

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

The Roots

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) 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 stump of a 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 Mercedez, damn
They see he's the bastard for chasing them
Maybe, it's the patterns that make me that made me... crazy
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 guilty 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 in something 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 pow without it
Then those who doubt it, doomed to 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 blogs and iPod

Yo, it's too much strain for nominal 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-trainwreck for you to rubberneck
You ain't felt the true pain yet so you be loving that
Hit me up at black.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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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