

Air Conditioning

Public Enemy

It's the same song heard over and over and over
And over and over and over and over
Gotta tell me why the hell they got a Mars Rover
When much of Arizona still can't grow a
Thing in dirt, I'm hurt
You don't know Solomon Burke or James Brown did work
Or the son of Bazerk, Ike turner beats
Before he got meaner with Tina when times were leaner
Cats did six shows, Horne at the Apollo, holla
Dynamite shows below 5 dollars
Sax machines, don't be so mean
Heard were trumpets, c'mon, can you jump it?
Off over the Atlantic, took the soul for granted
Air stole the soul like a bandit, conditioning

Motown Stax put the soul to rest
Chess put the blues up in that chest
Sex shops backdrops
Joe Tex beats in the middle of hip hop
Get em out them seats
Fast cars and faster women, take em to the limit
The poetry of money, taking names down with it
Sayin' no to techno, beat it up too quick
Dark chords livin' on a sick guitar lick

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Mutated, faded, now I'm feelin' fellas
Hate I can't find it without radar
Cross fader crossed over
Caught in the chaos
Can't hear want cause it costs some dollars
And the air snatched the soul and we abandoned
I think somebody planned it, conditioning

Please, please, please, Soul don't grow on trees
Why a blues show, very few blacks show
White folks from the front to the back row
We know what we know from the radio
Jazz show, even a rap show, can still be no black show
Hot or not depends on the video
James Brown in town
Still few of us around, they don't even know flash
From another shakin' ass
Bet some cash, Soul is disappearin' fast
Dance halls sorry, they ain't hardly Bob Marley
Get that soul back on tracks
Tighten up, don't always make them lyrics lighten up
If the soul y'all feelin', lemme hear you say "Yeah!"
Don't you feel it in the air? Conditioning