

## **Elliott Missy Misdemeanor**

### **"Reclaim the City"**

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[Timbuktu]

In the year 2000, watch out for Looptroop  
coming to reclaim a city near you

It's Timbuk with the truth, detonate your city like a nuke  
And duck from blue suits and cop boots  
Headline the news and reclaim the avenues  
Scare them nazi crews with rap attitudes  
Cause mass media's polluting the nation  
This is my Swedish history exclamation  
I'd rather stand up for my views in handcuffs  
This shit you can't trust, get fucked and banged up  
Back in the days the state helped Hitler  
Now they're trying to arrest me for packing rizla  
I can't live the law that they speak  
My cause is deep, I keep prowling while you're asleep  
(Yes!)

Cause me and Promoe, keep a low pro  
A big bro catch us on a satellite photo  
So when the punk police roll up from light, what  
You want an autographed poster?  
You cops are the same all over the world  
Wanna brush me with the night sting  
Charge me with anything, the mic stink  
How sick can y'all get?  
Timbuktu's the terrorist target  
Excuse me, sergeant, you need a pause for breathing  
I'm gonna put my hands on a mic where you can see  
them  
And yes, I use profanity and foul language  
You can point your fingers at me cause I'm the bandit  
That's how they planned it, so I can look like the enemy  
Fucking with us [?] , the melody  
This here's a 28 bar felony  
Rounded with the Looptroop to reclaim your city

[Chorus: Cos.m.i.c]

Nowadays, who got rights? The people? Not quite  
Can you truly say that you feel safe in daily life?  
I try to rise cause the way I see democracy  
Got to be the opposite of your hypocrisy

A cop to me is like a certified murderer  
who push you down mentally and physically hurting you  
never protect and serving you, that's their policy  
that's why we reclaim the city with no apologies

[Promoe]

I see men, pulling up in car loaves  
Dressed in law-suites, wanting to trap me behind  
barcodes  
Like John Carlos, life's a big Olympic game  
Money, drugs and corruption, the winner stays the  
same  
White guys in suites and ties, telling white lies  
Selling white lines, dollar-signs instead of eyes  
But it's us they rob and blind that's why we stick with  
dogs  
Atomic canines on your ass like liquid blocks  
Plus we're sick with jobs, that's why we make hits with  
mobs  
In the studio, DVSG pull stakes and rob  
You, while you look the other way  
Nocturnal animals, locked in their cage during the day  
Then at nighttime we break out on a mission to get  
even  
Some evil heathens touring the highways of Sweden  
Leaving walls bleeding, cops breathing down our necks  
With bad breath, trying to keep us in check  
But hey, Mr Officer, listen Mr Constable  
My name is Promoe, I'm illegally responsible  
For this multinational corporation called DVSG  
Still underground productive, but now tax deductive  
Nothing to be fucked with, like homos with AIDS  
But here's a three o'clock road block, it's Promoe they  
raid  
Cause they hate my rebel music with a passion  
But yo, they can not turn it down, they can not cut my  
hair like Samson  
My record keeps spinning, as long as the world is  
spinning  
In the next inning I'm swinging until I'm winning  
Cause cops been sinning since the beginning and now  
the end is near  
Promoe, yo I'm the fuck about it here

[Chorus]

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