

## Enemy Public

### "How To Kill A Radio Consultant Ridenhour Robertz"

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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

