

Freddy Quinn

"Stessa Gente"

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[Rival]

Si c'est Ãa l'Ãvolution, allez tous vous faire enculer
Un petit pas de l'homme pour un grand Ãcrasement
de l'humanitÃ
En battage dans le flou total, et
Apparamment ni religion ni morale ne peuvent nous
Ãclairer
J'en suis sÃr, j'suis pas le seul Ã voir des anges
tombÃs
Quoi, le futur? Regard dÃjÃ combien de martyrs Ã
cÃder
Un titre mondial, un nouvel ordre se mobilisait
Parce que Ãa se passe aujourd'hui
Et qu'on est tous concernÃs
Si en rappant moins je vous fais danser
J'ÃspÃre que ce sera sur les tombes des Ãlus
Danse, danse dÃmo, la rÃvolution siffle dans la rue
Comment oublier Ã chaque fois ma conscience
m'interpelle
J'suis ce type, cette Ãtincelle qui met le feu au poudre
Ma bouche fait trop de dÃgats? Viens donc me la
coudre
Tu connaÃtra de toute faÃon plus jamais le calme
Oeil pour oeil, drame pour drame, soldats et vous et
corps et 'mes
De l'plateau au plat pays la vision est la mÃame
(CNN) Mixmen (Sta roba Ã nostra)
De l'plateau au plat pays la vision est la mÃame
(Al'mic l'Italia) la Belgique (and we don't stop)

[La Pina]

Difetti di fabbricazione in una produzione in serie
Gente Guasta devasta s'incasta, c'ha lo stesso
sangue nelle arterie
Tutti nella stessa mischia colla stessa fotta per le sturie
Il karma mio s'impasta difficilmente agli ingredienti
fastidiosi
Tanti stili, quanti sono gli stilosi
Ma io faccio solo con gli miei amici
Potresti averci il meglio stilo al mondo
Ma guarda casa il meglio ce l'ho attorno

Uno per la mia famiglia
Due per la Conessione
Tre per il Soul Kingdom, spingo
Travolgo come El Niño e faccio presto
C'era un Italiana, un Marocchino
Due Americani e un Tedesco

Hehe
Lo sai quella che c'era
Un Italiana, un Marocchino
Due Americani e un Tedesco

[Sean Black]
(Hey yo, talk about them cats)
Look, when I'm bombed out, right, and my mind get
deep
I start to think about the gang and this shit they do
when they creep
This gang is trained for war, licensed to kill
Carry armor and shields that make them feel real
Like for instance if you walkin down the street feelin
blasted
Say the wrong thing and you can legally get your ass
kicked
There's mad shit this gang do that's overlooked
And you wonder why when they come around we be
shook?
Fuck crooks, they worse than navy seals in Vietnam
Kidnappin you for brew and smackin niggas up for
traum
It's wild, but they been doin this for a while
Confuse your candy bar for heat, shoot you and not
stand trial
They just take it and smile, believe me, if they could
They would shut down every hood like shit was all good
They the largest gang in the world controllin the streets
They the muthafuckin beast better known as police

[Al' Tariq]
Now dig on this, the great one got this fist that's black
But the twist is the one fuckin truth we all miss
Whether negro O-Dog, Italiano Donnie Brasco
Muslim Saddam or just that redneck rascal
Pico-trained, we all the same on the inner
You good you meet your maker, burn in hell if you're a
sinner
Get thinner from AIDS, all blood is red if you get blade,
slices
My mic's the nicest, we all got vices
Devices like religion bring division
Separate the millions to racist group of millions

We kill on over land that's everybody's
If Allah was here now he would say (that's everybody's)
So let's party, make it caliente, stessa gente
Un solo core (yeah yeah) solo amore
Al' Tariq, y'all, stesso sangue, stesso padre
Un fratello - from another madre

[Torch]

Wenn die Gondeln Trauer tragen und die Geigen mich
fortziehen

In die Tiefen meiner Vision, wo jedes Wort schien

Wie die Sonne in den Fenstern vom Mailänder Dom

Die blitzenden Schwerter der Goten-Plünderung von
Rom

Lass mich fließen wie der Regen von Sumatra

Die Ufer des Blauen Nils, das Reich der Cleopatra

Mein Sound kämpft gegen das System wie Zulu

Mussa gegen Pharao

Brennender Pfeil, mein Style Cherokee und Navaho

(Erheb mich aus dem Sumpf) und werd Rap-star

Glänze wie die glühenden Gipfel der Alpen, die

Hannibal sah

Elefanten stapfen durch den eiskalten Schnee

Babylon wird brennen, Torch rockt das Mikro wie eh
und je

Verfolg die Spur zurück von Italien bis nach China

Mixmen, Marco Polo, Otierre und La Pina

Al' Tariq, Sean Black, CNN und mein Mann Toni L

(Der Pate) Also warte

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