

# 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...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>