

## Rapper Big Pooh

### "Radio"

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Bitch please, I don't play that shit  
I ain't begging nobody, please play my hit  
I ain't buying no meals for a few petty spins  
Play my jam, not a soul's tuned in  
Doing these drops, we ain't even shared words  
Punk DJs tryna play me for the herb  
Doing interviews, they don't even know your name  
Kicking yourself questioning why you came  
It's not like a spin a week is bound to bring you fame  
Mix shows is programmed, now it's not a game  
This ain't going out to every DJ in the world  
I know a few who hold me down, keep it thoro  
But to them niggas tripping on that power shit  
You can taste the tip of a sick nigga's dick  
Play my shit, stop tryna get paid  
Radio DJs acting like slaves

DJ, I need to hear me on the radio  
I'm tryna turn me up loud on the radio  
I need to make my mama proud on the radio  
I'm tryna turn it up loud like "Here we go! "

These folks got the game fucked up  
All cause some little wack niggas lucked up  
Putting bullshit out that you people sucked up  
That's all you ever hear yo, the radio sucks  
Nah fuck that, the radio's corrupt  
People sell souls, get a little airtime  
I tried to play fair but I wouldn't sell mine  
So, they pushed me to the back of the line  
Them niggas ain't know, I don't need y'all to climb  
Poobie still shine and in this dog eat dog  
Crab in the barrel, niggas living in the fog  
Blinded by smog, getting caught up in the hype  
Your single got burned but you never took flight  
Five years later we forgot your name  
Goodbye, God bless, but we glad you came  
I swear to y'all it's a shaaame...

