

# State Run Radio

Lupe Fiasco

You must be, a radio station  
And who are we, we must be  
The number one songs, spinning all day long

And over again,  
And over again,  
And over again,  
And never again,  
And never again  
And we know when,  
When we call in,  
And nothings free,  
Sounds to me like,  
State run radio  
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We now interrupt this broadcast,  
To bring you this special message about the forecast,  
The futures cloudy and it's raining on the poor class,  
The roads to peace are closed, heavy traffic's on the war paths,  
Love is balling on a budget,  
The military's says its going to need more cash  
To keep fighting for your gas  
Keep us in our hoods and hope we never explore pass,  
Stay inside of your half, believe the lies you learn in your class,  
That there's no treasure in your trash and the ceiling has the same feeling,  
That the floor has, and that's where you should stay,  
This is what they play

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You're now tuned into the weakest,  
Frequency of fear, keep you locked right here,  
And hope you never leave this, never be a leader,  
Think inside the box, and follow all procedures,



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