

Radio

Yelowolf

I can't seem to get you off my mind
turn on the station, but i'm still facing you
everybody's seemed to lost their mind
it's hard to handle, so i, change the channel on the
radio... cause internet killed the radio star
radio... and youtube, killed the video star
hit the radio
we can make a, make a video
now i'm a star
hit the radio
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now i'm a star

(1)

picture me rollin' pac, it's funny how time has changed
everybody's a critic now, it's all a debate on the internet wave
it used to be you and biggie, chili pepper's give it away
now we got ten year-olds sitting back in a chair like "those were the days"
and though it seems so amazing to me that the labels lost the touch
and i'm in the a.m., flipping through the a.m. like i lost my crutch, limpin'
cause i can't walk straight if i can't turn it up, sippin'
ima need some gin and juice, snoop dogg, i brought my cup
what's up, ah ha, okay, shut up
cause i think we had about enough of radios and lunch with the love bugs
well let me give you a big hug
a bag of mushrooms, here, take some drugs and play some group home or something
shit i know your mom's soul food is bumping

(HOOK)

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(2)

you'll never hear black star cause the program director is mostly deaf and you'll never hear triple
six cause we live in the midst of the bible belt
but that's when the light is filled, so let it shine
let em' rhyme, let em' hustle, let em' grind
let em' roam with the truth sometimes

sometimes, the truth is dark but the darkness sparks the truest art
and you didn't even know you a window till a tornado blew it apart
if eric clapton could sing about cocaine, then there's no harm
then i can write about drugs, i can rap about girls
i can sing about fleeing carsnot that my money is large
let's talk about broke is a joke
let's talk about gettin' evicted, everything you owned thrown out on the road
and maybe that there goes goldshit maybe it's bad i'm sold
but they don't want to see the green leaves from the pirates
oh no, hold up

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(3)

pick up the change, pick up the change
ride in a chevy cause i'm sick of the range
catfish billy come pick up the name
come on inside, if your sick of the rain
turn the radio off and don't complain
it's all a replay, it's all the same
got one drag, on a runaway train
on a one way street better pick your lane
yeah, but you could let me pick your brain
and we could be that rolling stone
mix'em up with janis joplin
let 'em harmonize like bone
or we could just leave it alone
let it take on a life of it's own
or we could be that world class wreckin' crew
tell 'em to turn the lights back on
c'mon

(HOOK)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>