

What y'all gonna do?
Uncle Jam's Army's in,
Public Enemy
Cypress Hill let's do this

PUBLIC ENEMY

Aww shit, no more grid (Here we go)
We all addicted men women and kids
No internet no text and no tweets
We'll look like the 80's
(With fiends in the streets)
Aww snap! No apps just maybe perhaps
(Where you at?)
No grid is what we need for new human contact
Not even your own server can save you
We all caught up in the web is so
No GPS what will you do?
(No e mails or
WHATSAPPs coming thru)
Now your phone is just a phone with a camera
No algorithms, huh, to manage us
All your post on IG lost in
The cloud with your information
Listen real close to what I'm saying
Folks might have to pick up a book
Pick up a pen hey, back to basics again
Digital mental health clinics worse
Than a pandemic
More police brutality but no posts
On who filmed it aww shit, the grid is gone
Universal mind blown, c'mon!

Communication
breakdown it's a take down
Are you awake now or consumed
By a fake clown?
World Wide Web keep the spiders fed
Looking at my feed
Trolls everywhere but knowledge
supersedes
At your fingertips
Clicking all the keys to the locks
Pandora's box, open up
Now you're on the clock
not a second
to lose
Like your life shorter
Addicted to a platform
It's the calm before the storm (Get at me)
If the grid goes down you better be ready
Emotional effects may be deadly
Masses to run steady
The depression hit's like a Tyson blow

Isolation on another level
Who's responsible? I don't know
I gotta theory if you hear me
But you wanna fear me
Dumb us down then divide us
Up I see it clearly
Pit one against the other
Even though we're brothers
Make us hate each other while
They keep their asses covered

Socially engineered anarchy
induced chaos
That's how they go play us
One against the other
Him against his brother fuck one
another
Ahhh but Uncle Jam's Army is here
What you gonna do? (Whatever it takes)

What you gonna do?
(Whatever the party call for)
Socially engineered anarchy
induced chaos
That's how they go play us
What you go when the grid goes down?
No sound around but there's still time
To get it on (Come on now)

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me
And they on my back
Lookin'

over my
shoulder, seein' what
I write Hear what I say, then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Underground status is my domain
Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture
And then you know why I'm on the run

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This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It's all that try to cross my way get down
What you gone do, Chuck?

Flava Flav, are you still lampin'?
What you gonna do when the grid goes down?

That's how you feel about it?
Uncle Jam's Army is here
Socially engineered anarchy
induced chaos
That's how they go play us?
One against the other
Him against his brother
Girl against her mother
What you gonna do when the grid go down?
No sound around

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WHAT DO? (BE REAL ABOUT IT)