

Zombies

Looptroop

Die! Ah... Zombies!

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

Yo kid, rewind (ah, ah)
Listen to the shit again
Next time you might comprehending 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.
(2x)

yo, I wish 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 Don D
You be a walking dead -A Zombie.

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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 nosferatos, 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)

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Whoa, whoa, a zombie