

Dead Poetic "Radio Freq"

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Crank up yo speakas

To all my niggaz
Every hustlin nigga
Strugglin niggaz
Revolutionary niggaz
Gangbangin niggaz
Chain gangin niggaz
Tune your frequency

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twisted
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it
Fully dedicated
So real that the radio will never play it
But that's cool, the enemy's supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really do, we really got beef with the popo
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

Chorus:
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
(repeat 3X)

(telephone rings)
People's Radio
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation
Unless you take over the station

And yeah I know it's part of they plans
To make us think it's all about party and dance
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap
But in reality don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am
Let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not
I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach
How they use music to teach
A radio program ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

Chorus

(telephone rings)
People's Radio
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people
(repeat)

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog
People's Radio, on the stereo
For the ghettos and the barrios
(repeat)

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf

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