

Rome

Looptroop Rockers

[Promoe]

When in Rome
The city never sleeps, cause everybody's sniffing coke
Entertainment's slipping up and down on the strippers pole
The city's far from cheap, so get the fuck out if you're broke
They ain't fighting poverty, they declared a war on the poor
And, who's coming out up on top, you reckon
When gentrification's such a powerful weapon
Get to stepping and get those burning eyes
Taken away twenty for a day, a hundred lives a second
They got people competitive, running a race
I see the people afraid to live, what a disgrace
They put a literal and figurative gun in your face
When singing something gotta give me more money to waste
They cock, load, aim it steadily
Rock, road, the game is deadly
Somebody please tell the world, the race is lost all ready
Put it in reverse and break north already

Let's go, now

When in Rome, we don't do as the Romans
Ain't no love, and I'm through with the romance
See the blood on my hand and my shoulders
Can't stop now, I'm reloaded
Men in Rome, don't have no homes
The beat is pure evil, for our evillest deeds
When in Rome, we burn down Rome
Sign and sealed the DVSG
When in Rome, burn down Rome

[Supreme]

Yo, my nose i numb in vice city
We're hungry for more pretty, little
Fun, with their titties out
Some of us figured out
Once an inconvenient truth
We're you can get a Cadillac hoof
With a six pack on the stoop
Husky connection and the white line fever
Sneaker collection, look at my Adidas
We don't worry much, man, we like that reaper
Don't matter much if our lives is dictated by Ceasar
I got the game on the big screen
Accompanied by Jack or Jim Bean
Unless I finish up my sixteen
You call it ignorant, I call it distracting
Yeah, put out my cigarette and throw out the ashes
Hate that I learned to love this sickness, since I was born
That's what my teacher called the Stockholm Syndrome
But I'm addicted, and I'm heading out the door
Man, you get the picture, can't stand being bored
I want more, I want more

[Promoe]

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See the blood on my hand and my shoulders

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Burn down Rome, burn down Rome

A symphony of cars keep playing their horns
To accompany the never-ending roar outside my door
Where the long arm of the law
Banging its drumsticks to young kids who in a uproar

[Supreme]

Ha, now, that's the rhythm of the inner city
Gun shot out loud, screaming of the victim of no pity
And we can split the profit fifty-fifty
Ain't no way to go against the flow, it's better getting with it

[Promoe]

But the artery is congested in Metropolis
We're the zombie's peeking out through the cracks of the Zykafages
And corporate vandals invade public space
If you want to contribute, better cover your face

[Supreme]

Cause they got you on camera, but no one care any more
We got to give them our rights to fight this unholy war on terror
So we all humming along
That of key, melody, that the millionth song
Like,

[Promoe]

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Ain't no love, and I'm through with the romance
See the blood on my hand and my shoulders
Can't stop now, I'm reloaded
Men in Rome, don't have no homes
The beat is pure evil, for our evillest deeds
When in Rome, we burn down Rome
Sign and sealed the DVSG
Burn down Rome, Looptroop Rockers, burn down Rome
Now, that's the rhythm of the inner city
That's the rhythm of the inner city