

# Adrenaline Rush

Looptroop

"Adrenaline Rush" (4x)

Feel the heartbeat (4x)  
Feel the adrenaline rush

My name P, still the same, word to GP  
Y'all wanna test me, you must be CP  
I know that wasn't PC, politically correct to say  
Well, neither is calling you gay  
Hey man, I represent from V-ås to A-dam  
?A damn? day of the week might go spraycan  
From gas-stations to subway stations  
Radio-stations, me and Embee on a vacation  
Travelling Europe in a bus, on a adrenaline rush  
Why superstars travelling egotrips? Because they must!  
Are you a big tree then I'm a small chainsaw  
Ready to massacre your ass and let the brains blow  
With a strange flow, write rhymes till I'm feverish  
Make a beverage of pussy-juice and the blood  
Of average MC's, on stage I'm illin'  
So, after the show lecture girls for sexual healing  
My microphone is like shower-curtain  
Reveals the naked truth, call me Promoe Perkins  
A swedish psycho, travelling businessclass to Norway, Bergen  
Setting off fire-alarms, microphones I'm burning  
Fucking shit up like Norwegians in S-train-yards  
Don't believe me? Check how I bless them bars  
With the vocal joint, that'll be the new focal point  
For the whole hiphop-world, and still I'm just a little boy  
With a passion for taxin' MC's till them in passion  
Appoint me the next chief, of finances  
You better start giving some fine answers  
We all know you're guilty, you lying bastard  
Better dead that, talk out of your head crap  
Before you hear yourself screaming "Oh no" like redrat  
Small-timers, so called rhymers  
?Stepping on stings? got old-timers "Where am I?"  
This ain't battle-rhymes, it's battle cries, ancient warchamps  
My name ain't Biggie, you don't get one more chance  
Run off your mouth and I'll run you off the street  
Promoe rules from the valley of the deep  
Peace to the valley of death, if you wanna step  
That'll be your last step, a promise, not a threat  
Got you nervous, like you on ???  
?Mailbombs?, man, you need to gain pounds, man  
You little feather-weight, get it straight, Promoe penetrate  
Drill a hole in the ground and turn up in the United States  
Unite with greats on the way up  
Stay up like girls dressed in stay-up's, bombing lay-up's  
Way after bed-time, you get dead rhymes  
There'll be no resurrection, for my shit  
Brovaz go Cocoa like Smif-n-Wessun, no question  
Mics, spraycans and turntables  
Bringin the bloodrush like ?Martin Able?  
But more than once a month, got MC's  
On the midnight run, through the land of the midnight-sun  
Sweden, Gotham City to Gothenburg

Don't give a fuck y'all, I'm from the city of a suburb  
P R O to the M O E  
Messing with me and you end up a memory  
R.I.P in the Ruhr-area  
Jag heter Mårten, kommer från Sverige  
Represent wackness, like Sizla represents slackness  
Questionmark check-holders and blackness  
Then when you're done licking the balls of Mad Skillz  
And Slick Rick take a suck on my big dick  
Cause all I see is crews that bite, wack rhymes and wack mics  
Men are like rappers when they're overhyped  
Over-night-sensations: Promoe's your replacement  
I just to get down with my crew in the basement  
Now I get the place bent like some  
Einstein from the pavement, you sit back in amasement  
I write graffiti like some caveman  
To the future of two-thousand, signing out five-thousand