

Radio Daze (Ft. Blu, P.O.R.N., Dice Raw)

The Roots

[Chorus]

And the radio daze kept us in the dark
And the satellite age brings us to the light
Some feeling the pinch, some feeling the bite
They ain't ready to talk, they're ready to fight

Never leave you alone

(Never, never leave you alone

Never, never leave you alone)

Never leave you alone

(Never, never leave you alone

Never, never leave you alone)Yo, so what you searching for? From birth

Born hurting and yearning for certain somethings

Lurking and murk them, got them turning this

Bed into a coffin, burning over passions in this passion

Or more or less over what the pastor passed us

'Cause, see, the past tense it never really passes

Phases that trap us and cage us like classes

Fogging my glasses, lost in a mass mess

Task-less dilemma to match somebody's status

And I'm average as fuck, no car cats gassing me up

Passing bucks like a casual blunt

Granted, hustling habits on the stumble, the mansion while

Bums pass, asking for a buck for some bagged bricks

Bad shit going down on the daily

While bad chicks pass in a Mercedes, damn

They say he's the bastard for chasing them

Maybe it's the patterns that make me that made me crazy[Chorus]Life is fiction, competition, and contradiction

Petty perceptions, window dressing for misdirection

Love is a lotto; I know I know you know what I know

Hope is so hollow--that's why winos follow the bottle

And people pressure make death a hidden treasure

A girly pleasure, lonely language inside a letter

It's now or never--move it, move it, love it, or lose it

'Fore it's recruited, then included inside the stupid

It's things of nature; paid a player and say your prayers

Naysayers, the haters, the major players, the beggars

You 'bout it, 'bout it; don't allow it to pop without it

Then those who doubt it do or die the death of cowards

The world is yours and the world we can't afford

So ignore the law; start a fire; then start a war
If you're sick and tired of your access denied
Free will died long before Glydes and i-Pod[Chorus][Black Thought]
Yo, it's too much strain, phenomenal gain
I'm going through things, headaches, abdominal pain
Tryna numb it with that kettle like I'm from the Ukraine
Check the blue flame; lighter running out of butane
What's up with my destructive urge that's unproductive?
Choices I'm stuck with, now starting to fuck with
Contaminating family and close friends
Telling me to stop burning the candle at both ends
Ain't like I'm on a coke binge, hanging in dope dens
Or life is just a pool of Patron I'm soaked in
The darker the covenant-slash-train-wreck for you to rubberneck
You ain't felt the true pain yet so you be loving that
Hit me up at black dot gov like the government
Banana Republican, alien intelligence
Kill switch, real pissed, thinking of some ill shit
The stone the builder refused he need to build with
Got immunized for both flus; I'm still sick
Via satellite, radio, the realness[Dice Raw]
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And the satellite age brings us to the light
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They ain't ready to talk, they're ready to fight
And the radio daze
And the radio daze
And the radio daze

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