

Turn Off the Radio

Ice Cube

Turn on the radio take a listen
What you're missin'
Personally I'm sick of the ass-kissin'
What I'm kickin' to you won't get rotation
Nowhere in the nation Program directors and DJ's ignored me
'Cause I simply said fuck Top Forty
And Top Thirty, Top Twenty and Top Ten
Until you put more hip-hop in Then I might grin but don't pretend
That you're down with the C
And go and dis me in a magazine
How could you figure the brother could dig ya DJ face down in the river
No, it's not a threat but a promise
I'm as crazy as they come see
Mama didn't love me, all I got is my nine
And to calm the savage beast, here's the Alpine Turn off that bullshit
Turn off that motherfucking radio
Turn off that bullshit
Turn off that motherfucking radio
Turn off that bullshit
Play the music, motherfucker, put the music on
Damn Tune in to the radio listen for a minute
Yo G, stick a fucking tape in it
'Cause all the radio do is gaggle
That R&B love triangle And if you're out there kicking it with the brothers
You don't care about lovers
You wanna hear a young nigga on the mic
Going buck wild
Throwing and flowing and showing new styles That's where I'm coming from
Reality that's what they're running from
So if you're down with Ice Cube
Let me know that you know
Yo, turn off the radio You know what? You know what?
Basically those black guys and those rap guys
They don't know what the fuck they're doing
I hate those fuckers, I hate 'em Especially that one guy
The Amerikkka's most wanted
Ice Cube, I hate that fucker
Get him off the air, get him off, get him off
Get that rap shit out of here So I can smoke this, motherfucker

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