

Promoe, Prime Time

"Prisoner code THX 1138/

I'm a break the chains and lidigate Bill Gates/
and Ricky Lake type intruders of your private life/
It's like they got a million private eyes in the public eye/
Then they publicize double lies in a love disguise/
Wolf in a sheep clothing, I just love these guys/
talking about freedom of speech, freedom of the word/
It's a well known fact you need cash to make your self heard/
with topics like this they don't literally stop me/
but I'd be happy to sell 20 000 copies/
That don't make no revolution, so what am I to do then?/
Rather die looting, then get my message diluted/
Dilemma, either you say nothing to a lot of people/
or you try and kick some sense to a minority of equals/
who already know what you know and don't need to be schooled/
while 85 % of the population keeps getting fooled/

Chorus (x2):

Massmedia misleading ya/
all them press idiots gets greedier/
chasing headlines and deadlines, the truth left behind/
It's primetime and the blind lead the blind/

They tried to drug me with TV, deceive and mislead me/
but on the low though, I don't keep what they feed me/
Believe me, I throw it up like a bulimic/
Don't tell noone though or they'll put me in a clinic/
for brainwashing, they wanna stop my guys/
With money and lies, they got the truth monopolized/
Manipulate and pollute the mind states/
Generations are mind-raped/
My voice echoed off the Walls of Jericho and Berlin in the old days/
Listen close and hear it now in your own hallways/
It's your baby brother quoting me he got all tapes/
Some youths of today want substance, not All Saints/
Massmedia don't wanna deal with the real issues/
They want you to think, life is about chasing the riches/
But that materialistic shit will fade away/
Don't get caught up in the modern day slavery trade/

Chorus

The unemployed no longer want to be used/
Modern day slavery, computer rules/
In the school system, of miseducation/
The entertainment business of indoctrination/
Capitalist intrests, run the press and information/
Highway to hell approaching, the end-station/
At a faster pace than, Formula 1 racing/
Blaming the problems of society, on immigration/
when Sweden make guns, export it to poor nations/
Causing wars and starvations, killing africans and asians/
Calling it "foreign relations" and it's all annihilation/
Yo, you force them to leave their homeland for an unknown land/
then look upon them as more barbaric than Conan/
They ask you for work, and you say 'no man, you can't be trusted'/
They walk down your street and get busted/
By your so-called justice designed to chain minds/
to put you in the lead, and the others behind/
Well I will never trod your road again, never vote again/
cus you will use them as a scape goat again/
I'll raid your radio-show again, like once P.E/
run up in your office screaming and raving play me!/
I got the hottest beats out there courtesy of Embee/

and rhymes with the message to set your mindstate free/

Chorus "