

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" & ;

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 lirics 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)