

# Lopptroop, Chana masala

I grew up in a van, became a man on the highway  
Up and away been my way  
Like Jay, born on a Friday, just in time for the weekend  
Adjust my rhyme for the beat and write with a shaky hand 'cause Shumis' highspeeding  
- Sugar Im leaving!

A rich man with low budget, the proud son of Mona  
This is it man, I say - fuck it, we bound to take over  
Teeth chipped and my knees are tired, livers about to expire  
Still baby got my back and my front  
And shes on fire!

I love that back, I dont front, but what I want is for my girl  
is to be more than a badonkadonk.

(So honk your horn!) So long

Come on, the troop got the cure for the restless and bored  
I invested my soul in my dream and my team and these four bars:

You a school bench scribble Im a whole car.

But the truth is really that all that matter is

I love my boys and they told you all we are:

Chorus:

DvsGs and you cant fuck with us..!

Im bringing it back to some rigged-rap thats bigger than rap

And sicker than half of the worlds population (x3)

are living without all types of rights.

My mike device is like: Where my feminist men and women is at?

Put your hand where the limit is at the sky.

Im high on vibes and adrenaline right!

Feel the flow, let me know if youre feeling all right.

Tonight just might be the night that were winning the fight.

Aight! On sexism, racism.

Big up my brothers, big up my brave sisters!

Deep in the streets or locked up in state prisons.

For too long were stuck in the same system

from slave trade to world trade organization.

Sex trade in this great globalization on the new liberal pedestal.

See the whole pitiful, shitty old really though:

Who killed it yo!?

Chorus:

DvsGs and you cant fuck with us..!

They love this cause of the rush they get when their blood  
is heating up and theyre pumping sweet.

(Now who we?)

DVSGs are you ready for these Swedes?

Revolutionary conquer the world as we speak.

Cause you know that we never bow down to no

George Bush this is word, power and sound.

And havent you heard that we travel the world with

the message of peace, understanding and love?

Through the biggest metropolis and the smallest villages

with true diligence and independent businesses.

This she is not like that she that you see everyday on Fame Factory.

No, were on some out of this world type shit.

You can stop listen to music when youve heard our shit.

Dont mean that to be dissing but theres no meaning in

listening to all of those hit list industry kissing bitches so

Push up your hand if you love DvsGs (and)

Kick out a foot if you want to get free (now)

Jump around if you want a little peace (then)

Open your mouth and chant victory (come on)

Push up your hand if you love DvsGs (and)

Kick out a foot if you want to get free (now)

Jump around if you want a little peace (then)

Open your mouth and chant this with me

Chorus:

DvsGs and you cant fuck with us..!

Chana Masala, Garam Masala, Dal Makhni, Nan.  
Aloo Gobi, Mango Lassi, Curry, Papadam.  
Saag Dal, Saag Paneer, Saag Aloo.  
Looptroop hot shit, who the fuck are you? (x2)  
Chana Masala, Garam Masala, Dal Makhni, Nan.  
Aloo Gobi, Mango Lassi, Curry, Papadam. (x2)