

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
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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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