

## Radio Edit

### Sweatshop Union

[Refren]

Sweatshop coming through so everybody move over no sir don't worry at all  
We're gonna break the mold and shake the whole thing so surely they'll fall  
So everybody move over no sir don't worry at all  
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Don't you figure its a little bit twisted this bullshit that gets rotated  
In most cases don't say shit but we're still listenin'  
And MCs if you decide to push your views aside  
and choose to ride whatever's popular at the moment then do it,  
I'll just make music that's dissing it.  
Because it's just the way you're thinking it'll keep our ship sinking  
And its keeping me living within a prison  
And disconnected isn't entered from the infinite  
And given just a glimpse of what it is and isn't is what we're living in.

Trim the speech, the beat since the truth we speak,  
Bring the heat or failure creeps in inches we don't eat.  
We'll find an image to mimic to get our 15 minutes  
Till SoundScan drags down all our hopes to the limit,  
But why do I have to try to dumb down the sound  
In a compromise to try to turn sails around?  
If I speak my piece, will the interest cease?  
Well at least will get a week  
And if they're driven to spin it,  
We'll make change from within it,  
But if not we'll get got, cause bitter washed-up cynics  
Pretend to like spot hype and we'll be alright  
Singing right for the fight and we can better this life

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Mmm I wonder how to leave the underground with dignity intact and be the rap  
pers that we are today we say but even fatter  
So we'll tour in tons of towns and bump the sound for kids that need the fac  
ts and fiend for rap and something to say but in this industry is backwards  
Mmm without radio play your sales may be okay maybe you'll stay afloat maybe  
plenty of tape maybe you'll drown turn the radio down  
Who's that? Sweatshop, and we shaking your ground

Love to hand feed everyone  
Do believe its fun to need funds,  
Sobering look at what we've become, above our heads a web of deceit is spun.  
To the beat of a drum, we'll speak to the young  
And teach, never preach of false freedom  
Redeem some rights, some wrongs, and write my songs to feed the  
and industry pythons.

No matter what you say, you better watch the snakes;  
We're just the prey for anybody who loves the game.

But trust the game, gonna embrace the touch of fame-  
(Don't worry there's no shame!)  
'Cause no way it's okay, they get jerked for low pay, have to serve and obey  
, it's all work and no play!  
But hope  
don't change a make some old diggy overplayed willy  
what tape with no soul.

[Refren 2x]  
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