

# Radio

## Yelawolf

(HOOK)

I can't seem to get you off my mind  
turn on the station, but i'm still facing you and  
everybody's seemed 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

we can make a, make a video  
now i'm a star  
hit the radio

we can make a, make a video  
now i'm a star

(VERSE 1)

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 pepper's give it away  
now we got ten year-olds sitting back in a 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 a.m., flipping through the a.m. like i lost my crutch, limp'in'  
cause i can't walk straight if i can't turn it up, sippin'  
ima need some gin and juice, snoop dogg, i brought my cup  
what's up, ah ha, okay, shut up  
cause i think we had about 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 the goodie mob's soul food is bumping

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(VERSE 2)

you'll never hear black star cause the program director is mostly deaf  
and you'll never hear triple six cause we live in the midst of the bible belt  
but that's when the light is filled, so let it shine

let em' rhyme, let em' hustle, let em grind

let em' roam with the truth sometimes

sometimes, the truth is dark but the darkness sparks the truest art  
and you didn't even know you a window till a tornado blew it apart

if eric clapton could sing about cocaine, then 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 is a joke

let's talk about gettin' evicted, everything you owned thrown out on the road

and maybe that there goes gold

shit maybe it's platinum so...

but they don't want to see the green leaves from the pirates

oh no, hold up

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(VERSE 3)

pick up the change, pick up the change

ride in a chevy cause i'm sick of the range

catfish billy come pick up the name

come on inside, if your sick of the rain

turn the radio off and don't complain

it's all a replay, it's all the same

got one drag, on a runaway train

on a one way street better pick your lane

yeah, but you could let me pick your brain

and we could be that rolling stone

mix'em up with janis joplin  
let 'em harmonize like bone  
or we could just leave it alone  
let it take on a life of it's own  
or we could be that world class wreckin' crew  
tell 'em to turn the lights back on  
c'mon  
(HOOK)

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