

Public Enemy No. 1

Public Enemy

Yo Chuck, bust the move, man
I was on my way up here to the studio, ya know what I'm sayin'?
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo, wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said, "Yo, the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
So Chuck, we gotta fill in, you turn him into a Public Enemy, man
Now remember that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to L.A.
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot
Well yo, right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know what goes on
What goes on?
Well, I'm all in, put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1, 2, 3 down for the count, the result of my lyrics, oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap, 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use, I never lose to a team
'Cause I can can go solo like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room, hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum MC's
You can't rock the kid, so go, cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot, 110 degrees
So don't start bassin', I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun, my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one
One, one, one
One, one, one, one
You got no rap but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat but you got no paddle
'Cause I never pause, I say it because
I don't break in stores but I break all laws
Written while sittin', all fittin' not bitten
Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'
I'm not a law obeyer, so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player, the ozone layer
A battle what, here's a Bible, start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified
If they ask you what happened, just admit you lied
You just got caught a for going out of order

And now you're servin' football teams their water
 You messed with the master, word to Chuck
 And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dunked
 You just got dissed, all but dismissed
 Sucker duck MC's, you get me pissed
 It's no fun being on the run
 Because they got me, Public Enemy number one
 One, one, one
 Don't you know? Don't you know?
 I got a posse of a force to back me up
 Watch out, we got never the match
 Ambush attack on my back, double teamin' get creamed
 So we have us, so you are okay
 Wanna hear it again, we got the force, enemy down
 The L.I. circuit sound
 Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG, Flavor, DJ Melody
 Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes that
 make us groom
 To make all the ladies swoon
 But it's also the words from Our Direction, a gold boy session
 Kickin' like a Bruce Lee's Chinese connection
 On stereo, never ever MIND, no, all wax, yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
 They said, "Stop freeze," I got froze up
 Because I'm Public Enemy number one
 One, one, one
 One, one, one
 For all you suckers, liars, your cheap amplifiers
 You crossed up wires are always starting fires
 You grown up criers, now here's a pair of pliers
 Get a job like your mother, I heard she fixes old dryers
 You have no desires, your father fixes tires
 You try to sell ya equipment but you get no buyers
 It's you they never hire, you're never on flyers
 'Cause you and your crew is only known as good triers
 Known as the poetic political lyrical son
 I'm Public Enemy number one
 One, one, one
 One, one, one
 Yeah, that's right Chuck man
 That's what you gotta do
 You gotta tell them just like that
 Ya know what I'm sayin'? 'Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin', man
 These brothers runnin' around, hard headed
 Makin' a little jealous, ya know what I'm sayin'?
 Just like that, ya know, they try to bring you down with 'em
 But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em
 know
 Who's who in the world of beat
 You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
 And we can get all the ladies
 And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
 And that's the way the story goes
 That's just the way the story goes
 Let me tell you a little somethin', man

