

Loop Troop

"Reclaim The City With Timbuktu"

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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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