

# Sometime Ago

feat. Rula Badeen

(Tron / Skelt!, Tron)

Some time ago, a time of gold  
The breakdance-fever burns all souls  
Electro Rock, Wild Style and Beat Street  
Colourful graffities among the streets  
Dozer Dee, a fourteen year old kid  
Trained alone some floor-rock-tricks  
Reed and him, they were the Cold Cash Crew  
Whirling around to the Boogaloo-Groove  
Time for separation, for other relations  
He breaks the wrist and this is the occasion  
Spreading his murals all over the stations  
First Reals Sonics, the bomb-foundation  
T to the I to the Z to the A  
There Is Zome Aim, that's the name of the new game  
He starts to write rhymes, tries not to bite styles  
Developping his own rhythmic profile  
Hangin' around with Elmoe and Tee  
Rockin' the crowd with the Slum Brother Zee  
They make the show from the last to the front row  
People scream "Ho", let themselves go  
Make'em feel cold, from head to toe  
The mass gets mad, when their rhymes flow  
Decision is made to enter a new crew  
P-27, the name of the fool's troop

## REFRAIN

Sometime ago, the first mic-hold  
Sometime ago, a time of gold  
Graffiti walls, tears on my eyeballs  
Sometime ago

As I

Reminisce, piss on my bag of memories, fantasies  
I'm diggin' no theories, so here these  
Tronstyled wild thoughts in the past, at  
Last ya mind's arrested by the present  
Yesterday, all my  
Troubles seemed so far away, so I say  
Young and naive ain't that a thief, I was  
Worst to my mother, my father and myself, the  
T.R.O.N. then I was learning and earning the spirit of Rap  
I was illin' when I started the attack with the shit of Chuck D  
Public Enemy, the Beasties and my philosophy  
I was trainin' to scratch  
Pitch-Patch you can't catch the  
Flavor of Hip Hop in a week  
Freak the one-two-double 0

## REFRAIN

Boom! He's all alone  
Most of his friends deceived him to the bone

It takes a long time before he says "No,  
I gotta look forward I've got my way to go!"  
Beats to swiss rhymes hit ya like a sledge  
Mit schwyzerdütsche Teggscht redsch über was dy uffregsch  
Ab was den abhebsch währenndäm die eige Sprooch pflegsch  
No rules, wie de Wörter zue Sätz zämmelegsch  
Änglisch, Baseldütsch, ei Wort nachem neggscht  
No rules, about the choice of the language

When I reached 14 I met Radikkal, for  
These 2 DJ's Disco was incredible  
But we learned to rock the top `til 4 o'clock  
In the morning we were high  
High from spinnin` wheels on high heels  
High from da bass until we touched the sky  
Seventeen years old first steps in a  
Lyrical laboratory, mandatory, I grew up, so we  
Started to make music, the 27-Funk  
Started to smoke that skunk "Weed's"  
What we choose when we wanna blind us  
Hide'n seek so nobody can find us  
Now 98, I drop funky licks  
Give the drummer some until he breaks sticks  
Smoke shit as well as I'm gittin` down  
With the baddest funk o'James Brown  
I used to keep the Hip Hop always in my left eye  
There is killa-bee that wants me to try, to try new  
Phrasings, I'm the contender  
Defender of my own remember, the  
Old days, and not only the good  
Times there was you, take a look into, what  
Was, remember December  
Turn over leaves of an old calendar, the  
Tronman wants you to go, flow back to the  
Days of sorrow, sometime ago

### **REFRAIN**

Jetzte, 11 Jahr schpöter  
Chumm` ych, dr Skelt!, dr Silbelöter  
Im Handgepägg dr Funky Flöteköter Tron  
DJ Drozt, d'Noodlerööter  
`98 wieder zugg uss dr Vrsänggig  
Mit Zungevrränkig simmer schtändig uff Sändig  
Unbändig schwoofe bis zur Hüftvrränggig  
Dr Sound so luutt, dass me sich beidhändig vrschtändig  
Matt hits beats with feet and sticks  
Tronman's lips lick Rips while he kicks Licks  
Mick's the bassman with the fat kicks  
Drozt's fingertips working hard like a Cyrix  
C'mon man, put the needle onto the plastic  
Show the people that your hands are nasty

### **REFRAIN**

Vocals **Tron, Skelt! & Rula Badeen**  
Scratches **Drozt**

