

Government Music

Promoe

"Well I got things to do/ and people got things to say/
Said I got work to do/ and the people find time to play/
Babylon system is stuck in a slow modem/
Why yall persisting to fuck with the Promoe when/
No rapper that rise against me shall ever prosper/
Rhymes written in the bible, revolutionary rasta/
Take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth/
I tell a lie for a lie and a truth for a truth/
I spit a line after line over loop after loop/
To make your mind intertwine with brain food at the root/
Cus we all gotta eat but I ain't sellin' my soul/
Cus man can't live by them belly alone/
I'm hard to reach trust no cellular phones/
Cus the government agents wanna follow we 'round/
Electronic transmitters picked up by satellites/
I'm writing rhymes in a room lit up by candle lights/
And I'm spittin... in the wind, of changin' times/
In the name of unchaining minds/
Chorus:
All of a sudden when you sick/
Off all of that government music/
Just call and I'll come with that new shit/
Just call if you love revolutions/
Call on this sub level nuisance/
Ball you could bloody well lose it/
Come on call if you run with a crew which/
Is armed with a gun and a full clip/
Pointed at the business give me points and tour support/
And creative control or end up in the war report/
Us against them David versus Goliath/
I'm bustin' at them aim at jerks with cold fire/
Old pirates rob I of my songs of freedom/
Songs that we've done Promoe comes from Sweden/
Needn't no further introduction/
In a world of wack music my shit serve as interruptions/
Short breaks from a reality that's really unreal/
Where record companies want you to sign a dumb deal/
Then they're swallowing your following like a bottle in a fridge/
They suck you dry and leave your body in a ditch/
They steal your golden days then when you're old and grey/
They done found new blood to mold and clay/
And if you're bold and play make sure you read the terms/
A life long contract till you feed the worms/
Chorus
Yo you can call me on the 1-800 hotline/
Listen closely go out and cop mine/
Or you the type to drop dimes and call the cops? fine/
Bring your glocks, nines ain't nothing can stop mine/
Though life is one big road with a lot of stop signs/
And I carry a big load as long as I rock rhymes/
I do not mind, the bullshit: behind/
Love will conquer all evil/
It's easier for Heavy D to enter through the eye of a needle/
Than for the government to be buying my people/
Your smile is deceitful, plastic, colgate white/
Get it smashed if your flow ain't tight/
Now if that happen to me I'd spit blood on the tracks/

Till it's cluttered with facts and women cuddle the wax/
Love to the max physical and spiritual/
Natural, lyrical miracle/
Chorus
Well I got things to do/ and people got things to say/
Said I got work to do/ and the people find time to play/
"