Gullible

Flat Stanley

Would you believe that?
If you believe that?
TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio

Letâ€™s get it, what if they told you this music was bogus?
The government run it, they controllin' the culture
Would you believe that? If you read that?
Yeah, what if they told you the iPhone was tapped?
They see all of your browsin' and know you be in your apps
And Twitter and Instagram is really like middle men
And internet soldiers, everybody was carrying Macs
What if they said Obama was in a raid
He actually got a good ass tan and a swag to appear black
Would you believe that? Niggas impeach that, look
How bout they tell you you dyin' if you ainâ€™t voting?
So now you go put one in and relying off that emotion and believe that
You know you do wit' your weak ass
What if they make a list? Tellin' you what is dope
Tellin' you was it, but never let they mother jump
Pardon the flow but consistence controlling many souls
I know there's niggas that's molded by television shows
Opinion sold but most's stay null and void
A little gossip make little people feel more important
So donâ€™t believe them, how they need it for the allure
A lot of bullets are prodigal to the gullible

I turn down the radio just to turn the TV on (on, on)
I live my whole life in stereo, always singing my own song (song, song)
As it flows into my vein (wake up, wake up wake up)
As it flows into my vein (wake up, wake up wake up)

TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
And then the internet slit the television throat
And the world star model fell up out the orbit
And for that broad a rapper is now behind his mortgage
And 'notha the rappers would visit shawty, shawty be goin'

And everybody be laughin' at him, he doesnâ€™t know it
â€˜Cause he believed her, thought he couldnâ€™t be G'd by such a sweet girl
(News flash, news flash, itâ€™s a cruel world)
(And no oneâ€™s too thorough to lose it on to a girl uh)
What if they told you your chick was a grouupie
You know, like a ho, the type that be choosin'
You gon' play it like nah homie, soon as the car pull up
Tell her youâ€™ll holler at us and get in and go and lose it

TV killed the radio
TV killed the radio
TV killed fuck it,
And then the internet slit the television throat

But not before I gave birth to several episodes
Our generation is cursed, we got too many clones
We just believe they gon' repeat what we was told
And know that bullets are prodigal to the gullible

I turn down the radio just to turn the TV on (on, on)
I live my whole life in stereo, always singing my own song (song, song)
As it flows into my vein (wake up, wake up wake up)
As it flows into my vein

Iâ€™d like to thank all the beautiful people that came out here tonight
Mrs Reese, I see you in the back baby, oh yea
Oh shout to the slutty boys to
You hear that? Uh, hear the Adapt Kings in the back, young Dallas
Two bitches, two bitches, I feel good right now
I just want to talk to my people without preaching
Unbelievable, get down!

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