

# Radio

Yelawolf

I can't seem to get you off my mind  
Turn on the station and I'm still facing you and  
Everybody seems to lost their mind  
It's hard to handle so I change the channel on the radio  
Cause Internet killed the radio star  
Radio and YouTube killed the video star  
Hit the radio then we make a (make a) video, now I'm a star  
Hit the radio then you make a (make a) video, now I'm a star

Picture me rollin' Pac, it's funny how time has changed  
Everybody's a critic now, it's all a debate on the internet wave  
It used to be you and Biggie, Chili Peppers "Give It Away"  
Now we got 10 year olds sittin' back in the chair like "those were the days"  
And though it seems so amazing to me that the labels lost the touch  
And I'm in the AM flipping through the AM like I lost my crutch,  
Limpin' cause I can't even walk straight if I can't turn it up  
Sippin' I need some gin and juice Snoop Dogg I bought my cup  
Wassup, uh huh, OK, shut up  
Cause I think we had enough of  
Radios in lust with the love bugs  
Well let me give you a big hug, a bag of mushrooms, here take some drugs  
And play some Group Home or something  
Shit that Goodie MoB Soulfood is bumpin'... rewind

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Yeah,  
You'll never hear Black Star cause the program director's mostly deaf  
And you'll never hear Triple Six cause we live in the midst of the Bible belt  
But that's where the light is felt, so let it shine, let 'em rhyme  
Let 'em hustle, let 'em grind, nothin' wrong with the truth sometimes  
Sometimes the truth is dark, but the darkness sparks the truest art  
And you didn't even know you had a window til the tornado blew it apart  
If Eric Clapton can sing about cocaine and there's no harm  
Then I can write about guns I can rap about girls I can sing about money and cars  
Not that my money is large, let's talk about broke as a joke  
Let's talk about gettin' evicted, everything you own thrown out on the road  
And maybe that there goes gold, shit maybe it's platinum sold  
But they don't wanna see the green rings from the pirates' gold  
No, hold up rewind

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Pick up the change, pick up the change!  
Ridin' a Chevy cause I' sick of the Range  
Catfish Billy come pick up the name,  
Come on inside if you're sick of the rain  
Turn the radio off and don't complain, it's all a replay, it's all the same  
Got one track on a runaway train on a one way street better pick your lane  
Yeah but you can let me pick your brain and we could be that rolling stone  
Mix 'em up with Janis Joplin, and let 'em harmonize like Bone  
Or we can just leave it alone and let it take a life on its own  
Or we could be that world class wreckin' crew  
And tell 'em turn the lights back on... come on

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