

Die Toten Hosen, Hip Hop Bommi Bop (Tap Into)

Are you ready?

I came across the ocean on a subway line,
invited to a wedding party of some friends of mine.

North, south, east even west,
I knew when I arrived the party would be fresh.

So my train stopped at the dock,
I felt that it was time to hit the hop,
to the hip-hip, the hop you don't stop,
yeah, that party rocked.

I wanted something to drink and a bite to eat,
a place to go party and rock to the beat.

So when I turned the corner, to my surprise
I heard a sound that made me realise.

I heard a sound when I turned the corner,
I knew that, that I was in the corner,
I heard the turn the corner what did I hear?

A hundred voices shout loud and clear.

This's what I heard them say:

Eisgehlter Bommerlunder,
Bommerlunder eisgekhlt.

They said:

Eisgehlter Bommerlunder,
Bommerlunder eisgekhlt.

Und dazu ein belegtes Brot mit Schinken,
ein belegtes Brot mit Ei.

Das sind zwei belegte Brote,
eins mit Schinken, eins mit Ei, Ei, Ei...

Check it out

They said the formula for feeling fine
is to drink Bommerlunder all the time,
so come on you all and you're drinking up,
the Bommerlunder kinda make you shake your butt.

Oh yeah this drink is right on time,
they said a couple of sips and it can blow your mind,
you see to drink Bommerlunder you don't need class,
you can be a smelly bum sitting on your ass.

You can be a king or even a queen
and when you drink Bommerlunder you're on the scene.

You see, get something to drink and then stand on your head,
Bommerlunder rock the living and rock the dead.

So get off your seat and rock to the beat
to the beat stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp your feet
to the Bomme, Bomme, Bomme, Bommerlunder beat.

So check it out:

Eisgehlter Bommerlunder,
Bommerlunder eisgekhlt.

They said:

Eisgehlter Bommerlunder,
Bommerlunder eisgekhlt.

Und dazu ein belegtes Brot mit Schinken,
ein belegtes Brot mit Ei.

Das sind zwei belegte Brote,
eins mit Schinken, eins mit Ei.

Toten Hosen in the place to be,
all together now.

Let me hear you sing:

We don't want to, we don't need to
do that New York crap.

We're rockers, Punkrockers,

and this is how we rap.
It's gotta be hard,
it's gotta be loud,
to make us scream and shout. (Wait, wait, Dummkopfs!)
There's no way you can stop us
once we've started out.

You see rapping to the beat is not hard,
for me rap-rocking is my job.
This stuff you're talking sounds like crap,
you don't even understand the meaning of rap.
You don't even know how to keep the beat,
you all sound like a clown that stare right at me.
I can tell by the clothes and the way you look,
that you can never ever make it to the fashion-book.
But you can giggle, shout and do shit like that,
if you can't keep the beat you'll never make a rap like this
and you don't stop, that's not the way that you rap.
You better keep practising all night long
and maybe in a hundred years you'll have a hit song.
Well I'm sick and tired of this Bommerlunder-jive,
going back to New York where the people are alive.
So check, check, check it out, Freddy Love is gonna be about.

Eisgehlter Bommerlunder
Bommerlunder eisgehlht...