

Run Baby Run!

(P-27, Coroner / Tron, Skelt!)

Run baby run, it's just begun
Shoot you like a gun but don't forget to keep the fun
Live your dreams an the planet of pain
Where these sons killin' all the same
Woods, they burn it down
Need place to build a ****in' new town
Destroyin' themselves sending convoys by an S.O.S.
But it's gonna be stolen in the name of hijack illness
Dressed to murder, vandal or kill, the
Tronman's not the one that pays your bill
Run for your life but don't give it away now Keep ya
Bones and listen up some choir tones
Runnin' runnin' as fast as you're coming sing
Sweat ya, dance for a long time, the
Munkiz, Coroner, the 27 rhyme
Run for your life, now's the time

I'm no anarchist, but I'm a law-breaker
No fanatical believer, hater of lied prayers
I do what I wanna do, but I try to respect some rules
We all know that today's youth's made to fools
You ask we why? Skelt!'s got for you the answer
We're just havin' some fun, taken for gangstas
Papas of civilization think we're a stupid mass
Father in the sky, why do you let'em blast my ass?
Hey listener, take a look into the mirror
Wash your face 'n' check out, if your birth was an error
Have you got a raw side, who wants to live to?
Fight for your rights, or life will tell you you're a fool!
Worldwide constitutions made of law and justice
Little man, say, do you profit by this?
What I wanna say with all these facts, my man's
That a large part of young people can't make a stand

BRIDGE

Run Baby Run!
The ninetees, the doors to the next century
C'mon, habe, c'mon!
It's your chance, so we wanna see how you
Run Baby Run!
The ninetees, the doors to the next century
C'mon, babe, c'mon!
It's your chance, so we wanna see how you run
And keep goin' on...

REFRAIN

Rub-suggedidugg, dr Tron isch wieder zrugg
Beggedibeggedibeggle, s'Thema heisst seggle
Stampfe, glopfe, dr Schweiss loo tropfe
Attackiere, wieder emol abreagiere
Gniessed doch die Zyt wo dr no händ, denn ich
Prophezei euch, bald stöhn mr wider vorere Wänd
Doch die Sach gseht andersch uss, ja jo do kunnsch nümm druss

Abwärts uff em Fluss ffubideffib und denn isch's uss
Drumm ich will euch uffrüefe wieder emol z'überprüefe
Brüedere, wenn hänn dr s'letsch moll richtig g'feschtet?
Schwestere, löhn'd wieder emol Party-Schtimmig knischtere
Denn es isch Zytt, jä jo es isch so wyyt
Yeah, time to get shit right
Enjoy life under the stars shine bright
So get boom 'cause the time had come
Cooldown, Run Baby Run!
Run Baby Run!
Run Baby Run!
Run Baby Run!
Run Baby Run!

Troubles, I try to take'em upon myself to solve' em
But they're not bigger than those of people starving
Our hunger for life is so incredibly big
Our hunger for fun can't be appeased by no fridge
The Future of our ticking clocks, millions of hours
Hours of freedom'n'joy, hours of power
Caught in the net of the spider called white beauty
Fascination of action, attraction, hunting full-speed
I'm not ready to die yet, okay?
Every part of my body's filled with energy and aims
The older generation left us nothin' but a ruin
The next generation won't be knowin' what they should be doin'
Law's Bitches, another part of world's pollution
**** the Police! But not as Institution!
They can't impress me, and I'm obsessed to see
How they will go down, and well all be free!

BRIDGE

RERAIN

Vocals **Tron, Skelt! & Ron Royce**
Guitar **Feel-X & Tommy T. Baron**
Bass **Pip & Ron Royce**
Drums **Matt & Marquis Marky**
Keyboards **J.P.**
Scratches **DJ Radikkal**

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