

# Radio Stars

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

{Occasionally, the overwhelming temptation to reach  
The pinnacle of the pop music genre, will reduce even  
The most deplorable examples of the underground music scene  
To attempt to change their so-called artistic endeavors  
In a vain attempt to appeal to the public at large  
Behold, the metamorphosis }

Uh, fuck platinum, platinum just ain't enough  
We need more money, more houses and cars and stuff  
I'm sick of juggalos, I want them other hoes  
I want them shitty hoes, you get with radio and videos  
We'll do whatever it takes to get some air play  
We'll make that bounce shit, triple our sales and pay  
Yeah, come on Shaggy, What? Follow my lead, let's go  
It's time we change our shit up to get what we need, come on

Uh, radio play

Yo! yo! Come on and ride me, ride me  
Pull, pull! Come on and hide me, hide me  
Cat black, I'm gonna grow one, gold one  
Club cat, you want them old ones, old ones  
Black, black, look at that lady go, lady go  
Look at me, I'm on the radio, radio  
Cut, cut, we gonna throw it away, throw it away  
Give up, give us the radio play, radio play  
What? hey! what? what? what? hey! what?  
What? what? hey  
What? hey! what? what? what? hey! what?  
What? what? hey

[Incomprehensible]{The pathetic attempts never cease  
The moronic musical onslaught continues to insult  
The intelligence of the savvy consumer  
How much more can an audience be asked to endure?}

Didn't work, ah fuck, what happened?  
They always told us that we sucked at rapping  
Well I don't know how to play a guitar  
I'll play the skin flute to be a radio star  
I'm sick of keeping it real, and underground  
I want the ten millions fans sell out radio flavor sound  
Even though we'll be played next summer  
Show me a radio dick, and I'll show you a Hummer

Here we go, oh my God  
Joey fell in love with a college girl  
She had a backpack and a pony tail  
She said her name was Lisa but I do not know  
She drinks disco lemonade and cherry jello  
I can put my Buddy Holly glasses on  
I can even sing one of these faggot songs  
I can wear checkered pants and never smile  
Whatever's cool for your radio dial  
Toby fell in love with a college  
{The borish, bumbling buffoons are baffled in their journey  
Through the music business  
Each sonnet is more ridiculous than the last  
Their strides towards musical success  
Are little more than a stumble into complete failure}  
That was bullshit, what the fuck? You think of something  
I'm sitting here trying to write hits, your doing nothing  
You wrote the crump shit, but did it work? No  
It flopped on its ass, at least I tried though  
Alright, ain't no need to be fighting with each other  
We need to start talking about relationships and lovers. why?  
Can you sing? No, neither can I  
If we're gonna be radio stars, we at least gotta try  
Remix, uh, remix, clown boy, uh, feel me  
Touch me, clown boy, remix, uh  
Girl, I gotta let you know, on radio  
I wanna lick you from head to toe  
Girl, your perfume, it's smelling so sweet  
I wanna make love, between the sheets  
Girl, play my song, while I'm on the phone long  
I'm a radio man, and I know that I can't sing, yes I can  
Give me one more chance, and I'll make you dance  
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong  
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong  
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong  
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong  
Girl, so you fucked my boy, I don't give a fuck  
{After years of endless attempts, ICP received almost no radio play  
Finally the two dim witted idiots  
Decided to stay with the wicked shit for life}

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