

# Ice T, Radio Suckers

People, it's time for the Ice crush  
So listen to my words I bring much  
Sense, as I commence, my lyrics intense  
Get telephoto, break out your big lens  
Look, check out the sales charts  
My record's kickin', I'm breakin' P.D.'s hearts  
They banned me from their shows  
Because they said I'm too hard  
But no sell-out, I guess I'm just barred  
I ain't changin' mine for no body  
They bleeped words from Doug's LA-DE-DA-DE  
I can't get a bleep? What's the deal?  
Maybe my words are just too real  
It's not profanity, it's just the man and me  
He doesn't want you to see what I see  
Doesn't want you to be what you can be  
Word, censorship of reality

Radio suckers never play me (x3) (sampler of PE & "rebel without a pause" & amp;

Suckers don't, but some do  
The real troopers bring the ICE to you  
And close friends to me, yea, PUBLIC ENEMY  
These stations have high intellect  
They don't pretend to be, too bourgeois to rock a jam raw  
Understand what I'm sayin', they're down by law  
They play the jams that are right, sometimes not polite  
They realize you gotta get some people uptight  
Speak the word, your voice will definitely be heard  
Lie to yourself, you're destined to be to the curb  
Some stations don't care, they'll never put on the air  
Nothin' but commercial junk, their brain power's impaired  
They don't listen or try to hear what I write  
Maybe just think once, or try some school at night  
They're makin' radio wack, people have to escape  
But even if I'm banned, I'll sell a million tapes

Radio suckers never play me (x3)

I made records for music, not for the money  
To some of you that might sound funny  
But I ain't broke, and I don't joke  
And my lyrics are known to make ears smoke  
Clear as a gun scope, I speak the pure dope  
Can the radio handle the truth?... Nope  
Uncut, no edits, no censors  
You can get a plastic rapper from any ol' dispenser  
A penny a yard, to make a record ain't hard  
But to make it mean something, that's a job  
But then we do it, they refuse it  
So I tell them duck suckers to cold go screw it  
We shouldn't sell out, we should just yell out  
And get them wack motherfuckers the hell out

Radio suckers never play me (x4)

Cruisin' down the street what do I see?  
Crash Task Force, L.A.P.D.  
Gangs illin', wildin' and killin'  
Hustlers on a roll, like they got a million  
Girls on the strap and you know that  
You know the guys will stop wildin' if you stop that crap  
But you can't, you want money so bad  
You'll jock anything with the Gucci tag

You gotta have it,so the men go get it  
Robbin' and stealin',soon to regret it  
Livin' in a jail cell,feelin' like a dumbbell  
While you jump the next jock,well  
That's reality,that's what I see  
Nobody says that you have to agree  
Censorship that ain't the way to be  
I thought you said this country was free?

Radio suckers never play me (x2)

Tone it down,...Is what they say to me  
The FCC will not allow profanity  
Your subject matter's too hard,make a love song  
You better get real,come on  
I ain't no lover,I'm a fighter  
Hard core radical rap rhyme writer  
Pushin' the botton,E does the cuttin'  
Everything I say amounts to something  
More than a single rap,I'm too deep for that  
I lay my lyrics with logic,press the wax  
Play it on your tape deck,feel the effect  
If you can't take the heat,eject  
But I know you can,'cause you're an ICE-T fan  
No sell-outs here,my man

Radio....(fade out)