick up, rack up - put your whole shack up  
Just choose to lose the bet, emcee stick up  
This is the wiz, but the mike's not his, it's mine  
One time let the star shine  
And I'm tellin' you, yelling at you you're through  
Don't think you're grown because your moustache grew  
I'm number one, you know it weighs a ton  
And I'll be the burger, you can be the bun, girl  
Surroundin', my steady poundin'  
Get, get on down to my funky sound  
And rock the rhythm rhyme, one time your mind  
Rhythm roll, two times control,  
the mauler and the caller of your doom  
And when I'm ready to leave, you're gonna know I go  
boom  
Three times y'all, rhythm rhyme and rock  
Then you'll that the D is on the block  
Four times y'all and never ever the whack  
It's the hour to the minute, time to blow BLACK

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