

Watch the Door

Public Enemy & Paris

(Intro: Chuck D)

Watch the door, Chuck D, Public Enemy

Paris, Guerilla Funk, Rebirth of a Nation 2006

Everybody needs somebody to watch the door as it's goin on

Securin you - who's securin what?!

Watch the door(Chuck D)

Now I'm down to do your thing if your thing's the right thing

P.E. ain't tryin to hear no fat lady sing (naw)

Don't get it twisted cause we still love the music in the past

Through the years see them use it then abuse it

Some of these cats ain't sat down, washed their hands

and say to the grace to the game, so they're a disgrace to the race

Dig it, P-Dog we be diggin them party joints

Beats for everybody joints

Takin care and persevere I'm makin my point

Message around the world, rap be's for the poor

You on the floor, we at the door

Rob the rich, give to the poor(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Rob the rich, give to the poor

Give back to get back cause we watch the door

(Chuck D)

Cause it's about to go down these cowboys have jumped the corral

Survival yeah we got the nerve to serve

Like a hip-hop bible, don't libel

Guerilla Funk, they got the title

The late great, no need to donate dollars

I don't care if they poppin collars and holla's

Who can't think between drinks, Chuck D I'm the driver

Hard act to follow, I think for tomorrow

Remix of old P.E. hits, I ain't up against it

If it was up to me I'd give it all away (yeah)

Anyway, uploads for my people to download

Shit so hot, iPods explode

One at a time baby, for your mind baby

Uhh, to keep your soul in control baby

Not crazy this party's for everybody

You on the floor, and I be watchin the door

(Chorus) - 2X(samples - some scratched)

"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"

"You sold us out!"

"Some things you don't sell"

"You sold us out!"
"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"
"You sold us out!"
"Too much, get away from stuff like that"(Chuck D)
Multiply, do not divide
Think globally, act locally
Passport, showin no support
Makin World War III, lookin like a sport
Human race, in the only place
we know as Earth, right in our face
And the firebombs, and the toxic waste
Will leave this world without a trace
And we don't want no other war
Too late the feds done closed the door
And we the peeps get spoken for
The people want peace but the people get a quota
Got the cure, high price for sure
Fix the rich, and damn the poor
Laptops, shoes, off says the law
Make love, fuck the war(Chorus) - 2X (fades out)(Chuck D - continues to fade)
You're damn right!
Public Enemy, Rebirth of a Nation
Paris, Guerilla Funk
2006 for yo' bad ass
Yeah, somebody gotta watch the damn door!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>