

On The Radio

E-dubbe

Back when dj's still could play what they wanted
Us lil' tikes didn't care how hard you stunted
All we wanted was to hear that fresh shit BLAST
Hit pause on the tape deck if it was trash
Cuz' our mixtapes were tapes not playlists
And we made em' in real time so makeshift
Wait for the station and grab my tapes
Got my trigger finger ready for the top 8 at 8
Now how the fuck is this LITTLE GUY/pants still REALLY HIGH
Listening to let me ride by doctor dre
Well I'll tell you, I went and stole my sisters tapes
And they had the tipper sticker so they cursed away
And ms gore and dol-ores TUCKA please listen up
Intentions were good but man you still fucked up
You can't touch up an artform like ours
And you made lil' e-dub want to spit bars go hard

On that jambox, turn that jam up
That's me motherfucka so just put your hands up
And toast those jazzers, we are not average
We can make magic, we are young mavericks
We can watch labyrinth debate david bowie
And talk about how the song in the movie is a poem
- and this is poetry, and we roll with these
Punches, and minutes and days until its over WE
Won't stop until the last breath
And this music keeps us human till death
A four chord progression so def
That a tear slips out your eye and your left
Breathless, relentless unkempt but you feel so free
Those words were unsaid
Emails were unsent and for 3 good minutes you ditched that regr
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