

In some gone story of old
My pulse is raising
On boarders towers in flames
My pulse is raising while
New winds blow taste like the cold
Blinded by the sun, facing the wall
Copenhagen pop cartel

Let's make it simple, back to the basics
But I'm gonna bring you the latest
And put smiles on their lips like a facelift
Flow so tight, like pants made out of latex
They better turn up the air-condition
I'm a shooting star, not running out of ammunition
Bloody good, something like a vampire
Right in the middle, l-l-like a campfire
Bullseye, it feels nice
This is the one, but I might hit you twice
And she likes it 'cause her ass wiggles
So I wanna taste her, she sweet like a bag of skittles
We're so alive - yes, indeed
So those who wanna hate, may they rest in peace
Where I'm from they say that we split the seas
But I'm fucking amazing, to say the least

Heard the echo of
Never ending war
Won't cut the weekend short
Freedom will answer your call

I used to be coldblooded, so now I'm cool forever
P-peace up, put your two and two's together
Middle name; G-E-N-cock-E-L
Go ahead and pronounce that, fuck it, bring the bounce back
This is just a ref, this is just a test
This is just a wake-up call to my motherfuckin' self
Man in the mirror from this planet of terror
This planet of sex, I understand my reflections
I understand that I'm next
Yes, I understand what it takes to be the best
Be better than the rest
I think about it all the time 'cause I'm restless
I got the wisdom of a veteran, Scandinavian gentleman
Nope, I'm not being nervous, I was born this bloody arrogant
And I got no fuckin' clue what they're singing in this hook
But it sounds dope, bring it back, whoop-ti-whoop

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