

Public Enemy, Long And Whining Road

It's been a long and whining road
Even though time keeps a changin
I'm-a bring it all back home
I been told I spit lyrics wit politics
Why wouldn't I?
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation
Throughout / I've been a spokesperson
For a generation
Within the same ol' fear of a black planet
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it
If times is hard
Time is god
Understand it
Never took time for granted
It's all right Ma
As child of the sixties
All along the watchtower
I can't bet they gonna miss me

I'm only bleeding
Every grain in me
Fans if not for you
There be no P.E.
From the Nashville skyline
Girls in south country
In this world gone wrong
So here's another love song

We came a long way baby
You know whats amazin
The surprise we told these new guys
Flav has always been crazy
Hit London '87 like it was an invasion
Toured the world for 3 years
Hell with vacation
Vocation of vocalization
Especially with the impact of "It Takes a Nation
Of Millions to Hold Us Back"
You bet there's blood on them bomb squad tracks
"Black Steel," "Baseheads," "Party for Your Right to Fight"
"Prophets of Rage," "Bring the Noise"
"Don't Believe the Hype"
"Can't Do Nuttin for You Man"
"911 is a Joke"
20 years we got here by actin like common folk
Touring the world like a rolling stone
Then the nineties came
Welcomed y'all to the Terrordome
Some threw it away, instead of something to say
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names
Since "Rebel without a Pause" beats were never the same
And by 1998 we still had game.

Only a pawn in the game
Chastised for namin names
What was said and who said it
Anti-nothing so forget it

Tears of rage left a friend
Blowin in the wind
But time is god
Been back for 10 years and black again
Some of them same cats
Help usher in gangster rap
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.
Praised the gangsta
Just because it sold
While consciousness
Went from platinum to gold
Seen a nation reduce "Fight the Power" to gin and juice
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

Beethoven, Bach, Brahms
I want some James Brown
Even Bruce, Brian, Bono, Beck, yeah Chuck Berry
Prince, Stevie, Sly, Smokey, Johnny Cash in my Chevy
Heard some call me an Uncle Tom
Now that's petty
I'm a songwriter fool
I condense sense from right and wrong
Livin in the key of protest songs
From basement tapes
Beyond them dollars and cents
Changin of the guards spent
Where the--went
Most of their time out of mind
Hatin my mess age rhymes
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna
But they made a day fit for a king
By the time we got to Arizona

Tommorrow's a long time
We got God on our side
Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride
A poison goin on
Shelter from the storm
Hard rain gonna fall
Still the people rock on.