Sambadrome

Funk'n Lata

"Brasil!"

Stamp your feet and rock your hips, king bandit has returned
Shoot out helicopter crash, another six men burn
One in nine million loves to play football
Hijacked helicopter helped him scale the wall

Scipped the hill from rivals who prayed upon the poor
He don't sell bananas, wealthy visitors want to score
Reigns supreme, the cops say he's no good
Selling drugs to feed the poor, to us he's Robin Hood

Tourists have an appetite for ganga and cocaine
He escaped just in time, supply their needs again
Televised lust a traditional right
The sound of music ricochets for three long nights

Pact in the sun, slum and skyscraper meet
Billion dollar penthouse and people on the street
Pact in the sun shade by foreign debt
Amnesia in the Sambadrome, king bandit's gonna sweat

Ring the bell, our hero's back, our benefactor's found
At the foot of the hill the police stand their ground
Beer flows drums pound, slum and skyscraper meet
Revellers dance naked and there's bodies in the street

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Three months of freedom, a fugitive from the law
Got to take him alive, ChÃ¨ martyr no more
Bless the little children with nylon football shorts
Fly their kites as warning, their King is never caught

Socialised by compassion, yeah, crime's his occupation
King bandit for president of the Sambadrome nation

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"Socrates
Goooaaaallll!!!"

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