

Promoe, Government Music

"Well I got things to do/ and people got things to say/
Said I got work to do/ and the people find time to play/

Babylon system is stuck in a slow modem/
why yall persisting to fuck with the Promoe when/
No rapper that rise against me shall ever prosper/
rhymes written in the bible, revolutionary rasta/
Take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth/
I tell a lie for a lie and a truth for a truth/
I spit a line after line over loop after loop/
to make your mind intertwine with brain food at the root/
Cus we all gotta eat but I ain't sellin' my soul/
cus man can't live by them belly alone/
I'm hard to reach trust no cellular phones/
cus the government agents wanna follow we 'round/
Electronic transmitters picked up by satelites/
I'm writing rhymes in a room lit up by candle lights/
And I'm spittin... in the wind, of changin' times/
in the name of unchaining minds/

Chorus:

All of a sudden when you sick/
off all of that government music/
Just call and I'll come with that new shit/
just call if you love revolutions/
Call on this sub level nuisance/
ball you could bloody well lose it/
Come on call if you run with a crew which/
is armed with a gun and a full clip/

Pointed at the business give me points and tour support/
and creative control or end up in the war report/
Us against them David versus Goliath/
I'm bustin' at them aim at jerks with cold fire/
Old pirates rob I of my songs of freedom/
songs that we've done Promoe comes from Sweden/
Needn't no further introduction/
in a world of wack music my shit serve as interruptions/
Short breaks from a reality that's really unreal/
where record companies want you to sign a dumb deal/
Then they're swallowing your following like a bottle in a fridge/
they suck you dry and leave your body in a ditch/
They steal your golden days then when you're old and grey/
they done found new blood to mold and clay/
And if you're bold and play make sure you read the terms/
a life long contract till you feed the worms/

Chorus

Yo you can call me on the 1-800 hotline/
listen closely go out and cop mine/
Or you the type to drop dimes and call the cops? fine/
bring your glocks, nines ain't nothing can stop mine/
Though life is one big road with alot of stop signs/
and I carry a big load as long as I rock rhymes/
I do not mind, the bullshit: behind/
love will conquer all evil/
It's easier for Heavy D to enter through the eye of a needle/
than for the government to be buying my people/
Your smile is deceitful, plastic, colgate white/
get it smashed if your flow ain't tight/
Now if that happen to me I'd spit blood on the tracks/
till it's cluttered with facts and women cuddle the wax/
Love to the max physical and spiritual/

natural, lyrical miracle/

Chorus

Well I got things to do/ and people got things to say/
Said I got work to do/ and the people find time to play/
"