

brompton city bashin', car crashin', bong blastin' it's the alcohol abusin' white trash kid. with the mad vocalism, straight from the top of my lung

shout outs and respect to the place where i'm coming from. so here me run again, head to the finish, no time for loosin', no time for cruisin' 'cuz a champion's got to keep on movin' like soul 2 soul, i'm back to life for real still a mc with lots of love for my holy wheels of steele, yoto me it was a big step, futurewards from doin' boogaloo thangs at the „barmbek-boulevard“ to pick up the mic and say what the fuck i was born for free to the dom is still the only thing i star for

would die for, would cry for, but not spy for i still got the same type of respect even for all you fly whores don't get me wrong, i really love your bitchness the only fucks i disrespect are bitches in the music-business.

and if you feel me put your hands up , (hands in da sky) and if you feel me put em high, (put em high)... push 4 fingers and a i i n da air, yo and wave em around like u just don't care

there goes the 1 - 2 - 3 - 4lyn i make it happen, i make them phoney rappers stop their crapi let my dogs do the freak and put brompton city on the map, yo! if there's a problem, i fix it, like p e and anthraxi „bring the noise“ snd press it on a black piece of wax give me a grin when you see me pass you by i'm not pretty fly for a white but for a 4lyn-guy i'm smooth like the butt of a babe and well known for all the panic that i create when i'm out on stage.

„trouble maker“, „problem child“ is what these mothers title me and daddies want to fight me but like spike lee i'm doin' the right thing, drinking a cup of tea, i'm smoking a blunt i'm fuckin' them daughters in their butts and leave this chikks „rest in pussy“

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so, what 'cha want me to do?

(wikked:) “Yo Braz, Do The Sikk Shit!” right!!!! bo-digga-bo-digga-bo-digga-bo!!!!

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