

Kutschurft "Padam"

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Padam padam! Where's the track of the drum? So you say you're the king, but where's your kingdom? This is my first album of the millennium I got to work some to sell it platinum Daisies are bright yellow... I'm talking like Othello Open up the microphone 'Cause you don't wanna miss this, check the statistics This might be a mystical lyrical bliss Hulabaloo, peekaboo, you! What can you do? I'm using my microphone voodoo When I hit the mic you feel pain Pump up the volume and go insane Hey, I don't wanna raise no war senor, Except the Karate plus on the Commodore 64 You wanna try my rhyme galore? I give you metaphor from Helsinki to Singapore Chorus:

If you think that getting' this easy, fly away, fly away If you think that getting' this easy, fly away 'cause I can't help you

So you say you're the king You pick the mic but you don't say nothing Back, back to the track yo combaya, my lord I'm using my word as a sword Hold my mic like a torch in the dark

And out come the wolves, like dogs they bark If the locomotion makes you sway like the ocean

And you need some more, ask from the TJ's promotion

S.O.S., I come from Loch Ness

And you'd rather be at home with your mom playing chess

Hiphop hurricane ready for the campaign

To break the chains of your brains in this last red minute

Show me are you in it, are you part of the crew? One, two, a pump it up, one, two

911 a mayday, a mayday!

I think this game was too hard for you to play

Say what? So you think you deserve another chance?

Fine by me, but one condition: you got to dance

One, two, a pump it up, one, two

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