

# Guerilla Radio

Richard Cheese

Transmission third world war third round  
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground  
No shelter if you're lookin' for shade  
I lick shots at the brutal charade  
As the polls close like a casket  
On truth devoured  
A Silent play in the shadow of power  
A spectacle monopolized  
The camera's eyes on choice disguised  
Was it cast for the mass who burn and toil?  
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?  
Yes a spectacle monopolized  
They hold the reins and stole your eyes  
Or the fistagons  
The bullets and bombs  
Who stuff the banks  
Who staff the party ranks  
More for Gore or the son of a drug lord  
None of the above fuck it cut the cord

Lights out  
Guerrilla Radio Turn that shit up  
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Guerrilla Radio

Contact I highjacked the frequencies  
Blockin' the beltway  
Move on D.C.  
Way past the days of Bombin' M.C.'s  
Sound off Mumia guan be free  
Who gottem yo check the federal file  
All you pen devils know the trial was vile  
An army of pigs try to silence my style  
Off 'em all out that box  
It's my radio dial

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It has to start somewhere It has to start sometime  
What better place than here, what better time than now?

All hell can't stop us now  
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