

## **Enemy Public**

### **"What Side You On"**

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It's overtime

So the lyric

They fear it

When they hear it

The flow

100 miles and runnin

Get near it

And go

Check it out

Go

To the race

Give the drummer a taste

The bass iz commin commin

Suckas runnin from it

Damn why you call him

The man

Here I am scamm

Never ran

Never fight the black

From Iraq

Or Iran

Who bombed Japan  
Blood on his hands  
Part of a plan  
He don't really believe  
In uhh! God damn  
If it comes down to shuttin  
Them down  
I'm in the hood surrounded  
Tell em I'm grounded  
I'm on that psycho analytical  
Tip if politics iz stickin to  
The mix  
Like tricks  
I'm one more time givin time  
Where the rhyme go  
Elite to the street  
To the brothas doin death row  
So where ya at  
If the beat ain't fat  
Say what  
C'mon  
And get some  
Rattle rattle  
Kiss and I hum  
Come can you

Get it on the one

C'mon pick it up

pick it at

pack it at

pack it up

To the black

Who be talkin

Where they at

Where they at

Wicked wild

Feelin irie

Not sorry

Get it see it written down in a diary

Same say fuck all dat

Political shit

But wanna get paid when

Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come

Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first

I reverse another trick verse

To the point

Where I can rock dis funky joint

In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear

In 33 years so what

I never had a beer

I don't know what I'm missin  
I'm not dissin  
But I know I ain't ass kissin  
Time to draw the line  
This time the rhyme  
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine  
Cause I know the hoody  
Got it good wit the hitman  
Can I get a hitman  
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand  
The funky automatic  
Handlin static  
Sellin out I ain't good at it  
& when I got bumbed  
I'm gonna open up  
Hitt em up stone to da bone  
But it ain't gotta be like that  
And thats that  
Can u tell me yall...what  
All in wit the law  
They fall in  
The great white hole where they  
Be sellin their soul  
Never get enough  
They be talkin dat roughneck shit

Be comin they quit

Fuck dat blood iz ticker

Than water shit

That shit iz counterfeit

Devil go where da shoe fit

Black mans law iz raw like Africa

You violate

Were comin after ya

They're here

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