

## Radio Freq

dead prez

Crank up yo speakas  
To all my niggaz  
Every hustlin nigga  
Strugglin niggaz  
Revolutionary niggaz  
Gangbangin niggaz  
Chain gangin niggaz  
To ya freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box  
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not  
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it  
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up  
DP's givin a fuck  
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks  
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up  
All my comrades puttin in soldier work  
We rollin dirty wit it  
Fully dedicated  
So real that the radio will never play it  
But that's cool, the enemies supposed to hate it  
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it  
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video  
Really do, we really got beef with the popo  
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold  
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

Turn off the radio  
Turn off that bull shit

People's Radio  
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control  
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold  
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation  
Unless you take over the station  
And yeah I know it's part of they plans  
To make us think it's all about party and dance  
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap  
But in reality don't nobody live like that  
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am  
let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not  
I don't fuck with the cops  
Platinum don't me that it gotta be hot  
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot  
You can hear it when you walk the streets  
How many people they reach  
How they use music to teach  
A radio program ain't a figure of speech  
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

People's Radio  
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -  
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers

Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers  
Yo woofas and yo tweeters  
Turn up yo recievers  
We bangin fo the people

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all  
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog  
People's Radio, on the stereo  
For the ghettos and the barrios

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Y'all gonna get black-balled  
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf