

The BossHoss, Monkey Bussiness

I wanna tell you a story' bout our career
In the music biz and it's kinda weird
There are millions of jerks way stupid and dumb
Wavin' you high 5 or holding down their thumb

Believers are giving you support, buying the drinks
and keep telling "your're my man"
But when it comes to the point when you need them too
They turn around, cause they don't have a clue

ref:

And I know - you agree
It's your own misery
Make your rules, we'll refuse
No excuse, you abuse and confuse
Uuh monkey business

Credibility for priority
But who's making the rules, who's got the right to choose
Is it you, you, or even you?
Then throw your stone.... come on!

Millions of people with their own brain
They've got eyes to see and ears to hear
So don't force on them with your golden rules
You might be wrong and you might lose

It's quite ok if you don't like our sound
But don't you judge if it's hot or not
Cause every bird up in a tree sings in a different
way to me

ref:

And I know - you agree
It's your own misery

I've been rocking it out since 20 years
and I'm tellin you folks this ain't no joke
If you think we're funny, go fuck your mummy
Our mission is music, we don't have to prove it

You know it's sometimes hard to be part of this game
But it's still worth't to play, 'cause we've got a lot to say

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We know what we want, we know what we do
Cause we're old enough and so are you
So people, friends don't you hesitate
Keep on playing our sound and don't mess around

There are millions out there who dig our style
So there's no questeion 'bout hot or not
Sof high five folks we'll follow our way
No matter what those preachers say

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