

Dead Man On the Radio

One Block Radius

I see 'em wavin' they guns
They tryin' to get it every day is closer
They out there countin' they ones
I see 'em way after the sun is over They keep it movin' they run, run, run
You got no hustle you got
You end up layin' in blood, blood, blood
We all just tryin' to get by Check this check this
These young skins are runnin' reckless
And hope police don't sweat 'em for
That necklace and that oversize coat
Rockin' a hoodie and jeans to hide the toast that they tote Slingin' the faithful dope fiends dope
And hope they don't overdose
Doin' the most like little relly on the block get in here
Short stoppin' these kids who don't know who that dude is "Ain't that so and so cousin?"
"Man, it is what it is"
With one shot banger's brain is hangin'
From back of his wig Dead man, dead man on the radio
(Police can't help you no)
Dead man, dead man on the radio
(Police can't help you no) Chop it up, chop it up
Chalk him up, chalk him up
Back it up, back it up
Hear the sounds of the block now Oh the gangster po patrol's puttin' bros on hold
Ice cold till they patrol half of whatever's sold
Oh, no hos stroll the blade not afraid to take
Dough back home to they man But early day and young negroes
Are gettin' fed up with the way that they owe
So they fight back by burnin' holes
In undercover cop clothes
Those in uniform are all goin' wrong
So every night it be the same song Dead man, dead man on the radio
(Police can't help you no)
Dead man, dead man on the radio
(Police can't help you no) Guns they go hard in L.A.
This is not a playground
Wrong time wrong place
You wouldn't make it in Los Angeles
Frontin' like that you get your name on the wall Standin' in the corner in the middle of L.A.
Or you come to California might

Not make it through the day
Find your partner in the water
Yeah, welcome to the bay
We on the grind in the golden stateTalk him up, talk him up
Load him up in a fire truck
Barefoot money took
Think you brave then try your luckThere they go, there they go
Permanent vacation
Live and die on the grind
Street generationDead man, dead man on the radio
(Police can't help you no)
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Lyrics provided by

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