

CPH sick like a rape case  
never the less  
uÅ'll give it up all for a taste  
we waste no time  
partying just like we apes  
flavor most y'all  
sparkling on your fucking tapes  
in this entertainment  
shine like platinum bracelets  
capture your listeners  
no matter what their race is  
be ready to face this  
dangerous  
lyrically outrages  
blowing up the spot  
cuz I'm the one that amazes  
Say why y'all gotta be calling my home city a ghetto, when it's not  
I never seen a real ghetto before â€ damn!!! I know my block  
Concrete jungle â€ but it ain't moÅ' than that baby, u know!!!  
There's no thug life - no bitches and ain't nobody's poor  
See my slums are moÅ' like Pleasantville  
With a murder once a year  
+ some alcoholics on every street corner  
sipping on welfare  
I'm making it clear  
I represent hip hop over here  
Copenhagen 2660 - el moro yeah!!!

outland-moro  
don't run or hide  
renovadores  
better recognize  
outland-moro  
Å'till the day that I die  
cph-moro  
feeling real high

En esta selva de concreto  
Se siembran los rumores  
Crecen, se abultan, desvanecen  
A cada amanecer con lengua de serpiente  
Venenozo anochecer  
Dicen conocerme  
Una vez me han mirado  
O han pasado por mi lado  
Mis pasos son contados  
En los oscuros callejones  
FantasÅa nunca falta  
La vida no vale nada  
Si no es para vivir  
Por que pasar el tiempo  
Comentando mi existir

In this concrete jungle  
People sow the rumors  
They grow, they enlarge, and they vanish  
Every single dawn, is like a serpent tongue

Venomous nightfall  
They claim to know me  
And only once have they seen me  
Or walked by me  
Its like my steps are counted  
In the dark alleys  
The fantasy never misses  
But life is nothing worth  
If it isn't to live it  
So why expend their time  
Comment on my existence

See this is where I took my first breath  
born and bread lot of bloodshed  
and now I'm probably stuck until I'm dead  
codename silent alcoholic who wont say a word  
and still leave the club with your bird yo  
I'm like the devil in the church when I creep  
on these dead end streets 2 many wanna see me  
buried 6 feet deep bringing heat on this planet  
where I'm stranded  
calling the shots the way I planned it

Lets dance  
Lets see if you stand a chance  
You wanna go toe to toe with the best but cant keep up your pants  
Outland moro represents and conquer your camp  
With a million hardcore immigrants we doing biz  
Live and direct they digging what we doing chasing figures  
Still got itchy fingers on triggers outland niggers  
We taking hip hop to the next level  
Sky's the limit for these devils  
Don't course trouble but revolution like we rebels  
CPH moro leaving my mark like Zorro screaming moro  
And cock the hammer Copenhagen to Havana  
Some say we mainstream out for the cream  
But hip hops about changes and fulfilling your dreams