

# Public Enemy, Swindlers Lust

[Flav] Yeah back it up

[Chuck] Vultures of culture

A dollar a rhyme, but we barely get a dime

Uh-huh, check it out

[Chuck D]

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust? (GEYEAH!)

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hickory dickory dock

Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate (eheheheh)

Mo' dollars, mo' cents, for the Big Six

Another million led to bled, claimin innocence

Is it any wonder why black folks goin under -

- cause niggaz be sold in bundles

No pressure, tell me why they don't care

Rap and R&B pavin the streets of Bel-Air

From the sales of singers, no longer here

The bigger killer, get the bigger share (eheheheh)

Now the ones I attack, negroes got their back

No, eighty/twenty is a wack contract

Forever lack, the voice of real blacks

Stole rock'n'roll and ain't gave it back (yea yea)

Started off my defense, now they're the ones I defend against

who fell up into the tricks

"Fuck the \_Fight the Power\_ shit; get that Chuck D nigga fixed,

and keep him up out of the mix"

Well hell, tell em Chuck don't suck no dick

Be an ass, and that ass get kicked

Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate

Watch em swindle yo' ass and turn a profit

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

They don't care about me, they don't care about you

They don't care about you and your crew

your family neighborhood and plus, heh,

they don't give a damn about us

[Flav] One thing about them, they like to exploit though

[Chuck] Vultures of culture

[Flav] They like to exploit little suckers

[Chuck] A dollar a rhyme -- while we barely get a dime

[Chuck D]

Profit off the soul of black folk

Turn em into bitches, niggaz, and stupid ass jokes

Laugh with us? Or laughin at us? That's what I'm guessin

We in the Rutgers program with that question

They came in and sat at the feet (uh-huh)

of our ancient ancestors; they learned (yeah)

they took it back. They came back, then they imitated (right)

Once they got enough, they came back and destroyed

[Chuck D]

Laughin all the way to the bank; remember them own the banks

and them god damn tanks (god damn right)

Now what company do I thank? Ain't this a bitch

Heard they owned slaves, in a ship that sank

[Flavor Flav]

Aight aight aight aight yo yo

Where all the Louie's? Where my Louie's? Ehehe

[Chuck D]

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

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This to the blues people in the Delta

This for everybody in the 50's that didn't, get their money

Little Richard gettin half of a penny

All of the super soul singers of the 60's

All the bands of the 70's on the outside lookin in

All the people that didn't make a DIME

off their session playin

And even the rappers in the 80's and 90's

still tryin to get paid, from what they put in, yeah

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hmm..