

Guerrilla Radio

RedHook

Transmission, third World War, third round
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground
No shelter if you're looking for shade
I lick shots at the brutal charade
As the polls close like a casket, on truth devoured
A silent play on 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, stole your eyes
All 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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Contact, I hijacked the frequencies
Blockin' the beltway, move on DC!
Way past the days of bombin' MCs'
Sound off, Mumia go on be free!
Who got 'em? Yo, check the federal file
All you pendejos 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
All hell can't stop us now