

Bodycount

"Ice-t / freedom of speech"

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Intro

A-yo ice, man. i'm working on this term paper for college. what's the First amendment?

Verse 1

Freedom of speech, that's some motherfuckin' bullshit
You say the wrong thing, they'll lock your ass up quick
The fcc says "profanity - no airplay"?
They can suck my dick while i take a shit all day
Think i give a fuck about some silly bitch named gore?
Yo pmrc, here we go, raw
Yo tip, what's the matter? you ain't gettin' no dick?
You're bitchin' about rock'n'roll, that's censorship,
dumb bitch
The constitution says we all got a right to speak
Say what we want tip, your argument is weak
Censor records, tv, school books too
And who decides what's right to hear? you?
Hey pmrc, you stupid fuckin' assholes
The sticker on the record is what makes 'em sell gold
Can't you see, you alcoholic idiots
The more you try to suppress us, the larger we get

Verse 2

[you have the right to remain silent]
Fuck that right! i want the right to talk
I want the right to speak, i want the right to walk
Where i wanna, yell and i'm gonna
Tell and rebel every time i'm on a
Microphone on the stage cold illin'
The knowledge i drop will be heard by millions
We ain't the problems, we ain't the villains
It's the suckers deprivin' the truth from our children
You can't hide the fact, jack
There's violence in the streets every day, any fool can
recognise that
But you try to lie and lie

And say america's some motherfuckin' apple pie
Yo, you gotta be high to believe that
You're gonna change the world by a sticker on a record
sleeve
Cos once you take away my right to speak
Everybody in the world's up shit creek

Verse 3

Let me tell you about down south
Where a motherfucker might as well not even have a
mouth
Columbus, georgia, said they'd lock me up

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If i got on the stage in my show and said "fuck"
So i thought for a minute and said "no,
I wasn't even gonna do a damned show"
Cos for me to change my words from my rhymes
Is never gonna happen cos there's no sell outs on mine
But i vowed to get those motherfuckers one day
They even arrested bobby brown and cool j
Yo, they got their's comin', cos i'm mad and i'm gunnin'
Homeboys, and there's no runnin'
I'm gonna tell you how i feel about you
No bull, no lies, no slack, just straight fact
Columbus, georgia, you can suck my dick
You ain't nothin' but a piece of fuckin' shit on the
damned map

Verse 4

Freedom of speech, let 'em take it from me
Next they'll take it from you, then what you gonna do?
Let 'em censor books, let 'em censor art
Pmrc, this is where the witch hunt starts
You'll censor what we see, we read, we hear, we learn
The books will burn
You better think it out
We should be able to say anything, our lungs were
meant to shout
Say what we feel, yell out what's real
Even though it may not bring mass appeal
Your opinion is yours, my opinion is mine
If you don't like what i'm sayin'? fine
But don't close it, always keep an open mind
A man who fails to listen is blind
We only got one right left in the world today
Let me have it or throw the constitution away

Outro (jello biafra)

What they're trying to do with radio, with this, uh,
mccarron-walter

Act and a lot of other ways, is start by saying that
they're

Protecting the public from wicked rock bands, or girly
magazines, or

Whatever. but, if you follow the chain of dominoes that
falls down,

What they're really trying to do is shut off our access to
information

Itself.

If they can't do it by law they know there's other ways to
do it.

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