

## Freeway

# "Freedom Of Speech"

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Ayo, Ice, man  
I'm working on this term paper for college  
What's the First Amendment?

Freedom of Speech, that's some motherfucking bullshit  
You say the wrong thing, they'll lock your ass up quick  
The FCC says 'Profanity, no airplay'  
They can suck my dick while I take a shit all day

Think I give a fuck about some silly bitch named Gore?  
Yo, PMRC, here we go, raw  
Yo, Tip, what's the matter? You ain't getting no dick?  
You're bitching about rock 'n' roll  
That's censorship, dumb bitch

The Constitution says we all got a right to speak  
Say what we want, Tip, your argument is weak  
Censor records, TV, school books too  
And who decides what's right to hear? You?

Hey, PMRC, you stupid fucking assholes  
The sticker on the record is what makes 'em sell gold  
Can't you see, you alcoholic idiots  
The more you try to suppress us, the larger we get?

(You have the right to remain silent)  
Fuck that right, I want the right to talk  
I want the right to speak, I want the right to walk  
Where I wanna yell and I'm gonna  
Tell and rebel every time I'm on a

Microphone on the stage, cold illing  
The knowledge I drop will be heard by millions  
We ain't the problems, we ain't the villains  
It's the suckers depriving the truth from our children

You can't hide the fact, Jack  
There's violence in the streets every day  
Any fool can recognize that  
But you try to lie and lie  
And say America's some motherfucking apple pie

Yo, you gotta be high to believe that  
You're gonna change the world by a sticker on a record  
sleeve  
'Cos once you take away my right to speak  
Everybody in the world's up shit creek

Let me tell you about down south  
Where a motherfucker might as well not even have a  
mouth  
Columbus, Georgia, said they'd lock me up  
If I got on the stage in my show and said 'Fuck'

So I thought for a minute and said no  
I wasn't even gonna do a damned show  
'Cos for me to change my words from my rhymes  
Is never gonna happen 'cos there's no sellouts on mine

But I vowed to get those motherfuckers one day  
They even arrested Bobby Brown and Cool J  
Yo, they got theirs coming 'cos I'm mad and I'm  
gunning  
Homeboys and there's no running

I'm gonna tell you how I feel about you  
No bull, no lies, no slack, just straight fact  
Columbus, Georgia, you can suck my dick  
You ain't nothing but a piece of fucking shit  
On the damned map

Freedom of Speech, let 'em take it from me  
Next they'll take it from you, then what you gonna do?  
Let 'em censor books, let 'em censor art  
PMRC, this is where the witch hunt starts

You'll censor what we see, we read, we hear, we learn  
The books will burn  
You better think it out  
We should be able to say anything  
Our lungs were meant to shout

Say what we feel, yell out what's real  
Even though it may not bring mass appeal  
Your opinion is yours, my opinion is mine  
If you don't like what I'm saying, fine

But don't close it, always keep an open mind  
A man who fails to listen is blind  
We only got one right left in the world today  
Let me have it or throw The Constitution away

What they're trying to do with radio  
With this, uh, McCarron-Walter? Act and a lot of other  
ways  
Is start by saying that they're protecting the public  
From wicked rock bands or girlie magazines or  
whatever

But if you follow the chain of dominoes that falls down  
What they're really trying to do is shut off  
Our access to information itself  
If they can't do it by law  
They know there's other ways to do it

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