

# Radio

Kurupt

Hey DJ (I'm your radio)  
It's a brand new day  
What you say baby?  
You want to get down?

You gotta get up  
And I'm your wake-up man  
The Gargamill is in your ear  
Rappin' in your ear

On WBALL (Balls)  
It's not on your radios  
Your radio is not really on  
If it's too hot, then stay calm (Turn me on)

Who's the misfit stompin' through your district?  
Who's the man coming fully equipt? Who's the shit?  
Who be the head-honcho? Hit 'em low like Roberto  
Go blow-for-blow; I'm the man

The man'll get the suits like MacGuyver, move like Kaiser  
Ain't nobody bustin' liver, fuck the pod-piper, ex-sniper  
Right beside ya, me and Max and a biker  
What's next? Whatchu think is next? Cash, checks

You likin' this shit? You ain't seen nothing yet  
The army get dead, several of them dressed in fatigues  
Politician' with the Presidents and VPs  
See me on TV sippin' keyed weed or on your local sippin' DP

Regime be the team of the scream  
Balls lean, hit the scene and I'm way too clean  
On your radio, yo, yo

I'm your radio (Turn me on)  
We make ya trunk pump everytime the beat bump  
I'm your radio (Turn me on)  
State to state, we jumpin' through your soundwaves  
I'm your radio (Turn me on)  
I'm on your radio, stay gettin' crazy dough  
I'm your radio (Turn me on)  
That's 'cause we bounce, rock, roll or skate

Kurupt, Young Gotti, I don't play no games  
Feelin' Beyonce about to make her \_Say My Name\_  
I'm your radio baby in stereo baby  
G-dubulous fast Gotti to drive you crazy

Impossible baby, impossible lives, the hospital lies  
Listenin' to Gotti at five  
I'ma underdog dog, young balls dog, under balls balls  
Young balls hog; a millon words a minute

A billon balls to bust, a trillon and a half just to \_Ride Wit Us\_  
Yo, G Dub, let the little homies bump  
And we gon' hit them in they head when we touch 'em up  
If these fools want to trip, we gon' light 'em up

'Cause we just don't give a mother-switch up  
or your bubble contact, touch me where I love to be touched at  
Catch me in a Cut', in a 'Lac with a dub sack  
What up ROC?

I got next (Why you?) 'cause I'll be next  
The name ain't debate when they conversate the best  
Whoever slept (Well) eternally rest and good night (See ya)  
I tuck haters in for life; so when you're bumpin' to the Man upstairs

Then tell him something (What?)  
I cloned his persona specifically as a rhymer  
No jewels and diamonds (Uh huh) rings and chains  
Won't ever change a thing or the slang I bring

I'm from the basement, bottom, the "Who shot 'em?"  
Partna, what's poppin', rock cockin', double glock  
And who's droppin'? Hip-hoppin' non-stoppin' on your radio  
Nine blow your mind rotten 'cause the rhyme style gangsta (Yeaah)

My requosition is flexxing the index (Uh)  
I suggest you adjust your vest position  
Bet your lights darken when the pipes sparkin'  
And got Tha Pound barkin' G talkin', get your walk on  
I'm on your radio

KWBall's, who's speaking?!

Yo, this Dame Young, this the program director at Power 106  
But everyone know me as the RZA "I'm Your Radio"  
I get calls from Jamaica that say that's bangin'  
Let me hear that heater go!

Thank you!

This is KWBALLS, who's this?!

Yeah, yeah, what up? This Dr. Dre. That new cut, "I'm Your Radio"  
I'm bumpin' it right now. Warren G- You're doing big things boy  
Keep it bangin'!

Well, blow me down, KWBALLS is doing it again, startin' something  
KWBALLS, who's this?!

Yo, what's up?! This Warren G and I was just calling in to say that new song  
by Phats, Kurupt, the R.O.C.- it's off the hook baby. Keep banging it

WBALLS, WBALLS, WBALLS  
What more can we have here folks?!  
Ladies and gentlemen, pimps and hustlaz  
It's going down  
Hot-line, who is this?!

What's up?! This Queen Bee representin' all the rats and OGs  
And "I'm Your Radio". Keep banging that shit baby