

## **Looptroop**

# **"Musical Stampede"**

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"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 crip 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

"

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