

Looptroop "Militant Vinylist"

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I hate cd's, cd-records are fake,
where the fuck the DJ's gonna catch the break?
Only vinyl can make my rear shake,
yo MB, scratch the record for old times sake.

I was shopping my demo at this record-company
They thought it sounded cool and said let's make a CD
I said, wait a minute, you mean LP
He said, no we stopped making those in '93
I said, what, but what about the D
Before I got to say the J I was kicked out on the street,
Stood to my feet, and thought, this is a conspiracy,
To shut down real hip hop, I got to call MB
He wasn't home so I gave him a beep,
But his pager was blown so I thought I'm on my own
I gotta fix one alone, I thought when I got home,
Grabbed my megaphone and went out, agitating
But nobody reacted so I went home, contemplating
Forever tryin' to solve this impossible equation
If DJ+LP+MIC=MC, then where the f- you fitting cd?
Nowhere.

So I just stopped in army-gear, I put on shades and I
dyed my hair
I got my razor-blade teeth and strangling shoe-laces,
Gas-mask and explosive suitcases
Ready to go to war on the record-store
Sellin cd's; IÂ'm gonna smash the door,
Light up the (Â...-cocktail) - boom!
Â'You had compact-disks on saleÂ', is what IÂ'm gonna
say
If the cops come take me away.
But no way, I leave the suite without a trace
Change my garment like a dreadlock Clark Kent,
Without a phone-booth, Â'cause I ainÂ't payed the rent
Next day newspapers headlines will read:
'The militant vinyl-terrorist Newbie'
And me on a picture dressed up in camouflage,
Ice-hockey-mask covered beard and moustache
I slash the kind of person with a hockey stick,
told them to stop to selling the compact-disk.

Â'Cause I hate cd's, cd-records are fake,

where the fuck's the DJ's gonna catch the break?
Only vinyl can make my rear shake,
yo MB, scratch the record for old times sake.

The hip hop-DJ is an endangered species
Becoming extinct because of the CD
And without the DJ, there would never had been hip hop
But now on every block I see a cd-shop
So how ya think hip hop had a chance to begin,
If the people in New York had no records to spin?
Back and forth, forth and back like flash
That's why I have to do these nightly attacks
To preserve the wax and exterminate the compact-disk
'Cause this has become a hazardous health-risk
So peace the DJ's spinnage and DJ-Blake from Sweden
And all DJ's all around the globe
From the west the Scratch-pickles and DJ Queberk
scratching the record until the needles jerk
Cool hurt, Red alert, and Grand-master flash
Dj Evil beat Clark Kent and Dj Scratch
Or from the east rocking jams with their hands
Can't forget about Crush and Handa from Japan
And Africa Bambada down since it started
The X-men rocking take some block-hardies
some of the hardest Pro-man kick Capree
Mark the 45 can't be rocking.... (can't tell)
Chuck, chill out, in Sweden sounds DJ Sleepy,
but nr one for me is DJ MB

-'Cause he hates cd's, cd-records are fake,
where the fuck's the DJ's gonna catch the break?
Only vinyl can make my rear shake,
yo scratch the record for old times sake.

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