

Dead Prez "Radio Freq"

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Crank up your speakers

To all my niggaz
Every hustlin', niggaz
Strugglin', niggaz
Revolutionary, niggaz
Gangbangin', niggaz
Chain gangin', niggaz
To your freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box
Never wanna try to be somethin' I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
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 your fist up homie if you know what's up
All my comrades puttin' in soldier work

We rollin' dirty with it, fully dedicated
So real that the radio will never play it
But that's cool, the enemies 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

Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
Turn off the radio

People's radio
Yo hang on, 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 you spittin' your rap
But in reality don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kind of nigga I am
Let me tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not
I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't me 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 freak

Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
Turn off the radio

People's radio
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta fat
Nigga get off that bull shit

Crank up your speakers
Your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your recievers
We bangin' off the meter

Crank up your speakers
Your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your recievers
We bangin' for the people

Crank up your speakers
Your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your recievers
We bangin' off the meter

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

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

Crank up your speakers
Your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers
We bangin' for the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls
In your mouf

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