

Shahin Najafi**"Hack"**

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So .. you gonna hack me huh?

Don't hack me, its gonna turn me on

I am gonna grab the mollah's collar and cause trouble (jump him)

its gonna happen that I might follow you and force a kiss out of out grab your collar, not a big deal,
its just for fun

If the edge of your collar is dirty it will look bad

like the dirty collar of a simpleton

you that thinks its demeaning if someone grabs a hold of your collar go force a kiss from someone
who matches your kind

you say the mulla's collar is not open, wont give up a kiss

The mullah with an open or closed collar is rickety and pathetic

You know all about the mullah's neck scarf and his balls

go learn something then start making noise

you say my words are thorny, they are messing with you

be polite, keep respect, there are families here mate

you say use indirect words, make them artistic

like the poetry of some maestro, shoot from the hips

the story is that we taken down the curtains

manners and etiquette are out the door

you are still confused, haven't got my meaning

it's the rhythm that shakes the breasts

the tits bounce (shake), they make the whole world shake

but over here, we are dealing with brains and minds sir

leave the tits and breasts alone, focus on the brain sir

this same song will make the earth shake

I know, I know its hard for you to understand

Chorus - In Gilaki:

He hacks me and thinks he is somebody of importance

I can take a hundred people like you to unmentionable places

take a look at these foul, dirty bastards

that devil temps me to throw obscenities at them

Like this guy who is not even worth 2 cents, doesn't wipe his ass the opium smoking sermon preacher, who is now somebody (a mullah) what, you are now a Grand Master?! (Religious ranking reserved for the most learned scholars of Islam) you that looks like a toad and neither you or those that surround you are not even worth my two balls ...

The answer to each of your fists, is a fist full of song

lets see if a fist is more effective or my song

when I put my songs at home into my mobile

my words are thought to the kids

when they read my poetry instead of religious texts

its getting harder to tell stories to these people

when the huskiness of my voice becomes a thorn in your eye

don't brag with big words to Shahin

because we are modest, pure and reverent

you have broken and you know it yourself too

show a bit of self respect sir

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