

# 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 motion/  
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 satellites/  
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/  
"