

## Barbarossa

# "Unstoppable"

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verse one:

I break boundaries like jawbones in barfight  
make rhymes like these 'n call 'em the raw type  
my ballpoint is like a sunbeam in dark night  
poetry's da best tranquilizer for a hard life  
the older my age, the deeper my frase  
the more unique are the ways I'm statin my case  
feelin the fase to come in my life  
I try to embrace the future with a smile on my face  
but at the same time, a serious frown  
cos uncertain is the unseen and days that remain  
might contain unbearable burdens for the brain  
but my mind is fit  
my spirit clean, my wit is keen, I don't dream  
of a time-machine to beam me further  
rather observe the world, learn 'n search the verbs  
that makes ya say: Damn, touchÃ©!  
chorus: me and my North-Africanos is unstoppable  
everybody gettin jealous cos we start clockin dough  
microphone checkin ace duece, what it is  
get the money, get the juice, take care of ya bizz

verse two:

keep ya eyes dry as the desert  
I can see clearly now, mentaly change skin like a lizard  
desert town 'n turn to an oasis  
of words 'n sounds, excursion of an escapist  
let my right hand dance the tango, dance the salsa  
dance the merengue with a stylo  
I'm on a plateau where very few go  
on a par with Claus Hugo, rappers play in my shadow  
for ever clever thoughts sharp as claws  
to snatch all the cash 'n a couple a chateaus at the  
seashore  
never retire so I can be more  
than just a flame in the fire  
well aware twenty-five explode 'n explore  
but nobody wanna open the door  
so I just take care of myself  
no business like showbusiness I want it all  
and never fall, never  
chorus (1xÃ

verse three:

not quit the type to sit back 'n smoke  
reality bites but I bit back 'n broke  
barriers of pain, new ground, beats 'n jawbones  
only a handfull a domes can grip my raw poems  
I don't change when I write  
fakers get slayed like beasts  
throw flavors on mics, Medeteranean type  
countin sheep soon cash, shapin raps that's dangerous  
like  
strangers in the night  
sons of immigrants is allways in for breakin a face in a  
fight  
but when I stay home I see my brains grow  
seeds of poetrees releave the ceasless pain in my life  
believe this rhyme equals recreation of feelings  
dreams of Arabian Nights leave me sleepless

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