

Tamar Braxton F/ Missy Elliott

"Fortruss"

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[Tino Vega] (Storm Trupa)
It's the 7th Squadron on a roll
We got gravity like the black hole
Take hold of your stereos.. while we take control
Rugged Soldier, Spanish Prince
(Storm Trupa - The Ark Angel)

"The chemistry of this atmosphere is unlike that of any other"

[Tino Vega]
Intelligence, packed in venomous tongues of lyricists
My rhymes are thoroughly dipped in verbal liquid
Before I get on the mic and spit any type of shit
Rhymes hit wigs and make em split, tell me if you can
fuck with it
A mysterious war story, no heart no glory
Leavin warfields gory, a spooky character
With eyes that glow, the color yellow
A shiesty fellow, mass murderer, alarm sound burgular
Grab your weapon, and hold down your section
Deadly instrument, play the harp, sad song that hits the
heart
Shatter into tiny parts -- aww shit
Walkmen about to leave footprints
Robbin' from the filthy rich and give it to the good
But not a bit innocent, 7-S applyin' stress upon your
chest
With verbal tecs, when we catch wreck
Walkmen up in the set "Don't make me destroy you!" -
> Darth Vader

Chorus: Walkmen

Fortruss, our styles is morbid, can you absorb these
rhymes corisives, with overdoses, high explosives
Thoughts ferocious, as we metamorphis
in a state of mental orbit

* cut n scratch - "The dark side!" *

[Storm Trupa]

>From the galactic civil wars to the battle of Endor
The Storm Trupa has endured the ridicule of his hip-hop mentors
Now it's my time to venture on and respond for the next generation
With the more systematic information
While my Squadron stands in a tight formation
Waitin on a platform, of an imperial battle station
Tie Fighters stand by, for aviation
Let's lay down the foundation, and build towards the sky
As the Ark Angel inaugurates his third eye
I use the Force as my ally, never yield to the Dark Side
Like Anakin Skywalker to Darth Vader
In any confrontation I pull out my light saber
These galactic crusaders facin a fleet of invaders
My thoughts navigate, as my spirit illustrates
So my foes meet they fate
Then I annihilate, cloak my ship to investigate
Jump into hyperspace, headin back towards Echo Base
This is my Fortruss, this is my place
Where we intergrate with any other alien race
Scouts give chase, the Storm Trooper 'luminates like a flare
There's no despair when the 7th Squadron is there
Walkmen, puttin MC's in fear, beware -- yes!
7-S, embranded on your chest, we the best

* a series of R2D2 beeps and whistles *

Chorus

* cut n scratch - "The dark side!" *

[Tino Vega]

Bless the warfield, with dreams to succeed
Proceed, to build a strong dynasty
And form a galaxy, my rhymes flow implode
And cause mass catastrophes

[Storm Trupa]

Master these rhymes like the Ark Angel psychokinetic energy
I change my styles drastically
So I know, fake MC's, can't fuck with me

[Tino Vega]

The Rugged Soldier spreads like a flash fire
Have all snitches hangin like a bird on a wire

[Storm Trupa]

I desire to destroy all evil empires

With my light saber, breathin heavily like Darth Vader

[Tino Vega]

Control your mind like a Sega

Street Fightin all opponents like Vega

Agressive defense on the mic is military sequence

Bombs explode frequent, devastatin' all allegiance

The Spanish loyal Prince leadin' the Squadron to victory

In this millenium's history

Chorus: repeat 2X

"It's a trap!"

"May the Force be with us.."

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