

## **Black Rob F/ G-Dep**

### **"Government Music"**

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Well I got things to do  
And people got things to say  
Said I got work to do  
And the people find time to play

Babylon system is stuck in a slow modem  
Why yall persisting to fuck with the Promoe when  
No rapper that rise against me shall ever prosper  
Rhymes written in the bible, revolutionary rasta  
Take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth  
I tell a lie for a lie and a truth for a truth  
I spit a line after line over loop after loop  
To make your mind intertwine with brain food at the  
root  
Cus we all gotta eat but I ain't sellin' my soul  
Cus man can't live by them belly alone  
I'm hard to reach trust no cellular phones  
Cus the government agents wanna follow we 'round  
Electronic transmitters picked up by satellites  
I'm writing rhymes in a room lit up by candle lights  
And I'm spittin... in the wind, of changin' times  
In the name of unchaining minds

[Chorus]

All of a sudden when you sick  
Off all of that government music  
Just call and I'll come with that new shit  
Just call if you love revolutions  
Call on this sub level nuisance  
Ball you could bloody well lose it  
Come on call if you run with a crew which  
Is armed with a gun and a full clip

Pointed at the business give me points and tour  
support  
And creative control or end up in the war report  
Us against them David versus Goliath  
I'm bustin' at them aim at jerks with cold fire  
Old pirates rob I of my songs of freedom  
Songs that we've done Promoe comes from Sweden  
Needn't no further introduction

In a world of wack music my shit serve as interruptions  
Short breaks from a reality that's really unreal  
Where record companies want you to sign a dumb deal  
Then they're swallowing your following like a bottle in a  
fridge  
They suck you dry and leave your body in a ditch  
They steal your golden days then when you're old and  
grey  
They done found new blood to mold and clay  
And if you're bold and play make sure you read the  
terms  
A life long contract till you feed the worms

[Chorus]

Yo you can call me on the 1-800 hotline  
Listen closely go out and cop mine  
Or you the type to drop dimes and call the cops? fine  
Bring your glocks, nines ain't nothing can stop mine  
Though life is one big road with alot of stop signs  
And I carry a big load as long as I rock rhymes  
I do not mind, the bullshit: behind  
Love will conquer all evil  
It's easier for Heavy D to enter through the eye of a  
needle  
Than for the government to be buying my people  
Your smile is deceitful, plastic, colgate white  
Get it smashed if your flow ain't tight  
Now if that happen to me I'd spit blood on the tracks  
Till it's cluttered with facts and women cuddle the wax  
Love to the max physical and spiritual  
Natural, lyrical miracle

[Chorus]

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