

Bring the Noise

Public Enemy

Too black, too strong
Too black, too strong Flavor Flav:
Yo, Chuck
These alley trippers are still frontin' on us
Show 'em that we can do this
'Cause we always knew this, ha ha
Yeah, boy! Chuck D.:
Bass! How low can you go?
Death row, what a brother know
Once again, back is the incredible
rhyme animal, the incredible
D, Public Enemy number one
"Five-O" said, "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun Now they got me in a cell
'Cause my records, they sell
'Cause a brother like me said, Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you" What you ought to do Is follow for now, power of the people, say,
"Make a miracle, D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, We're gonna win
Check it out Flavor Flav:
Yeah, y'all, c'mon Chuck D.:
Here we go again
Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise! Flavor Flav:
Hey yo, Chuck, they're sayin' we too black, man
Yo, I don't understand what they're saying
But little do they know they can get a smack for that, man Chuck D.:
Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt like a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music
That the critics are all blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters
Now across the country has us up for the war We got to demonstrate, come on now
They're gonna have to wait 'til we get it right
Radio stations, I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they'll play this Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise! Flavor Flav:
Hey yo, Chuck, they're illin', we chillin'
Yo, PE in the house, top billing

Yo, Chuck, show 'em what you can do, boyChuck D.:
 Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
 My DJ is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, y'know
 He can cut a record from side to side
 So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicideSoul control, beat is the father of
 your rock'n'roll
 Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
 Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, y'know
 You call 'em demosFlavor Flav:
 But we ride limos, tooChuck D.:
 Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
 Beat is for Sonny BonoFlavor Flav:
 Beat is for Yoko OnoChuck D.:
 Run-DMC first said a DJ could be a band
 Stand on its own feet, get you out your seatBeat is for Eric B. and LL, as well, hell
 Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
 Ever forever, universal, it will sell
 Time for me to exit, Terminator X itTurn it up! Bring the noise!
 Turn it up! Bring the noise!Flavor Flav:
 Yo, they should know by now that they can't stop this [?]
 Word up, better keep tellin' me to turn it down
 But yo, Flavor Flav ain't going out like thatCome on
 Come on
 Come on, now
 Come onChuck D.:
 From coast to coast, so used to being like a comatose
 Stand, my man, the beat's the same with a boast toast
 Rock with some pizzazz, it will last. Why you ask?
 Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted asWe got to plead the Fifth, you can investigate
 Don't need to wait, get the record straight
 Hey, posse in effect, got Flavor, Terminator
 X to sign checks, play to get paidYou got to check it out down on the avenue
 A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
 Yeah, I'm telling you...Flavor Flav:
 Hey yo, Griff, [?]
 We got to handle this
 We ain't goin' out like that
 Yo man, straight up on the Columbo tip
 We can do this, like Brutus
 'Cause we always knew this
 You know what I'm sayin'
 There's just one thing that puzzles me, my brother
 What's wrong with all these people around here, man...

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