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Paroles de chanson

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Timebomb

Par Public Enemy

Album : It Takes a Nation: First London Invasion Tour 1987

Hey, Chuck, we got some non-believers out there

Yo, we got to do somethin' about that, man

Yo, we got to get stupid

Yo, we gotta let 'em know what time it is

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You go "ooh" and "ah" when I jump in my car
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
No matter who you are, when I'm up to par
I betcha go hip hop, hurray or hurrah
But the "ahh"s and "ooh"s is my kind of news
Pop your tape in, put your car in cruise
I never heard the boos, I never drank booze
'Cause I just rock the rhythm, left alone the blues
The L.I. mystique, you sneak to peek
A look and then you know that we're never weak
I know you can't wait, it's never too late
No fear I'm here, and everything is straight
Cycles, cycles, life runs in cycles
New is old, no I'm not no psycho
The monkey on the back makes the best excel
The people in the crowd makes the best rock well
The people in the back lets you know who's whack
And those who lack, the odds are stacked
The one who makes the money is white not black
You might not believe it but it's like that
When you come to my show, watch me throw
Down with the other brothers toe to toe
When you make a move, new not used
And watch the bro here just bust a groove
A fat lady soprano, loads my ammo
Hear my jam, with a funky piano
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel
A fool smokes Kools 'cause he chokes on Camels
In effect, the crew's in check

Run by the posse with the gold around the neck
Homeboys in heat, lookin' for sweet
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet
Somebody to body, makin' a baby
Givin' it to grandma then makin' her crazy
I'm a MC protector, U.S. defector
South African government wrecker
Panther power, you can feel it in my arm
Lookout y'all, I'm a timebomb tickin', tockin', all about rockin'
Makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'
The rhythm, to shake the house downy down
Bounce to the ounce, sound so crown
The man, the enemy, Public King, no thing
All fall to the force of my swing
Like Ali, Frazier, Thriller in Manila
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer
Am I, no need to lie, got the Flavor Flav
To prove I'll win and if not the save
I'll pick up, rack up, put your whole shack up
Just choose to lose the bet, MC stick up
This is the wiz, but the mike's not his
It's mine, one time, let the star shine
And I'm tellin' you, yelling at you, you're through
Don't think you're grown 'cause your moustache grew
I'm number one, you know it weighs a ton
And I'll be the burger, you can be the bun, girl
Surroundin', my steady poundin'
Get on down to my funky sound
And rock the rhythm rhyme, one time your mind

Rhythm roll, two times control

The mauler and the caller of your doom

And when I'm ready to leave, you're gonna know I go boom

Three times y'all, rhythm rhyme and rock

Then you'll that the D is on the block

Four times y'all and never ever the whack

It's the hour to the minute, time to blow black

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