Track Star

Bomfunk MC's

My name Elrako says B.O. Dubb
I roll in the scene like a monster truck
I throw down hard to get my point across
And if you don't like it, you can kiss my whatLet's get it clear now once and for all
You couldn't stop me if you build a wall
See I'm sure you deliver like DHL
But when I deliver I'm doing it wellI'm taking, freaking, shaking, making, clap to this
Make your girl act ill, give your mama a kiss
I rise to surprise, I mean each and every time
Always in my back, pocket got a new styleI roll and go, we go, where they haven't been before
I love to rock the mike and dropping down jaws
I kick and rip and whip and I flip the script
The company likes me, I'm a million dollar bizzLike a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number one
Like a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number oneStay at the top, I'm original son
Many have tried but they haven't stayed long
Like a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number oneI cruise with the crew all mighty Bomfunk
Love me or hate me, I get the job done
I leave no questions when I go off-stage
I don't claim to be the king, I'm the ace of spadesWherever I go, it's like a carnival
People cheer and stare like they saw an elephant
But it's okay, I'm kind of used to that
You wanna have a picture, come then, sit on my lapI pose and host and toast as I write my hellos
Talk sweet with the ladies, slam five with the fellas
All around the world we get so much good vibes
I'm so lucky I should roll the diceI feel and breed and live, unbelievable life
I got thousands girls that wanna be my wife
No need to break, I'm close when I propose a toast
I'm just rehearsing for the award showsLike a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number one
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Many have tried but they haven't stayed long
Like a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number oneYou put it to test, I make it fresh, yes
Nonetheless, I got to confess, S
Pure loving, the way I've been dropping

Rhymes like bombs on the beats that be bumpingWe make you fat boom-boom baps back, black
On attack, you know it's like that, Jack
We rock shocking, suckers will be knocking
Off, 'cause they're soft and they're only fake frontingLike a track star, always on the run
Over youth boys, the strictly number one
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Over youth boys, the strictly number oneNumber one
Number one
Number one
...

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