

## The Walkmen

### "Fortruss"

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[Tino Vega (Storm Trupa)]

It's the 7th Squadron on a roll  
We got gravity like the black hole  
Take hold of your stereos.. while we take control  
Rugged Soldier, Spanish Prince  
(Storm Trupa - The Ark Angel)

"The chemistry of this atmosphere is unlike that of any other"

[Tino Vega]

Intelligence, packed in venomous tongues of lyricists  
My rhymes are thoroughly dipped in verbal liquid  
Before I get on the mic and spit any type of shit  
Rhymes hit wigs and make em split, tell me if you can  
fuck with it  
A mysterious war story, no heart no glory  
Leavin warfields gory, a spooky character  
With eyes that glow, the color yellow  
A shiesty fellow, mass murderer, alarm sound burgular  
Grab your weapon, and hold down your section  
Deadly instrument, play the harp, sad song that hits the  
heart  
Shatter into tiny parts - aww shit  
Walkmen about to leave footprints  
Robbin' from the filthy rich and give it to the good  
But not a bit innocent, 7-S applyin' stress upon your  
chest  
With verbal teecs, when we catch wreck  
Walkmen up in the set [Darth Vader] "Don't make me  
destroy you!"

[Chorus: Walkmen]

Fortruss, our styles is morbid, can you absorb these  
rhymes corrissives, with overdoses, high explosives  
Thoughts ferocious, as we metamorphis  
in a state of mental orbit

[cut n scratch: "The dark side!"]

[Storm Trupa]

>From the galactic civil wars to the battle of Endor  
The Storm Trupa has endured the ridicule of his hip-hop mentors  
Now it's my time to venture on and respond for the next generation  
With the more systematic information  
While my Squadron stands in a tight formation  
Waitin on a platform, of an imperial battle station  
Tie Fighters stand by, for aviation  
Let's lay down the foundation, and build towards the sky  
As the Ark Angel inaugurates his third eye  
I use the Force as my ally, never yield to the Dark Side  
Like Anakin Skywalker to Darth Vader  
In any confrontation I pull out my light saber  
These galactic crusaders facin a fleet of invaders  
My thoughts navigate, as my spirit illustrates  
So my foes meet they fate  
Then I annihilate, cloak my ship to investigate  
Jump into hyperspace, headin back towards Echo Base  
This is my Fortruss, this is my place  
Where we intergrate with any other alien race  
Scouts give chase, the Storm Trooper 'luminates like a flare  
There's no despair when the 7th Squadron is there  
Walkmen, puttin MC's in fear, beware - yes!  
7-S, embranded on your chest, we the best

[a series of R2D2 beeps and whistles]

[Chorus]

[cut n scratch - "The dark side!"]

[Tino Vega]

Bless the warfield, with dreams to succeed  
Proceed, to build a strong dynasty  
And form a galaxy, my rhymes flow implode  
And cause mass catastrophes

[Storm Trupa]

Master these rhymes like the Ark Angel psychokinetic energy  
I change my styles drastically  
So I know, fake MC's, can't fuck with me

[Tino Vega]

The Rugged Soldier spreads like a flash fire  
Have all snitches hangin like a bird on a wire

[Storm Trupa]

I desire to destroy all evil empires

With my light saber, breathin heavily like Darth Vader

[Tino Vega]

Control your mind like a Sega

Street Fightin all opponents like Vega

Agressive defense on the mic is military sequence

Bombs explode frequent, devastatin' all allegiance

The Spanish loyal Prince leadin' the Squadron to victory

In this millenium's history

[Chorus: x2]

"It's a trap!"

"May the Force be with us.."

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