

Looper

"Musical Stampede"

Visit "[Musical Stampede](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Chorus

Whatever I say over the beat it's a hit cus it's hot./
However I sound better believe that it's hip to the hop./
However you feel all my peops just lick off a shot./
Whatever you do Embee make sure the shit don't stop
It's murder on the dance floor. Call the paramedics!/
Right now, or you won't live to regret it./
Outline the whole crowd in chalk when I spit talk./
Slidin' through all the blood like a cripp walk./
Yeah, a lame ass metaphor,/

But say it better or shut the fuck up,/

Cus like my man said: It's all about who kicks the
lamest shit,/

And gets away with it. Fool./

In this rap I'm all about havin' some fun with it,/

And burn till there's no return like capital punishment./

Promoe - on your FM dial,/

With Looptroop - mother effin' styles./

From Sweden. Bleedin' all over the cut./

Female emcees I spread semen all over your butt,/

Male emcees I knock out screamin' over you: What?/
You must be dreamin' thinkin' you can fuck/
With the Promoe - ahead of all heads,/

The Promoe - a dread among bald heads./

With more hair and beard than you bargained for./

Don't f around cus my squad is raw./

It's Looptroop - the click is full proof./

Looptroop - too thick to shoot through./

Bullets bouncin' off the boulevard to the beat./

With my heart to the street man I'm hard to defeat./

Without Embee you ain't fuckin' with me./

Without 10 G's you ain't fuckin' with him./

Without him - no hits - you ain't makin' a fuckin' cent,/

So fuckin' with us don't make no motherfuckin' sense
motherfucker!

Chorus

This goes out to all of those who been oppressed for
too long/
And don't know where they belong./

This goes out to all my people who had enough/
Of the chains and handcuffs./ (x2)

Alright we're smaller than you but we're more than
you,/

So we move faster, eat you whole before you shoot yo./
No time to gaze, bun them evil acts they do./
They know my face so run before they catch you too./
You don't want that, trust me, I've been to hell and
back/
But if you get caught remember to tell them that/
This music don't back for nobody, retreat for nothin'/
Cus it's the pulse of all the people strugglin'/
The lifeline for the hopeless, the eyes of the blind,/

The underworld communication of our time/
So rise and shine, they can't eliminate the messages./
Even if they kill us can't get us cus

Chorus

Embee did it again! - Haters no like/
But they gotta bounce to it cus the show's so tight/
Turn up the volume 'til the beat make the vinyl skip!/
No funny binniz, I repeat, we ain't signing shit!/
Schlooks stay young and angry, horny, hungry, drunk
and high/
Sex junkies now.. /

But I, don't want no medecine, want you to let me in/
Mamita call him, tell him that you found a better
friend!/
Your moms recommend, - You stay away from them!/
But I don't blame you for kickin it with the champion./
From the dragons den - Waxkabinetten!/
Spit fire at your management and tying up your
president./

I represent DVSG'z, cop any previous release,/

And recognize game, we feeding the streets/
That musical stampede, follow my lead,/

Put your fist up in the air, and let em know who we be!

Chorus

"

Visit [Looper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.