

Manu Chao

"Glockapella"

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(sang)

Brother... you've been on my mind

Oh brother

We've changed over time so

Brother, I'm keeping my eyes on you

I bet you don't think I know no bett'(er)

But singing the blues

Oh but brother have I got news for you

I'm something... and I know you know that I'm

something too

(chuckle)

Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit and all that

Shit's stupid

But I'm gonna address it

And after I get it off my chest may God bless it

I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone who had the audacity to attack me

I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire quicker

Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker

Yet I react without even a crack in my composure

But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure

I'm worthy, and my associates and I named the South

Dirty

And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and blind have heard me

But I ain't even breathin until I get an even 30

I could casually clap up the front of somebody's throwback jersey

You makin' me hafta talk this way, aintcha?

You makin' me hafta talk this way

You forcin me to walk this way

Maybe my album will get bought this way

Niggaz slow down around me, I make em superstitious

And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually vicious

But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something nutritious

But you will appreciate what a sacrifice this is
And I know you ambitious young men, you have my
best wishes
Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my
best dishes
When you assassinate my character, not one remark
misses
So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin these little fishes
Fuck fakin, there has been some offense taken
But this itty bitty beef is, beneath me, like bacon
But hear me when when I say, I ain't gone hate you
halfway
You know me, somebody will surely owe me
When it comes to respect, I only put my family before
me
And the beat ridin, oh so slowly, but surely
And you in danger, and I'll be strict about straight erry
one of you niggaz like strangers
I'll put bullet holes in anything that oppose
Through car doors and clothes, amateurs and pros
Hardhead niggaz and hoes, also friends and foes
Let it be known that you'll lose your life fucking around
with Lo
This is my Glockapella
And I'll be wearing diamonds forever like I'm signed to
Rocafella
And I'ma bust two times in the sky
Cause ain't nobody around here ready to die
But if there's more that you want, can't but one side win
And I'm damn sure ready to try mutha fucker, yeah
Hold on... haha I'm all off the mother fucking beat, hold
on

Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody bad
Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody dad
Decide to ride down your street and just hurt
somebody bad
You know, as in house, hurt somebody's child or
somebody's spouse
You see what I'm saying, and you know I can be what
I'm sayin
And I got the most to lose, but you steppin on my
shoes, nigga
You become a target, and will remain a target until you
are hit
You gone fuck around and found out that's Lo still
down for it
I ain't scared of ya, never been scared of ya
If anything I'm scared for ya because I'm so ahead of ya
Take that to the head brother, before I walk up on your
bed brother

And paint your blood in red brother
You heard what I said - brother?
Mutha fucker, hahaha
I ain't mad at these niggaz
Ahh, ahh I tricked you

(sang)

We got a real awful thang goin down, getting down
There's a whole lot of talkin going round
You best believe me before I pack up and move out of
town
I will gladly gone and glock one of them down
I said, bring me the funk, I want the funk
I said, bring me the funk, give me the funk
I said bring me the funk, I can handle the funk
Just bring me the funk, bring me the funk
Mutha fucker

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