How To Kill A Radio Consultant

Public Enemy

Pusher of the button talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'
The mack of the format gettin' fat ain't funny
'Cause my neighborhood is flowin' money
Thank God for the boulevard they keep the motor runnin'
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow
A bootleggers go inside and record the record low
They get me get this now can you freestyle
Freestyle no styles free except the radio
But the radio controlled by the sucker move
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway
An' now he wanna play what he wanna play
An' got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin' somethin'
Never know what's good to the neighborhood
Swear I never seen da sucker in my necka da woods
The ass is connected to the brain stem so I sing a simple song
So you can see the sucker in 'em
People got to make a call to hear the yes y'all
While the phone keep ringin' you hear some singer singin'
Why don't they play the jammy in the daytime
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme is hot an got me tunin'
The afternoon is FM in the PM oh if that they could see I'm
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel
Damn gimme rap no band I want some X-clan
I know they even got it from the giddy stacked in the back
Only black radio station in the city programmed by a sucker in a suit
Slick back hair he don't even live here raps the number one pick
So I draft it I don't care about all the other demographics
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep, what they need is
Arbitration on the funky jeep too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone the whacker jam he play
They pay I'm in da day I don't think we gonna miss
I'm we don't need I'm anyway
Can I kick it? Who the hell is on the radio or who's behind?
Do you really think they'll mind to play the funky jams
That everybody wit' some Def Jeff or Ice T
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate or can they get funky
Wit' the underground Master Ace get a taste Bomb Squad gettin' hard
Marley mart makin' hipper track for Jack The Ripper

Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San still rollin' wit' run
Did you think that ever in fact you thought that never control of your soul
Is by a suit and tie then you wonder why why you never hear a rhyme
Do I hesitate I say we do I'm till it's done

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