

# Radio

## AZIDA

I remember shoot outs over necklaces  
Little Debbie breakfasts  
An' it's growin' up in the projects, life stinks  
Drinkin' fifths of Hennessey  
To forget my misery  
Strugglin' out here in these streets  
Barely livin' in this world  
It's seems so hateful  
The kids are so ungrateful  
And I'm no longer able to disguise my disgust  
And I know they're sayin' we should trust  
The Lord will come and help us  
And maybe I'm just being selfish  
But I've had enough  
But when my song comes on the radio  
I forget all of my troubles  
And for one moment I'm not there at all  
No matter where in my life I am, that's my jam  
Said when my song comes on the radio  
I forget all of my troubles  
And for one moment I'm not there at all  
No matter where in my life I am that's my jam  
I remember fightin' with my babysitter  
Life without no father figure  
Searchin' for my daddy's killer, life stinks  
Workin' jobs that I don't like  
Cussin' out God every night  
For givin' me this awful life  
And it don't stop 'cos this world  
It's just so hateful  
The kids are so ungrateful  
And I'm no longer able to disguise my disgust  
And I know they say we should trust  
The Lord will come and help us  
And maybe I'm just being selfish  
  
But I've had enough  
When my song comes on the radio  
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And for one moment I'm not there at all  
No matter where in my life I am, that's my jam  
Said when my song comes on the radio  
I forget all of my troubles  
And for one moment I'm not there at all  
No matter where in my life I am, that's my jam  
That's my jam  
Yo, I done been in a lot of street fights  
Got a hood stripes but I ain't immune to pain  
Whether you are seventeen, black or white  
Gay, straight or a lesbian  
We all go through the same thing on one level or another  
You never had a dad, had a part time mother  
Had a good girl but she was too gutter  
Mommie got a man now but you still love her  
Some things just fall apart  
Like some words break your heart  
Even if you don't admit it sometimes in the back of your mind  
You really want to fall down and cry and never get up  
But you gotta get up 'cos you gotta pay bills  
Even though you feel like a loser  
But you ain't a loser  
You God's child and can't nothin' move ya  
When my song comes on the radio  
I forget all of my troubles  
For one moment I'm not there at all  
No matter where in my life I am, that's my jam  
That's my jam  
When my song comes on the radio  
I forget all of my troubles  
Oh, no matter where in my life I am, that's my jam

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