

# 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 overThey 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 byCheck 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 toteSlingin' 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 wigDead 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 nowOh 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 manBut 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 songDead 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 wallStandin' 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 state  
Talk him up, talk him up  
Load him up in a fire truck  
Barefoot money took  
Think you brave then try your luck  
There they go, there they go  
Permanent vacation  
Live and die on the grind  
Street generation  
Dead man, dead man on the radio  
(Police can't help you no)  
Dead man, dead man on the radio  
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