

# Satellite Radio

## Dilated Peoples

I'm transmittin' live  
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Do not attempt to adjust your dial  
Satellite radio Fuck the minors, this here's the major leagues  
Where more chicks call you "Papi" than Dave Ortiz  
Stand in the booth, barely at ease  
Right shoulder 'gainst the wall 'til my rhymes release Sharpest beats, broadcast from Jupiter  
Got boots on, now we know Bush is Lucifer  
First thing you learn is the hardest to forget  
First thing you learn, you just a artist in debt Unheard of in rap, I arrived on time again  
Call me Ev but don't call me after 9 P.M.  
Wordplay sharp like clippers line my bangs  
Wordplay sharp like Lil Jon's fangs Wherever we go, remain on point  
And I master rap music, every day like Tom Coin  
2 4 7 flow sick like cancer sticks  
All I want from rap is one of the fancy chicks Bank accounts, couple cribs, couple whips  
The funniest shit, this money's legit  
You bet I bounce, couple kids, couple dips, couple ounce  
American supersized in large amounts Don't look down, Evidence I rap at you  
Paint visuals that's spittacular  
Catch my frequencies, suckers never play me though  
Bendin' C.A., I'm satellite radio Satellite radio  
Satellite radio  
Satellite radio  
Do not attempt to adjust your dial  
I'm transmittin' live We lost Shaq to the Heat like we put a match to it  
Debatin' if Kobe's righteous or if the cat's Judas  
And Rakaa's about action, you can react to it  
Droppin' science like a bad student, like a grad student Media reigns like a meteor shower  
Claimin' the love of God and put your feet on the flowers  
Off to Hollywood, makin' sure the streets have the power  
On the roof of the Avalon with the bead on the tower And they never heard the click-clack, alibi  
I was back in Tokyo snackin' on banana Kit-Kats  
Or Amsterdam in Damkrane tryin' to twist back  
Rap vigilante revenge over these thick tracks Heavenly glow with the heavyweight flow  
Like Atlas with the globe, trial of strength with the globe  
Addin' pages to passports, we stay on the go  
Rollin' with cats that really run L.A. on the low Where models are like winter kids playin' with snow

Where poor pray to get rich and rich prey on the po'  
Transmittin', suckers never playin' me though  
Hit city, L.A., C.A., satellite radioSatellite radio  
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