

# Fort Europa

## Looptroop

Once upon a time not long ago  
When people were still living in the northern zone  
They could, still breath and everybody wasn't dead  
Somebody recorded a song  
And this is what it said:  
After the first and the second world wars  
You'd think us europeans couldn't take it no more  
But we built up and tore down the Berlin wall  
Only to build up a new and improved around our crumblin' Fort (Europa)  
This one was a bit tricky, not visible to the naked eye  
And if you was lucky  
You could slip through the cracks and the crevices tuckin'  
Your life under your arm, this way some people snuck in  
Only to become second class citizens  
Not listed in the system not existin in a sence  
Illegal immigrants  
The word left a bitter sin  
This place is cold and evil, I should have never went to

Fort Europa  
My so called Eutopia  
Where I can't find no culture  
Feel the walls getting closer and closer and closer  
Right here in Fort Europa (Right here)  
Where I can't find no culture  
Feel the walls getting closer and closer and closer

I guess you know about how I dreamt of super power  
wanted to roll with the bad boys  
But got butt-fucked in the showers  
Too scared to hold our own ground  
Can't beat'em join'em we're down  
Stay with the winning team by any means  
but in another realm  
And bottoms up while they drowned  
Invitations at the door members only no hang around  
Inside the fortress of fine ass  
We appreciate  
The less fortunate smile as long as she looked high class  
And as the problem was swallowing for the almighty Euro  
But you know, we put our brother inside a business though  
Make sure they're not leaving that over loose end hope of a life  
Reside a force  
Sendin'em back home and so forth  
Cause we got  
Employment issues, we got kids of our own  
Trying to tear down the wall with chrome and black ink flow  
Keep them mad at all cost  
This ain't the time to go soft  
We stand united or this soon will be lost, inside

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Yo we try to live our lives in protected homes  
Don't worry 'bout no one and get your own  
The weak people are just a stepping stone  
On the road to the riches we hitting for  
Anybody coming my way I'm gunning my way  
Whoever got something to say better be runnin away  
But I stay to see through the peep holes  
Cause people like that is all we know, and  
All of these lies and false promises  
That shit will come back with the God nemesis, you  
Whoever pick up this, a hundred years from now  
Here's the last song before we all go down  
The revolution is a moment away  
The tensions in the air, that is coming our way, but  
Powerful forces do they best  
They count they're raps so they'll suite the west  
Temperatures rising ain't no turnin back  
At this point where this world is at  
Hate'em for a cross-road which way to go  
Heaven or hell only you can say you know

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Right here on Fort Europa  
Nothing but chlaustrophobia  
Right here on Fort Europa  
Nothing but xenophobia  
Right here on Fort Europa  
Nothing but chlaustrophobia  
Right now