

T Ice

"Radio Suckers"

Visit "[Radio Suckers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

People it's time for the Ice crush
So listen to my words I bring much
Sense as I commence my lyrics intense
Get telephoto break out your big lens
Look check out the sales charts
My record's kickin' I'm breakin' P.D.'s hearts
They banned me from their shows
Because they said I'm too hard
But no sell out I guess I'm just barred
I ain't changin' mine for no body
They bleeped words from Doug's LA DE DA DE
I can't get a bleep?What's the deal?
Maybe my words are just too real
It's not profanity,it's just the man and me
He doesn't want you to see what I see
Doesn't want you to be what you can be
Word,censorship of reality
Radio suckers never play me(x3)(sampler of PE "rebel
without a pause")
Suckers don't,but some do
The real troopers bring the ICE to you

And close friends to me, yea, PUBLIC ENEMY

These stations have high intellect

They don't pretend to be, too bourgeois to rock a jam
raw

Understand what I'm sayin', they're down by law

They play the jams that are right, sometimes not polite

They realize you gotta get some people uptight

Speak the word, your voice will definitely be heard

Lie to yourself, you're destined to be to the curb

Some stations don't care, they'll never put on the air

Nothin' but commercial junk, their brain power's
impaired

They don't listen or try to hear what I write

Maybe just think once, or try some school at night

They're makin' radio wack, people have to escape

But even if I'm banned, I'll sell a million tapes

Radio suckers never play me (x3)

I made records for music, not for the money

To some of you that might sound funny

But I ain't broke, and I don't joke

And my lyrics are known to make ears smoke

Clear as a gun scope, I speak the pure dope

Can the radio handle the truth? ...Nope

Uncut, no edits, no censors

You can get a plastic rapper from any ol' dispenser

A penny a yard, to make a record ain't hard

But to make it mean something, that's a job

But then we do it,they refuse it
So I tell them duck suckers to cold go screw it
We shouldn't sell out,we should just yell out
And get them wack motherfuckers the hell out
Radio suckers never play me (x4)
Cruisin' down the street what do I see?
Crash Task Force,L.A.P.D.
Gangs illin',wildin' and killin'
Hustlers on a roll,like they got a million
Girls on the strap and you know that
You know the guys will stop wildin' if you stop that crap
But you can't,you want money so bad
You'll jock anything with the Gucci tag
You gotta have it,so the men go get it
Robbin' and stealin',soon to regret it
Livin' in a jail cell,feelin' like a dumbbell
While you jump the next jock,well
That's reality,that's what I see
Nobody says that you have to agree
Censorship that ain't the way to be
I thought you said this country was free?
Radio suckers never play me (x2)
Tone it down,...Is what they say to me
The FCC will not allow profanity
Your subject matter's too hard,make a love song

You better get real,come on
I ain't no lover,I'm a fighter
Hard core radical rap rhyme writer
Pushin' the botton,E does the cuttin'
Everything I say amounts to something
More than a single rap,I'm too deep for that
I lay my lyrics with logic,press the wax
Play it on your tape deck,feel the effect
If you can't take the heat,eject
But I know you can,'cause you're an ICE-T fan
No sell-outs here,my man
Radio....(fade out

Visit [T Ice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.