

Lorenzo Del Paraguay

"Zombies"

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Die!

Ah... Zombies!

Scratch:

"Bring all your zombies, I'll re-bury em"

(frÃn High and Mighty's "Open mic night")

(Verse 1):

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

Recordcompanies seems 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 consecvenses

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

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

Cause I got no time, to waste on BI

If the BI's 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 "happymeal-recorddeal"

I'd rather steal, take your whole shit

You never gave me nothing, 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 I let them shop their record-deal, see if I'm
interested

Cause the time's dead, when we stood around

With the hands 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
signed

(Refræng 2x):

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)

Listen to the shit again

Next time you might comprehend the message I sent

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.

(Vers 2):

yo, I whisch styles under control like the 'Break-crew'

Cause when we breakthrough

When I control 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 lions, represent can never buy
us

Zombies for hire, occasional hit-makers

Resurrect to the expect to collect papers

Wake up, it's your relation (ah, ah) built on loyalty

And what about self-respect and royalties? (What?)

DVSG's, forever independent MC's

As long as the industry is still filled with friend enemies

You got yourself deal, but good luck

But since the honesty is the best policy, -Ha you suck!

While me and mines be legendary like Swob and Dondi

You be a walking dead -A Zombie.

(Refræng 2x):

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(Vers 3):

Yo, MCs are living dead, giving head to majors

But ain't no recordcompany humping me, cause I got
flavor

They can't calm 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 buried a two-turntables
And a microphone, the forces of he darkness in the
danger zone
Cause ugh, LoopTroop represent the sons
So when you nosferatus, we desperados with guns,
and torpedos
Blowing up blood sucking (ah) mosquitoes, and reload
To kill super eagles 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
created control
Of your product, before you cremated your soul
Got packed like corned beef, marked it in and sold
(whoa)

(RefrÃng 2x):

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)
Listen to the shit again
Next time you might comprehend the message I sent
Independent is not a dream,
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

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