

Sudden Death

Public Enemy

Virgin bitches
With rockin' clitches
Gettin' riches
Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here at
The devil carried the cross to Christ
On the back of a black angelic hood rat
On an anti low jack crack hat
I'm humble
But I'll rumble
With any given devil
On any given level
But must I put into effect
And black caught [?]
No don't test me
Checks from the ass to the throne
Grown, I'ma do it my way
Oh, by the way, I don't play
So what you say about this lost and found
In lust but bound
To get the stacks
From the last sex acts
Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter
And sent native daughters to the slaughter
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock
Entitled life in the fast lane
Like death, in the last lane

I live, until the day I die
I live, until the day I cry
I'm dead, the day I lie

I'm not takin' pay off's
And lay off's
Knockin' G's off
From the tip off
Less academic callories
Hope to make a high price salary
I got 40 acres to comphiscate
I got a mule that can't wait to [?]
On who gets paid
And who gets layed
And who gets saved
And who gets sprayed
By burnt pale faces
Fiends in high places
Faces and faces chasin' traces and cases and cases of case suits
Gettin' loot
In a two piece multi national corporation noose
Around the neck of his pops
Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop
Stop

I got an attitude how do you figure
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga