

Revolution

Public Enemy

We was raised in these streets on pork and poison meat
Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the gold teeth
Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police
While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole beef.
I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain
Cell by cell and frame by frame.
Names, dates, are all inmaterial. i big dick sick rhyme killer like cereal.
i
Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry that climbs right through
h
The curcitra.
Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as we go
Drop shit like seagulls and smash your little ego.
I get visions like stevie and coleco,
Give me 2000 live people
One late show no sequel.
Aint no equal in the flesh
I been through more evil than men do.
Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

Now im pissed
Easy to rhyme on tracks like this
The more things change
The more they remain the same
These games them vidiots
Playin on the brink of insane
Must be a hockey rink
Lost in their drink
In pursuit of plain jane
I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink
Now in these new tracks
Some of these cats dont know how to act
All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap
One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black
Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap
Revolution is more than what you hear and what you see
The mass reintroduction
Of society to society
Together we got 100 years of sobriety
These clones
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me
Turned out
They happy just to be in the house
So im a call emout
I aint no church mouse
Luvout

I master rap
Write a 16 and half of that
Then eat some mix greens after that
My raps niggerish black like licorice
While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish
The hoods begging for deliverance "g"
I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this
L y should get into the "sy"
I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on
Society's the menace

He get's more love than tennis
On the road to riches
Cause revolutions expensive
Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips
In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.
No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist
While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys
Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips
Still aint signed the master mind
The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome
The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppress
ed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out