

# Zombies

## Looptroop

Die! Ah... Zombies!

Yo, on the rear, let me tell you how I feel  
Recordcompanies seems to misunderstand the word 'deal'  
That means something in it, for both parties  
Not a big piece for the company, and a small one for the artist  
I work the hardest, you sit on a chair  
On ya fat ass, expecting me to share (What?!)  
My name ain't Cher, yours ain't Sonny  
That means; no love between us, only relation is money  
That don't sound funny, but if that is how you want it  
Be consistent, and face the consecvenses  
I'll give you yours, if you give me mines  
But if you give me shit, then I'll step in no time  
Cause I got no time, to waste on BI  
If the BI's BS I'll rather chill in the beehive, cuz  
Just because I'm an up and coming, hungry MC  
Don't mean I'll settle for a "happymeal-recorddeal"  
I'd rather steal, take your whole shit  
You never gave me nothing, so why should we split the profit? (why?)  
Why should I listen to your opinion if my shit is hot or not,  
When you know nothing 'bout Hip Hop?  
That's why I don't shop my demos  
But instead I let them shop their record-deal, see if I'm interested  
Cause the time's dead, when we stood around  
With the hands in our hands, asking for a helping hand  
Nowadays we cut off your hand, steal your Rolex,  
You still don't know the time, judging from the shit you signed

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)  
Listen to the shit again  
Next time you might comprehending the message I sent  
Independent is not a trend,  
But the only way of life  
Cause I'm not really alive  
If somebody else control my destiny,  
Making the important choices for me  
Then I'm a walking dead -A Zombie.  
(2x)

yo, I wish styles under control like the 'Break-crew'  
Cause when we breakthrough  
When I control my supervises like you  
Telling you the shit you got here, is not hot  
See it's as a bunch of Davids, with rocks and slingshots (pow!)  
Pointed out Goliath, come on and try us  
But they ain't a crew of lions, represent can never buy us  
Zombies for hire, occasional hit-makers  
Resurrect to the expect to collect papers  
Wake up, it's your relation (ah, ah) built on loyalty  
And what about self-respect and royalties? (What?)  
DVSG's, forever independent MC's  
As long as the industry is still filled with friend enemies  
You got yourself deal, but good luck  
But since the honesty is the best policy, -Ha you suck!  
While me and mines be legendary like swob and Don D  
You be a walking dead -A Zombie.

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Yo, MCs are living dead, giving head to majors  
But ain't no recordcompany humping me, cause I got flavor  
They can't calm me, into being a zombie  
As long as EmBee keeps hooking me with bomb beats  
So blow up "the Vampire Snake building"  
We building, on how to protect the children  
From the modern day tyro bagel  
To overcome Gods language buried a 'two-turntables'  
And a microphone, the forces of he darkness in the danger zone  
Cause ugh, LoopTroop represent the sons  
So when you nosferatos, we desperados with guns, and torpedos  
Blowing up blood sucking (ah) mosquitoes, and reload  
To kill super eagles and libidos  
Not a question of 'if', It's a question of 'when'  
You and your punk friends, ain't no longer a trend  
You get dropped like Jim, from your bullshit label  
Now you're at home, watching bullshit cable  
At your bullshit table, with your remote control  
Wishing that you would have had at least remotely created control  
Of your product, before you cremated your soul  
Got packed like corned beef, marked it in and sold (whoa)

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Whoa, whoa, a zombie