

Public Enemy Number Won

Public Enemy

Yo, Mike D
Yo, what up Ad Rock?
Remember that time in '85 when we were in a van and we're driving through Cleveland and?
Oh, oh, you had that weird rash all over your body
No, I mean, yes, but, no, I'm talking about when Rick gave us the demo tape for Public Enemy
Yo, we played that shit back and forth like about a million times
That shit was nice
So nice, you know I've been thinking
We should call Chuck D on the phone right now
And ask him, "What goes on?"
Well

I'm all in, put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
One, two, three, down for the count
The result of my lyrics, oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap, forty-niner supreme
Is what I choose and I use, I never lose to a team
I can go solo like a Tyson Bolo
Make a fly girl wanna have my photo
Run in their room, hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid, so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My raps red hot, hundred ten degrees
So don't start bassing, I'll start placing
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind for a beat and a rhyme
A time for a crime that I can't find
I show you my gun, my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one, one
One, one
One, one, one, one

From the tippy-tippy top never taking a L
Nobody rocks so hot so well
Like the rugged D, the man you see
Rocking to the rhythm of the sure shot beat
Say one for the treble, two for the bass
Rhyme for your mind, shine on your face
Three for the rain and four for the dew
Five 'cause I'm live and straight from the crew
Six for my gear and, nah, I ain't no stylist
Got my whole swag from 2-5th and Hollis
Run got the wisdom D got the knowledge
Straight from the dome, air tight sand polished
Seven to the eight and nine times I say
Run gon' be great, the top 10 today
Eleven MC's, they all tried to flex
When Run grabbed the mic, they took flight and step

There was a time when I was losing it
Alcohol, I was abusing it
The wealth of health, I wasn't choosing it

To help myself, I wasn't doing it
Mom and dad they meant a lot to me
They helped me get where I got to be
Then they told me they adopted me
To help me fulfill prophecy
I did not know I had enemies
Named Jack and Jim and Hennessy
They came with a smile, befriending me
With the intent of ending me
Taking my power like kryptonite
'Cause it is known when I get the mic
I go into a zone and I rip the mic
Just like this rhyme that I spit tonight
You can't understand how much it took
To kick their asses and leave them shook
Kill all the clowns and crush the crooks
'Cause I'm a superhero in the comic books
Well, make believe is your reality
I'm everything I pretend to be
Everything I need is inside of me
And anything else is the enemy

Now here's a little story We got to tell
About a sound so Def, you know so well
It started way back in history
With the Beastie Boys, LL Cool J, Run-DMC, and Public Enemy

Great was a label with two turntables
And a mic, MC's do what ya like
'83 beats in the place to be
'84 rhyming to open doors
Def to the Jammin' of who I am
Stand till they jump and then crack the floors
I got a posse of a force to back me up
Watch out, we got rhythm to match
Ambush attack of my team
Double-team you get creamed
You got it so you don't catch
Wanna hear it again, we got a force
Def Jam down, the OG circuit sound
Public Enemy, LL Cool J, Beastie Boys, Flav, Run-DMC
Check out the protection
Rock the bells in this section
Kick it like Bruce Lee's Chinese connection
On stereo never ever mono
On wax, yes, I'm talking 'bout vinyl
The world said freeze, we unfrozen
They got me Public Enemy #1