Show 'Em Whatcha Got

Public Enemy

Talkin dat drive by shit Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master Buck boom buck another Neighborhood disaster (Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz A muther fuckin gun But an organized side Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid Step on the rest of the hood Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk Walkin dat catwalk Where you tryin to go wit dat Dont even go dere wit dat rap Guns drugs an money All you know how So whatcha gonna do now? I'm bout ready to bounce Trouble on the corner of blunt ave An 40 ounce Madd uncivilized lifestyles 30 years bids for kids, now thats wild I'm raisin my child I'm steppin to da curb Wit a sign do not disturb Too much dont give a fuck Or a damn thing But choose what the other man bring I sing a song cause I see wrong I'm not down with the fe fi fo Where I come from See, the brothers aint dumb Sense goes over nonsense When it makes no sense I'm throwin up da fence Talkin dat drive by shit Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit Talkin dat drive by thang Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk

Walkin dat catwalk Were you tryin to go wit dat Dont even go there wit dat rap Guns drugs & money All you know how So whatcha gone do now?

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man Gotta use a trigga On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home Ungrown & now they on they own Now check yourself cool What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk