

# Don't Believe the Hype

## Public Enemy

Don't, don't, don't, don't  
Don't, don't, don't  
Now here's what I want you all to do for me  
Back caught you lookin' for the same thing  
It's a new thing-check out this I bring  
Uhh, oh, the roll below the level, 'cause I'm livin' low  
Next to the bass, c'mon, turn up the radio  
They claimin' I'm a criminal  
By now I wonder how, some people never know  
The enemy could be their friend, guardian  
I'm not a hooligan, I rock the party and clear all the madness  
I'm not a racist, preach to teach to all  
'Cause some they never had this  
Number one, not born to run about the gun  
I wasn't licensed to have one  
The minute they see me, fear me  
I'm the epitome, of Public Enemy  
Used, abused, without clues  
I refused to blow a fuse  
They even had it on the news  
Don't believe the hype  
Don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Yes was the start of my last jam, so here it is again  
Another def jam, but since I gave you all a little something  
That I knew you lacked, they still consider me a new jack  
All the critics you can hang 'em, I'll hold the rope  
But they hope to the Pope, and pray it ain't dope  
The follower of Farrakhan, don't tell me that you understand  
Until you hear the man, the book of the new school rap game  
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane  
Yes to them but to me I'm a different kind  
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind  
Caught in the middle and not surrenderin'  
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin', some claim that I'm a smuggler  
Some say I never heard of ya, a rap burglar, false media  
We don't need it do we? It's fake that's what it be to ya, dig me?  
Yo, Terminator X, step up on the stand  
And show these people what time it is boy  
Don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype, don't believe the hype

Don't, don't, don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Don't believe the hype, it's a sequel  
As an equal, can I get this through to you  
My ninety-eight's boomin' with a trunk of funk  
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk  
Comin' from the school of hard knocks  
Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox  
Attack the Black, because I know they lack exact  
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox  
The leader of the new school, uncool  
Never played the fool, just made the rules  
Remember there's a need to get alarmed  
Again I said I was a time bomb  
In the daytime radio's scared of me  
'Cause I'm mad, 'cause I'm the enemy  
They can't come on and play me in prime time  
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine  
I get on the mix late in the night  
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, psych  
Before I let it go, don't rush my show  
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed  
Word to Herb, yo if you can't swing this  
Learn the words, you might sing this  
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you  
As you get up and dance at the LQ  
When some deny it, defy it, I swing bolos  
And then they clear the lane, I go solo  
The meaning of all of that, some media is the wack  
As you believe it's true  
It blows me through the roof  
Suckers, liars, get me a shovel  
Some writers I know are damn devils  
For them I say, don't believe the hype  
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?  
Their pens and pads I'll snatch, 'cause I've had it  
I'm not a addict, fiendin' for static  
I'll see their tape recorder and I grab it  
No, you can't have it back, silly rabbit  
I'm going' to my media assassin', Harry Allen, I gotta ask him  
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?  
Don't believe the hype  
Now here's what I want you all to do for me  
Don't believe  
Don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
Don't believe  
Don't, don't, don't believe the hype  
I got Flava and all those things you know  
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show  
Yo Griff, get the green, black, red, and

Gold down, countdown to Armageddon  
Eighty-eight to eight the S-One's will  
Put the left in effect and I still will  
Rock the hard jams, treat it like a seminar  
Reach the bourgeois and rock the boulevard  
Some say I'm negative, but they're not positive  
But what I got to give, the media says this  
Red black and green, you know what I mean  
The media says this, yo don't believe the hype  
They got to be beating that pipe you know what I'm sayin'  
Yo the Megas got 'em goin' up to see Captain Kirk  
Like a jerk and they outta work, let me tell you a lil' some'in' man  
A lot of people on daytime radio scared of 'em  
Bcoz they're too ignorant to understand the lyrics of the  
that we pumpin' into them clogs their brain cells  
That just spun their little skulls they call caps  
You know what I'm sayin' but the S-One's are straightenin' it up  
Quick fast in a hurry, don't worry Flava vision ain't blurry  
You know what I'm sayin' yo Terminator X  
Don't, don't believe, don't believe the hype  
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