

# Yelawolf "Radio"

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(HOOK)

I can't seem to get you off my mind  
turn on the station, but i'm still facing you and  
everybody's seemed to lost their mind  
it's hard to handle, so i, change the channel on the  
radio.... cause internet killed the radio star  
radio.... and youtube, killed the video star  
hit the radio  
we can make a, make a video  
now i'm a star  
hit the radio  
we can make a, make a video  
now i'm a star

(VERSE 1)

picture me rollin' pac, it's funny how time has changed  
everybody's a critic now, it's all a debate on the  
internet wave  
it used to be you and biggie, chili pepper's give it away  
now we got ten year-olds sitting back in a chair like  
"those were the days"  
and though it seems so amazing to me that the labels  
lost the touch  
and i'm in the a.m., flipping through the a.m. like i lost  
my crutch, limpin'  
cause i can't walk straight if i can't turn it up, sippin'  
ima need some gin and juice, snoop dogg, i brought  
my cup  
what's up, ah ha, okay, shut up  
cause i think we had about enough of radios in lust with  
the love bugs  
well let me give you a big hug  
a bag of mushrooms, here, take some drugs  
and play some group home or something  
shit the goodie mob's soul food is bumping

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(VERSE 2)

you'll never hear black star cause the program director  
is mostly deaf  
and you'll never hear triple six cause we live in the  
midst of the bible belt  
but that's when the light is filled, so let it shine  
let em' rhyme, let em' hustle, let em grind  
let em' roam with the truth sometimes  
sometimes, the truth is dark but the darkness sparks  
the truest art  
and you didn't even know you a window till a tornado  
blew it apart  
if eric clapton could sing about cocaine, then there's no  
harm  
then i can write about guns, i can rap about girls,  
i can sing about money and cars  
not that my money is large  
let's talk about broke is a joke  
let's talk about gettin' evicted, everything you owned  
thrown out on the road  
and maybe that there goes gold  
shit maybe it's platinum so...  
but they don't want to see the green leaves from the  
pirates  
oh no, hold up

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(VERSE 3)

pick up the change, pick up the change  
ride in a chevy cause i'm sick of the range

catfish billy come pick up the name  
come on inside, if your sick of the rain  
turn the radio off and don't complain  
it's all a replay, it's all the same  
got one drag, on a runaway train  
on a one way street better pick your lane  
yeah, but you could let me pick your brain  
and we could be that rolling stone  
mix'em up with janis joplin  
let 'em harmonize like bone  
or we could just leave it alone  
let it take on a life of it's own  
or we could be that world class wreckin' crew  
tell 'em to turn the lights back on  
c'mon  
(HOOK)

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