

C.B.A.

Kollegah

Yeah, you in the presence of a G (Ayy)
Watch me drip, yeah, my watch got drip, Salvador Dalí (Drip)
Swagger of a pimp, you got the swagger of a simp (Ayy)
If you ever get blown, it's your ashes in the wind

Ja, ja, rough, tough and Deutsch
I put a price on your head like you're some stuffed cuddly toy
Mastermind of a drug-smugglin' ploy
As I watch the pieces come together, I feel upcomin' joy (Ooh)
Bentley coupes, fancy suits (Yeah), Italian elegance (Yeah)
My presence makes the Taliban belly-dance (Hah)
Suits are tailor-made, we cut throats, razorblades
Lamborghini stud, aerodynamics like a paper plane
I see it in his eyes (Yeah), he a fake Don (Tzz)
The way his stories soundin' fishy like a Wave song (Wave song)
Hailstorms fallin' down on gravestones (Gravestones)
Rage mode in my DNA code
Yeah (Yeah), put on my armor, gettin' started
You see karma hittin' hard as if armageddon started
My album got delayed because of drug-posession charges
Cock and load, rock 'n' roll, start a fuckin' melodrama (Ja)

C.B.A., C.B.A. (Ayy)
Cross Border Armageddon, C.B.A. (Ayy)
I'm in Hamburg-Hafen (Ayy) on a windy day (Day)
Deportin' fifty K pure as a crystal lake (Lake)
Out of fifty K (K) we make sixty-eight (Eight)
Whippin' that white girl, Mr. Grey (Grey)
C.B.A. (Ayy), C.B.A. (Ayy)
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Corpses get buried (Buried) under cedar trees (Yeah)
With those mournin' heads hangin' like a Jesus piece (Uh)
Ended up drug addicts, beggin' on weakened knees
'Til they have a meltdown on shrooms, pizza cheese (Tzah)
This world is not a fair place (Fair place)
No fair plays, so you keep on runnin' with a scared face (Hah)
Try to hide, bro (What?), you scared to fight, bro?
You in flight mode like iPhones on airplanes
I come to your live show, I'm waitin' there backstage
One good low kick is makin' your legs break (Yeah)
Goin' to the medics the next day
You gettin' penetrated by the X-ray, Kardashian's sex tape
I'll visit you at the hospital bed
And break your upper body too usin' your oxygen mask (Ah, ah)
Now you're lyin' there in a coma all mummified
My face over your face, I'm singin' you a lullaby (Ja)

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