

Can You Hear Me Now

Public Enemy

Damn if I be some slave again
Got no fake ass friends
No timbs or rims
Sure 'nuff don't know no designer names
And I never played no video games
I ain't got no diamond rings
No bling bling, no minks
No 2 earrings
No pimp glasses mugs
Or cups and things
Or whatever the hell they be carryin
Don't treat my highs too high
Or my lows too low
You wont see my soul
Souled on no video
Don't need no checks to get no chicks
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my
So let the young sing and
Rap to the young
As long as y'all don't think freedom
Is free to be dumb
It's suicidal to think I'm
Your American Idol
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box
Chicks bobby socks today be Botox
Now that hip hops the
New so-called rock
Parents dressin the outside
Of their kids
An' what they wear
Instead of stressin the inside
Way back, my peoples gave me pride
Now in 2004 I ain't gotta hide
If you can't afford it just
Leave it to the side
'Cause you looking real
Stupid with that tear in your eye
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin
But it's damn sure better than walkin
It might be old, it sure ain't gold
Better than stylin in the cold
It ain't no rolls, so wont get stoled

But you wont see me walking on
no side of the road
At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I shouldn't even open up my
Mouth begin to speak
I need some radio
To help me reach
But I heard they get their money on
By makin you weak
Drowning in the sea of
Some big dose of now
No past no future
Let the young grow wild
Ain't gave em nuttin
Some done robbed the child
From substance
Don't currr, fill em up wit style
Like hip hop started on TRL, like wow
Took the game and made
It a gdamn shame
Hell wit history you don't even
Know my name
I ain't the same damn thing
That y'all used to playin
I'm non-stop rocket
Headin to your brain
Now that's what I'm sayinI may not got no flow
But I ain't pimped by no negro
Backed by some
Cracka wit
His ass by the door
Therefore
I can never be poor
'Cause my mind, body, and soul
Cannot be sold
Priceless
So I avoid the trifelin
Worms in my cipher
Stuff y'all can't get enough off
Gots no time for
Somebody's jail
My time is just like the US mail
My time is richer
Than them new astro pitchers
I be damn if my face
Be under some picture
Where you heard the n-word
So save your liquid

Pe we just here to flip it
Find somebody new to get wit
The next time you hear a
Cat who can't
Stand or even
Look in the mirror

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>