

# Freedom Of Speech

Ice-T

A-yo Ice, man. I'm working on this term paper for college. What's the First Amendment?

Freedom of Speech, that's some motherfuckin' bullshit  
You say the wrong thing, they'll lock your ass up quick  
The FCC says "Profanity - No Airplay"?  
They can suck my dick while I take a shit all day  
Think I give a fuck about some silly bitch named Gore?  
Yo PMRC, here we go, raw  
Yo Tip, what's the matter? You ain't gettin' no dick?  
You're bitchin' about rock'n'roll, that's censorship, dumb bitch  
The Constitution says we all got a right to speak  
Say what we want Tip, your argument is weak  
Censor records, TV, school books too  
And who decides what's right to hear? You?  
Hey PMRC, you stupid fuckin' assholes  
The sticker on the record is what makes 'em sell gold  
Can't you see, you alcoholic idiots  
The more you try to suppress us, the larger we get

Fuck that right! I want the right to talk  
I want the right to speak, I want the right to walk  
Where I wanna, yell and I'm gonna  
Tell and rebel every time I'm on a  
Microphone on the stage cold illin'  
The knowledge I drop will be heard by millions  
We ain't the problems, we ain't the villains  
It's the suckers deprivin' the truth from our children  
You can't hide the fact, Jack  
There's violence in the streets every day, any fool can recognise that  
But you try to lie and lie  
And say America's some motherfuckin' apple pie  
Yo, you gotta be high to believe that  
You're gonna change the world by a sticker on a record sleeve  
Cos once you take away my right to speak  
Everybody in the world's up shit creek

Let me tell you about down south  
Where a motherfucker might as well not even have a mouth  
Columbus, Georgia, said they'd lock me up  
If I got on the stage in my show and said "Fuck"  
So I thought for a minute and said "No,  
I wasn't even gonna do a damned show"  
Cos for me to change my words from my rhymes  
Is never gonna happen cos there's no sell outs on mine  
But I vowed to get those motherfuckers one day  
They even arrested Bobby Brown and Cool J  
Yo, they got their's comin', cos I'm mad and I'm gunnin'  
Homeboys, and there's no runnin'  
I'm gonna tell you how I feel about you  
No bull, no lies, no slack, just straight fact  
Columbus, Georgia, you can suck my dick  
You ain't nothin' but a piece of fuckin' shit on the damned map

Freedom of Speech, let 'em take it from me  
Next they'll take it from you, then what you gonna do?  
Let 'em censor books, let 'em censor art

PMRC, this is where the witch hunt starts  
You'll censor what we see, we read, we hear, we learn  
The books will burn  
You better think it out  
We should be able to say anything, our lungs were meant to shout  
Say what we feel, yell out what's real  
Even though it may not bring mass appeal  
Your opinion is yours, my opinion is mine  
If you don't like what I'm sayin'? Fine  
But don't close it, always keep an open mind  
A man who fails to listen is blind  
We only got one right left in the world today  
Let me have it or throw The Constitution away

What they're trying to do with radio, with this, uh, McCarron-Walter Act and a lot of other ways, is start by saying that they're protecting the public from wicked rock bands, or girlie magazines, or whatever. But, if you follow the chain of dominoes that falls down, what they're really trying to do is shut off our access to information itself.

If they can't do it by law they know there's other ways to do it.