

Don't Believe the Hype

Public Enemy

Back

Caught you lookin' for the same thing
It's a new thing - check out this I bring
Uh Oh the roll below the level
'Cause I'm livin' low next to the bass, C'mon
Turn up the radio
They claim that I'm a criminal
By now I wonder how
Some people never know
The enemy could be their friend, guardian
I'm not a hooligan
I rock the party and
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist
Preach to teach to all
'Cause some they never had this
Number one, not born to run
About the gun...
I wasn't licensed to have one
The minute they see me, fear me
I'm the epitome - a public enemy
Used, abused without clues
I refused to blow a fuse
They even had it on the news
Don't believe the hype...

Yes

Was the start of my last jam
So here it is again, another def jam
But since I gave you all a little something
That we knew you lacked
They still consider me a new jack
All the critics you can hang'em
I'll hold the rope
But they hope to the pope
And pray it ain't dope
The follower of Farrakhan
Don't tell me that you understand
Until you hear the man
The book of the new school rap game
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind
Caught in the middle and
Not surrenderin'
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin'
Some claim that I'm a smuggler
Some say I never heard of 'ya
A rap burgler, false media
We don't need it do we?
It's fake that's what it be to 'ya, dig me?
Don't believe the hype...

Don't believe the hype - its a sequel
As an equal, can I get this through to you
My 98's boomin' with a trunk of funk
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk
Comin' from the school of hard knocks

Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox
Attack the black, cause I know they lack exact
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox
Leader of the new school, uncool
Never played the fool, just made the rules
Remember there's a need to get alarmed
Again I said I was a timebomb
In the daytime the radio's scared of me
'Cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy
They can't c'mon and play with me in primetime
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine
I get on the mix late in the night
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, sike
Before I let it go, don't rush my show
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you
As you get up and dance at the LQ
When some deny it, defy if I swing bolos
Then they clear the lane I go solo
The meaning of all of that
Some media is the whack
You believe it's true, it blows me through the roof
Suckers, liars get me a shovel
Some writers I know are damn devils
For them I say don't believe the hype
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?
Their pens and pads I'll snatch
'Cause I've had it
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static
I'll see their tape recoreder and grab it
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit
I'm going' to my media assassin
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?
Don't believe the hype
I got flavor and all those things you know
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show
Yo Griff, get the green black red and
Gold down countdown to Armageddon
-88 you wait the S1Ws will
Rock the hard jams - treat it like a seminar
Teach the bourgeoisie, and rock the boulevard
Some sau I'm negative
But they're not positive
But what I got to give...
The media says this