

Musical Stampede

Looptroop

Whatever I say over the beat it's a hit cus it's hot.
However I sound better believe that it's hip to the hop.
However you feel all my peops just lick off a shot.
Whatever you do Embee make sure the shit don't stop...

It's murder on the dance floor. Call the paramedics!
Right now, or you won't live to regret it.
Outline the whole crowd in chalk when I spit talk.
Slidin' through all the blood like a cripple walk.
Yeah, a lame ass metaphor,
But say it better or shut the fuck up,
'Cause like my man said: It's all about who kicks the lamest shit,
And gets away with it. Fool.
In this rap I'm all about havin' some fun with it,
And burn till there's no return like capital punishment.
Promoe - on your FM dial,
With Looptroop - mother effin' styles.
From Sweden. Bleedin' all over the cut.
Female emcees I spread semen all over your butt,
Male emcees I knock out screamin' over you: What?
You must be dreamin' thinkin' you can fuck
With the Promoe - ahead of all heads,
The Promoe - a dread among bald heads.
With more hair and beard than you bargained for.
Don't f around cus my squad is raw.
It's Looptroop - the click is full proof.
Looptroop - too thick to shoot through.
Bullets bouncin' off the boulevard to the beat.
With my heart to the street man I'm hard to defeat.
Without Embee you ain't fuckin' with me.
Without 10 G's you ain't fuckin' with him.
Without him - no hits - you ain't makin' a fuckin' cent,
So fuckin' with us don't make no motherfuckin' sense motherfucker!

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This goes out to all of those who been oppressed for too long
And don't know where they belong.
This goes out to all my people who had enough
Of the chains and handcuffs.
Of the chains and handcuffs.
Alright we're smaller than you but we're more than you,
So we move faster, eat you whole before you shoot yo.
No time to gaze, but them evil acts they do.
They know my face so run before they catch you too.
You don't want that, trust me, I've been to hell and back
But if you get caught remember to tell them that
This music don't back for nobody, retreat for nothin'
'Cause it's the pulse of all the people strugglin'
The lifeline for the hopeless, the eyes of the blind,
The underworld communication of our time
So rise and shine, they can't eliminate the messages.
Even if they kill us can't get us cus...

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Embee did it again! - Haters no like
But they gotta bounce to it cus the show's so tight
Turn up the volume 'til the beat make the vinyl skip!
No funny binniz, I repeat, we ain't signing shit!
Schlooks stay young and angry, horny, hungry, drunk and high
Sex junkies now.
But I, don't want no medecine, want you to let me in
Mamita call him, tell him that you found a better friend!
Your moms recommend, - You stay away from them!
But I don't blame you for kickin it with the champion.
From the dragons den - Waxkabinetten!
Spit fire at your management and tying up your president.
I represent DVSG'z, cop any previous release,
And recognize game, we feeding the streets
That musical stampede, follow my lead,
Put your fist up in the air, and let em know who we be!

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