

## Loop Troop

### "Zombies"

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Die!

Ah... Zombies!

[DJ EmBee scratching in the background]

Verse 1:

Yo in the rear, let me tell you how I feel

Record companies seem to misunderstand the word  
'deal'

That means something in it, for both parties

Not a big piece for the company, and a small one for  
the artist

I work the hardest, you sit on a chair

On ya fat ass, expecting me to share (What?!)

My name ain't Cher, yours ain't Sonny

That means no love between us, only relation is money

That don't sound funny, but if that is how you want it

Be consistent, and face the consequences

I'll give you yours, if you give me mines

But if you give me shit, then I'll step it no time

Cause I got no time, to waste on BI

If the BI is BS I'll rather chill in the beehive, cuz

Just because I'm an up and coming, hungry MC

Don't mean I'll settle for a "happy-meal record deal"

I'd rather steal, take your whole shit

You never gave me none so why should we split the  
profit? (why?)

Why should I listen to your opinion if my shit is hot or  
not,

When you know nothing 'bout Hip Hop?

That's why I don't shop my demos

But instead let them shop they record-deal, see if I'm  
interested

Cause the time's dead, when we stood around

With our ass in our hands, asking for a helping hand

Nowadays we cut off your hand, steal your Rolex,

You still don't know the time, judging from the shit you  
sign

Refrain 2x:

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)

Listen to the shit again  
Next time you might comprehend in the message I  
send  
Independent is not a trend,  
But the only way of life  
Cause I'm not really alive  
If somebody else control my destiny,  
Making the important choices for me  
Then I'm a walking dead (yo) -A Zombie.

Verse 2:

I wish styles that I control like the 'Break-crew'  
Cause when we breakthrough  
We're not controlled my supervises like you  
Telling you the shit you got here, is not hot  
See it's as a bunch of Davids, with rocks and slingshots  
(pow!)  
Pointed out Goliath, come on and try us  
But they ain't a crew of liars, represent can never buy  
us  
Zombies for hire, occasional hit-makers  
Resurrected; expected to collect papers  
Wake up, it's your relation (ah, ah) built on loyalty  
And what about self-respect and royalties? (What?)  
Divious G's, forever independent MC's  
As long as the industry is still filled with friend enemies  
You got yourself a deal, but good luck  
But since the honesty is the best policy, -Ha you suck!  
While me and mines be legendary like swab and Don D  
You be a walking dead -A Zombie.

Refrain 2x:

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)  
Listen to the shit again  
Next time you might comprehend the message I send  
Independent is not a trend,  
But the only way of life  
Cause I'm not really alive  
If somebody else control my destiny,  
Making the important choices for me  
Then I'm a walking dead -A Zombie.

[DJ EmBee scratching in the background]

Verse 3:

Yo, MCs are living dead, giving head to majors  
But ain't no record company humping me, cause I got  
flavor  
They can't con me, into being a zombie  
As long as EmBee keeps hooking me with bomb beats  
So blow up "the Vampire Snake building"

We building, on how to protect the children  
From the modern day tyro bagel  
To overcome Gods language barrier: two turntables...  
...and a microphone, the forces of he darkness in the  
danger zone  
Cause ugh, LoopTroop represent the sun  
So when you' nosferatus, we desperados with guns,  
and torpedos  
Blowing up blood sucking (ah) mosquitoes, and reload  
To kill super egos and libidos  
Not a question of 'if', It's a question of 'when'  
You and your punk friends, ain't no longer a trend  
You get dropped like Jim, from your bullshit label  
Now you're at home, watching bullshit cable  
At your bullshit table, with your remote control  
Wishing that you would have had at least remotely  
creative control  
Of your product, before you cremated your soul  
Got packed like corned beef, marked it in and sold  
(whoa)

Refrain 2x:

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)  
Listen to the shit again  
Next time you might comprehend the message I send  
Independent is not a trend,  
But the only way of life  
Cause I'm not really alive  
If somebody else control my destiny,  
Making the important choices for me  
Then I'm a walking dead -A Zombie.

Whoa, whoa, a zombie

[DJ EmBee scratching in the background]

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