Guerrilla Radio

THPS2

Transmission third world war third round
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground
No shelter if you're lookin' for shade
I lick shots at the brutal charade
As the polls close like a casket
On truth devoured
A Silent play in the shadow of power
A spectacle monopolized
The camera's eyes on choice disguised
Was it cast for the mass who burn and toil?
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?
Yes a spectacle monopolized
They hold the reins and stole your eyes
Or the fistagons
The bullets and bombs
Who stuff the banks
Who staff the party ranks
More for Gore or the son of a drug lord
None of the above fuck it cut the cordLights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out
Guerrilla RadioContact I highjacked the frequencies
Blockin' the beltway
Move on D.C.
Way past the days of Bombin' M.C.'s
Sound off Mumia guan be free
Who gottem yo check the federal file
All you pen devils know the trial was vile
An army of pigs try to silence my style
Off 'em all out that box
It's my radio dialLights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out

Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit up
Lights out
Guerrilla Radio, turn that shit upIt has to start somewhere, it has to start sometime
What better place than here, what better time than now?All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now

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