

Loop Troop

"Musical Stampede"

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"Chorus

Whatever I say over the beat it's a hit cus it's hot./
However I sound better believe that it's hip to the hop./
However you feel all my peops just lick off a shot./
Whatever you do Embee make sure the shit don't
stopâ€!

It's murder on the dance floor. Call the paramedics!/
Right now, or you won't live to regret it./
Outline the whole crowd in chalk when I spit talk./
Slidin' through all the blood like a crip walk./
Yeah, a lame ass metaphor,/
but say it better or shut the fuck up,/
cus like my man said: It's all about who kicks the lamest
shit,/
and gets away with it. Fool./
In this rap I'm all about havin' some fun with it,/
and burn till there's no return like capital punishment./
Promoe - on your FM dial,/
with Looptroop - mother effin' styles./
From Sweden. Bleedin' all over the cut./
Female emcees I spread semen all over your butt,/
male emcees I knock out screamin' over you: What?/
You must be dreamin' thinkin' you can fuck/
with the Promoe - ahead of all heads,/
the Promoe - a dread among bald heads./
With more hair and beard than you bargained for./
Don't f around cus my squad is raw./
It's Looptroop - the click is full proof./
Looptroop - too thick to shoot through./
Bullets bouncin' off the boulevard to the beat./
With my heart to the street man I'm hard to defeat./
Without Embee you ain't fuckin' with me./
Without 10 G's you ain't fuckin' with him./
Without him - no hits - you ain't makin' a fuckin' cent,/
so fuckin' with us don't make no motherfuckin' sense
motherfucker!

Chorus

This goes out to all of those who been oppressed for

too long/
and don't know where they belong./
This goes out to all my people who had enough/
of the chains and handcuffs./ (x2)
Alright we're smaller than you but we're more than
you,/
so we move faster, eat you whole before you shoot yo./
No time to gaze, but them evil acts they do./
They know my face so run before they catch you too./
You don't want that, trust me, I've been to hell and
back/
but if you get caught remember to tell them that/
this music don't back for nobody, retreat for nothin' /
cus it's the pulse of all the people strugglin' /
The lifeline for the hopeless, the eyes of the blind, /
the underworld communication of our time /
so rise and shine, they can't eliminate the messages./
Even if they kill us can't get us cusâ€¦

Chorus

Embee did it again! - Haters no like/
but they gotta bounce to it cus the show's so tight/
Turn up the volume 'til the beat make the vinyl skip!/
No funny binniz, I repeat, we ain't signing shit!/
Schlooks stay young and angry, horny, hungry, drunk
and high/
sex junkies now.. /
But I, don't want no medecine, want you to let me in/
mamita call him, tell him that you found a better
friend!/
Your moms recommend, - You stay away from them!/
But I don't blame you for kickin it with the champion./
From the dragons den - Waxkabinetten!/
Spit fire at your management and tying up your
president./
I represent DVSG's, cop any previous release,/
and recognize game, we feeding the streets/
that musical stampede, follow my lead,/
put your fist up in the air, and let em know who we be!

Chorus

"

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