

Hoovermusic

Public Enemy

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

How you gonna make music
When you take music
And abuse it make my crew sick
So nobody else can use it
More than just some
Non singin
Drug slingin
Hollywood swingin
Fling
Sing
Is it rating or raping
No more taping
But somebody is still regulating
These love to hate songs
Yall know thats wrong
Anything for the money
Tough guy
Bet, mtv pic
The mic the pig
Honesty
This policy
Be killin me
Good for who
Good for what
Is your mind body soul
Is it better from it
Tell me why do yall love it?
Songs meant to send you to prison
Bids to influence a million and half kids

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds

Monstars lurking the planet fame
1 hand in your pocket
1 hand in your brain
Sucking your soul like a video game
I don't even understand what the f you sayin
Whos consumin the boom
As they vaccuum your room
Shake your boom boom

They finance your doom
You think its romance
Just because you dance
That black exec you know he didn't stand a chance
Trapped in the middle of what you be doin
Increased market position
Down to what and how you listenin
Came in this game
Never thought that id ever
Seehiphop
The game in the name of jedgar

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

From cats told crap
Young rappers gettin trapped.
Buying the same of trick
On some of the same ol tracks
The rich stackin chips
Poor banging with new slang
In the ghost and the shadow of your government name
Made in the usa
Fighting the power in brooklyn
To grinnin in juicin while crooked
Say you don't know me
Or owe me or us
My disgust
Interrupting my black august
I fuss
Cause these white kids confusing the worst of us
Can it be a lil bit more
Than sex and drinks songs
Fight clubs gettin they strip on
Gangs of kids
Who copy what they did
Both coasts are clear
Some people got no idea
Who sent em here

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic