

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes

"How to Kill a Radio Consultant"

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Pusher of the button
Talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'
The mack of the format gettin' fat
Ain't funny 'cause my neighborhood
Is flowin' money
Thank God 4 the boulevard
They keep the motor runnin'
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow
Bootleggers go inside and record the record low
They get me, get this now can you freestyle
Freestyle no styles free except da radio
But the radio controlled by the sucker move
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway
An now he wanna play what he wanna play
An got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin'
somethin'
Never know what's good to tha neighborhood
Swear I never seen da sucker
In my necka da woods
The ass is connected to the brain stem
So I sing a simple song
So you can see the sucker in 'em

People got to make a call
To hear the yes y'all (yes y'all)
While the phone keep ringin'
You hear some singer singin'

Why don't dey play the jammy in the daytime
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme
Is hot an got me tunin'
The afternoon is FM in the PM
Oh if that they could see 'im
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel
Damn gimme rap no band I want some x-clan
I know dey even got it from the giddy
Stacked in the back
Only black radio station in the city
Programmed by a sucker in a suit
Slick back hair he don't even live here

Raps the number one pick so I draft it
I don't care about all the other demographics
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep
What dey need is Arbitron on the funky jeep
Too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone
The whacker jam he play they pay I'm in da day
I don't think we gonna miss 'im we don't need 'im
anyway

Can I kick it
Who the hell is on the radio
Or who's behind
Do you really think they'll mind
To play the funky jams
That everybody wit'
Some Def Jef or Ice T
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate
Or can dey get funky
Wit' the underground
Master ace get a taste
Bomb squad gettin' hard
Marley mart makin' hipper
Trax for Jack The Ripper
Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San
Still rollin' wit' run
Did you think that ever
In fact you thought that never
Control of your soul
Is by a suit and tie
Then U wonder why why U never hear a rhyme
I say we do 'im
Till it's done

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