Ghettoblaster

Bushwalla

"Come with Uncle and hear all proper,
Hear angel trumpets and devil trombones.
You are invited."

Out of my system, onto your streets.
We're bringin' a dose of reality.

Lower the chaos, set it free,
Isn't it the way it's supposed to be?
Many try to label me,
But there's no possibility.

Got to turn it up,
And we'll bring it down.
Got to turn it up.

Noise pollution is all I see,
Infected airwaves, they plague me.
Mass hysteria, no mass history.
What do we get? No quality.

Blast the system. (Ghettoblaster!)
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Blast the system. (Ghettoblaster!)

Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey!

Buying and selling musical commodities.
Give them enough rope and they'd hang me.
Under the radar from your reality,
This one's for the people keeping ears to the street.

Got to turn it up,
Then we'll bring it down.
Got to turn it up.

And we'll bring it down.

Blast the system. (Ghettoblaster!)
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