



TYPOTHINK

Think – type – rec – play

Think – type – rec – play

Planning on a heading that is hard to breach
Match the compass, set sails, mate bring heat
Keep her so steady that we all can flow with
Not knocked down on her but can block out the bogus
Down-under like Loch Ness, I told you
Bulldozing you over with rhymes, supply homeless
Rap-addicts, the ten percent that love soul music
And waited with patience – I owe you
I came to the conclusion that the best thing would be
To turn to page one with a blank sheet of groove themes
Point zero, reset, then load the next levels, get
Busy on the mic, and let the people a bit of that

CHORUS: Think – type – rec –play – all I need is a beat and a pen and paper

Think – type – rec –play – to set nights ablaze on cross-faders

Think – type – rec –play – fell in love with rap once again, because I

Think – type – rec –play – every day, cannot live without the music

My mind's on the line sometimes, split between projects
In different scenes, that might not match at first sight
Between the streets and white collar
But increase my knowledge and skills to be broader (word)
I don't battle my haters on earth
I'm protected by my angels and my sense is alert
They're not worth it, they're jealous because their flame don't burn
And at the same time, don't want to work hard to shine bright
Not my concern, I'm living my dream, no matter where
Am at peace with myself after years of heavy learning
You switch channels on weed, you might never achieve
To be the beautiful mind that you deserve, kid

CHORUS 2x



DOGZUNLEASHED

Relax people, it's Les Gents in the place
Truly underground sh%t, you love it or you hate it
Ease with the rhythm how it runs down your spine
Give a little hip but just no gangnam style, bro!
Can you relate to A-DAT tape-decks
And the eight-track recording machine that made rap
So tricky with a band when it ought to be fat
Coordinate, don't be late for two weeks and three tracks
Damn – I only needed pencil and a paper
Damn – now they want me fancy in a paper
With bikini-hos in the videos and some pimp-outfit
With gold-chains – should I be a player?
West-coast knows no understatement
While the sun rises in the east and come melt ya
Phillie has the roots, while Brooklyn has Heltah Skeltah
Who's down with Zee-city, Chur and Davos-center? Make some noise..

Won't you think, I'm convinced of hip hop ever since
Haven't done much in years, not even watched those who did
It's funny how it suddenly flows out like milk
I do an album in three months and drop right back in
I pack my words full of energy and throw them upon you
So you catch some of it and take it back to your home
And then you share it with your people, that would be awesome
So we're all happy and peaceful and all having a ball (c'mon)
The world keeps spinning around, I spit lyrics
Like the fountain from Zurich down-town founded by Swiss-Re
Gleaming at the mountains where my team does beats
Begin to see what it needs to be the top of the league
Still that is no guarantee that we'll make history with this
Your risk cash for a flash, might be famous for a bit
But then it all depends on what you packed your bags with
There's a thin line between fun and madness



COME CLEAN

Dribbling at offside, what could it be?
You're full of pain, want to hug trains or get drunk in the sea, why?
You're driven by your demons, share the company's street wise
As long as you remain desperate, you're bait, mate!
Who exactly was it who put you in this position
Was it me, him, or them, can you reach a clear vision?
And if you do, did you make sure to make peace with it
Remain calm and reasonable, even if you're defeated with?
There's no sense in defending yourself against it
Like claiming, because you're famous you need to be on the friends list
An endless discussion on ball-busting the fan-clique
Never outsource my magic, you get the plan, kid?

CHORUS: Never forget the days; we recollect the good times without rain
Come clean! No stress, no hustle, no running away, no pain

Over hassling isn't state of the art
Relax, take it easy, enjoy the flavour of love
You're planning a strait heading, forget it, you cannot have it
You're running away from everything that ever did matter
But y'all know this, this is old s..t, so why bother to deal with it?
Because you're still not real with the roughness
Get a plan, stick with it until you reap with it
Prepare to switch rails swiftly when you ditch with it
Contemplate between morally right
And being human at the same time's a hell of a fight
So, remain critic towards your own thoughts
Rewards won't come short in a notion – word

CHORUS 2x

BRIDGE: We're born anonymous, all in together this
Struggle to get better with the burden
My thoughts, my joy, my hustle and pain
Combined to one great life, they're nothing alike (the same)



It is like a treaty between facts and fiction
Still attracted to the rap, but then neglect the business
I figured it out, my purpose is to build bridges
And not to participate in rallies for the hit list
This is why I write every once in a while
With no intention but having some fun on my style, cousin
When I write a new track, my friends thank me for it
This is more than I expect as reward
I joy-rush a stage, for show, cross the blades
Reclaim my title as the flow-master's reign
And you will prevail one day just the same
If work hard as hell, easily better than me

CHORUS 2x

BRIDGE 2x

CHORUS 2x



ALIEN TREATMENT

I caught you on your wrong foot
Wonder why it took so long and you don't move
Ripped apart what was mine, what you folks lost
Though, on my time and my cost, it was your fault
You could have negotiated but you chose force
Put me in a situation for no cause
Had me break bread with murderers and more foes
While my family went crazy because they don't know
And I do some meditation to control thoughts
I felt free and capable to deal with all those
Appreciated what I had and let it all go
Instead of banging with my head at the wall
I grew strong, focus better than before
Weather can be raw, my full metal-jacket's on
My plan is to blow with my goals and moving forward in
Science, business, music, I'm living it all, so..

CHORUS:

I can understand that I make you mad sometimes but that ain't a reason to beat me
We can discuss what is on your mind – civilized – when you treat me as equal

Knowledge is discussion and not learning by hard
You need to face the unexpected and then take it apart
Remain vigilant and flexible, react in split seconds
On panels of abilities, not standard settings
Society has failed to provide this to their citizens
Experts and specialists, none with a bigger picture
And some look at me as if I was an alien
That failed them in achieving what none of you could live with
I'm tired of the hypocrisy, tired of listening
To your copy-pasted thoughts that you all call wisdom
You got to keep the plant alive by being critic
It will die otherwise and you might just die with it
Or maybe we're already there, only kept in movement
By immortal institutions' leading hands



Control the cycle of life from birth to death
Your first breath, your first step and how you see your wife

CHORUS

I might challenge your perspective by dropping questions
That doesn't mean that I disrespect you
Seems, you're only weapon is your authority
In lack good arguments and willingness of harmony
I've been raised in an environment that talks to me
That is the reason why I am not a brainless zombie
And that is why I can deal with your society
Create jobs and implement a level of variety
You seem to judge me by my words, not my actions
But guess what's happening when I do some rapping
So sad to see you waste your potential
Your brain is enchained, more than I could have ever been
Instead of dreaming I have night mares
Though we might share the same visions, I keep mine now to myself
Find a place where they appreciate what I have
I'm leaving you behind, I'm sick and tired of your mindset

CHORUS 2x



FRANKENSTEIN LOVE

I remember the days when I could reach you
Mutual relations on a same band of frequency
Knew by looking in your eyes how you felt
At any time, we'd giggle or cry, holding hands
We almost got caught up in a cookie-jar back then
Innocently thought and hoped it would never end
So close as friends and lovers, it just didn't make sense
To believe that we ever could split but break bread
And then at last we make plans together, sharing our things
To spice up our lives like salt and pepper meals
Even talked about kids, in which country we'd live
Before it all became hell

CHORUS: It feels like I've known you all my life
With the things we went through through the years
And I want you to know that I think, I might fall in love with you again

Incredible how you must have felt then
Maybe even now, you don't trust your ex-friend
Just hang out with me to plan your revenge with patience
Even if it might take years but hey!
How could I love you if you were this way
But I'd deserve but the worst if I turned you this way
An angel cursed for having to cross my lane
So sensational at first but then the love was slain?
Cold case now, we both moved on, both grew strong
Touch base from time to time, ey – yo!
It's so nice to have you back in my life
I appreciate every moment with you

CHORUS

We had a brunch at the dock of the bay
Watched the sun rise above of our heads
Got the buggy to the beach and headed for lone ends
Made passionate love, shared the best of both worlds



Catch a star, give it your name
Whenever we travel far, it will follow your trail
Or back home with the chimney on
Cuddle up to that song – star still shines – watching over you
Or when you're old and weak and I might be gone
Still shining, reminding you of all
How precious our life and time is
And how beautiful the moments we lived

CHORUS 2x



THE MISSING LINK (SKIT)

I sleep without dreaming
I read without meaning
I walk without moving
I talk without speaking
I see without viewing
I lead without reason
I succeed without winning
I release without giving
I believe without feeling
I live without being
Without you



PROPZ & FAME

CHORUS: Born and raised by the best but never breastfed

It all became clear with one crush pass the headset

Toured on stage, had fun, a lot of fans and

Propz and the fame – all you wanted was respect then

Cut the bull crap and let me get to the point

Rap is all about the line and not the blings and the Royce

Cadillac can wait but not my grandson's applause

So, I got to get to business release raps, rough and raw

Platinum would be wicked but it's not my front goal

Though I'm not the battle-type, don't provoke my galore

I cannot wait to get my stuff out and in the stores

Always on another track short, so I want more

I'm addicted to the rhythm, need my daily dose

Plus a couple of you witnesses that stay up long

Treat the matter with due diligence when playing my songs

Inhaled metaphor is strong like a – hit from the bong

CHORUS 2x

Fierce full on it like a tek-won master

My black belt's back and resurrect from the ashes

Rip apart mics, let 'em have it

Rap-heads, breaking their necks as a habit

Playing on a reservoir, plunge right in

Have the planet spin around the clock and synchronize with

EI Ayou's frame of mind to let this funk right in

Baby, move to the rhythm, if you love life!

CHORUS 2x

Butty rise up, Babylon is in effect

Push your light up, in the air, represent Les Gents

Loud and clear, bring beats, have a text with them

Come out and play, enemies don't know what's happening

Never underestimate the EI, I warned you



I'm better and more clever than you think, now I scorned you
It's too late to get a piece of my cake
I got the people that I trust and I do it my way
Plus, weak sermons are for losers and fakes
Just because you suck in school, I won't do what you say
It's hip-hop to the fullest, like back like in the days
Authentic rhymes and I'm flowing them right at your face

CHORUS



BOOTIE GUN POWDER

CHORUS: Shoobidoo – wa – pa – pow
El Ayou and PRC – let the party go down
We produce a beat and put a rap on that will rock the house
Shake your money-maker baby – Bootie Gun Powder!

Let me tell a little bit about myself
My name is El, formally known as MAL back in the days
Been down with a couple of guys, you might know
But I won't provide a list because that 's not part of my show
Right now it's eight o'clock in the morning
My cat's at the vetinary getting her jaw fixed
At about ten I got some courses in college
Hop into the city for some grocery shopping
Then back to my home office – calls are incoming
Every offer sent might make some more money
Need to feed my people and pay my bills monthly
There's no time for sleeping if your %ss is in charge

CHORUS 2x

Some might call me a workaholic
But you won't get far with nine-to-five logic
Get your %ss up if you want to move forward
And don't give a f%ck about what others might call you
From loser to incredibly down to earth
Had it all, been through it – you can count on my word
Now I'm back on stage, rap my lung on your girl
With flows so irresistible her tampon curls
Geeks and nerds reunite with the cool fellahs
Research to guide the blind toward a true better
We turn a page and provide you with a new record
If you like it or not, still throw your food at us

CHORUS 2x



MINDBASHER

CHORUS: Can I let it out right here, do want to feel what I feel
Type those rhymes and bring them live – in your town right here
Bashing your city with sounds unheard – can I get a witness?

Inexplicable rap, particularly fat, though
Beats below zero degrees and they smack you all
Last but not least, PRC's on the mattress
Feeding El Ayou with some groove a killer breakfast
Feel's gone reckless, mind's on steady flow
Unleash scenarios, for decades unforgettable
You cannot compete with the Harpoon's ignorance
Never been a fan of the hip hop scene in Switzerland
It's cannibalistic tactics with no practice
Extracting your brain from stage with battleaxes
Professional flows came back for no masses
But for the love of hip (WTF?)
End the madness, bring MCs to justice
Let them have it straight in their face while you'll be clapping
Killer instinct's nagging, don't know what's happening
I might lose control and then that sh%t goes platinum

CHORUS 2x

Brothers keep a tight lid on their inner realm
Hide the pain in themselves and they live their own hell
While at my side, everything goes well, I'm alive
Have a blast on my lyrics, like a spliff, fly high
This is what I had to do now, bring a fat track
And party 'till we pass out, body-banging rap pack
International, we trespass your whole crew
Crashing your show with flows, original Mindharpoon
All hands on deck, it might get rough in a second
We face a tough bit of weather, duck down, while we handle this
I can imagine, that you want to be a dog
Treat your woman like a b%tch, a hustler for cribs or bloods



But you're a dumb type of brother, locked in a super-max
Spitting at the judges, using soap as a lubricant
Rap has nothing to do with criminal intent
But it still has that image because of you

CHORUS 2x



FOOLNESS

I made some of y'all paranoid with tracks like
Mentalimplant and Political Correctness
I screened all x-files, left none undetected
Haarp, nine-eleven, chemtrails, Coke wreckless
Checked into deep spaces, played my connections
Studied social science to raise some good questions
Battled with my tutors, marked my point more efficient
Extract all the goodness and include them in my papers
Turned into a perfectionist where my name is on
Because you never know, where you're gonna go
Keep your back packed, got no kids holding Mac back
No ex-wife grabbing Mac's sack – let's roll!
Heading for the next episode unfolding
Have a blast on the riddles of life and climb slowly
Plan to the detail what's in my control range
And expect the unpredictable the same

CHORUS: Fool me not once, fool me not twice
You lose when you wanna come and rock that mike
Drool to funk like on booze and a blunt
The only battering is on a bassdrum
Fool me not once, fool me not twice
You lose when you wanna come and rock that mike
Move and get down, let your soul feel alright
The only battering is on a bassdrum

Me not the high-five-type nor the thumbs-up as such
I might hide out at times, then come out and rock live
This is my way to deal with the challenge in life
And not getting schizophrenic or just smashing those files
I got plenty little pennies on my mind to type down
Never gave you any of them up to right now
Some of you might remember me when hip-hop was tight
And the Poon in the basement with no plan in sight
Sometimes, my rhymes have no sense but to flow



But that's just a reflection of myself as I go
And if you feel offended by it critics, go home
Think you can do it better, write it and then set up a show
As scientist, I'm big fan of experiments
Let's switch places and see who can make it
I might by your record, even support your playlist
Then write a section on it and transform it to gravy

CHORUS 2x



PEAK LIFE

CHORUS: Left, right, forward and back
Reflect on the past – peak life!
No time to regret, no rewind selecting or advance
Cause and effect – peak life!

What's your last word, your last thought
Your last touch, your last burden
Who do you reach out for, when you kiss skies
Will you long for it or will it be a surprise?
Will it be ransom, or a heart attack
Will I be stabbed, shot, victim of an accident?
Will it be my fault, or destiny
Death has many faces, which image will be the best for me?
Will there be darkness, or lightening
Atheists, or believers, we'll know who is right, then
And I won't go, without a statement
Drop lines, let them shine bright for the taking
How will history judge my actions
Besides rap and texting, and the spiritual affection
Will I live up to my own standards
Would my parents be proud of me before I leave that planet?

CHORUS 2x

We love, we hate, succeed, make mistakes
Remain calm with patience, tear it up in rage
Fear bout out fate, drink beer, get blazed
Then come back with a clear mind, get cheers on stage
Wisdom and stupidity the same
If you're perfect, through the first stone at me
But you can't, 'cause you're human as much as I am
We're the weakest link in evolution thanks to our brains
But then again so beautiful, the things we create
Akin, as to disgusting, when we're losing ourselves
Pure ambivalence between war and peace



With technology we'd need to get rid of the suffering and pain
Despite the struggle we evolve by the day
Clustering ideals, some get lost on the way
I trust you as much as I fear your greed and ignorance
What more can I say, but just to live with it

CHORUS 2x

I live reality, I'm in the here and now
Can you feel what I feel, when I spit it out
Can you deal with it, bounce with us in the house
Can all my real jiggas shout for me, hit it loud!
Look in my eyes, we're alive, ladies and gentlemen
Free to move, free to choose among so many plans
Sometimes win, sometimes lose, but gain the leverage
With each experience added to our specimen
We came to party, we came to celebrate
Dance pain away, berserk like a renegade
Appease your enemies and sip half a lemonade
No more war, we got to run this together, man!
Do you believe that we're part of one family
Head nod to this beat, hard and feed it back to me
This track feels like a massage, caressing me
Drop bombs on you people with my jaw to present the best of me

CHORUS 2x



ON THE RISE

[Laurens MC]

As I come close to the peak, it's adequate to reminisce
How past shaped me throughout the last two decades
Rap 's been a part of my heart, despite records
Before the days the gentlemen revived my affection
In the mountains, counting ninety-three
Contacted PRC, traded a track over a beer
Tascam recordings on DAT, 'till morning dawned
Energy was more than burning, yawning and I need to feed
A lot to learn on how to focus and dig the rhyme
Punch-lines, hooking those minds on every word you speak
Potential lay bare in uncut stone
Had to add the flesh to the bone before I could reap
Ninety-four, back in Zurich with my man OJ
We wrote lyrics on our teachers, cut classes for days
Creativity was leaking from the crayon to paper
Moments later, my first thesis on hip-hop and where it came from

CHORUS: On the memory lane we're driving
Keep it lay-low – it's Les Gents on the rise
Sophisticated beats and some rhyming
Rip apart mics, twenty-thirteen – hit them high!

Same year, Leroy met what later became
M.A.L.'s next home, S. E. N. D. A. K.
Best shows in the city, pioneering the game
Earning medals on the streets with live gigs in the rain
Wrote a record in two weeks, signed a deal, got fame
Made a second and a third, trying to keep my head straight
Pleading on my peops, that no-thing did change
That I'm still the same man, even my s...t hit the fan
Quit the band in ninety-eight, became myself
Discovered my roots down south, got even with them
Proceeded with the next plan, education and wealth
Leaving rap behind for a while and letting it rest



Still felt the rhythm in my bones, but it made no sense
Years went by without no line exiting Laurens
Experiences had to grow, forming metaphors
Text as part of living, a collection of my inner soul

CHORUS

[Leroy PRC]

Les Gents in the place to be
Don't you wanna join us with the harmony



GARDYLOO (CD Bonus Track)

CHORUS: We filibust you because act smellfungus
Diffuse scuttlebutts on mad men rumpus

You hide out in your band-room
Knockle with yourself until you feel so pandjandrum
Behave like a jackanape, celebrate fandom
Act like a troglodyte with raps in random
And you claim underground and independence
But you sound still junk – gardyloo, you mugwunk!
Your crew is a bunch of orney pettifoggers
With no new sh%t to deliver, unless you're an occephallus
You're a slangwhanging, lollygagging klutz, my friend
With no jam in your jelly and just smocks as fans
I'm laughing off my belly, when your luck might end
You share a bath with the Kelly's, because you love that stench
I can't believe, you just released your diarrhea
Gives me hee-dee-bee-dee's imaging your shmyte in my ear
And then you spread it like a virus, I might mention
That your style's an infringement of human right's convention

CHORUS 2x

Your rhymes taste like geebung in a leaking bunghole
Nor funky, nor geeky – not worth the TP
You might just end it right there, drop the pencil
And save some resources for a more reasonable adventure
Like counting bricks up and down, right in the corner
There's a stack I never needed, you can do with it what you want to
Oh – and have I told you, your flower is a qean
I've seen her do things with men, not even you could do in bed
You're redundant, janky and too hectic
A wanna-be conundrum, imaginary maverick
More like ambassidae with glibberish anatomy
Spreading rigmaroles, twists facts as Bernie Madoff did



But that's the kind of flattering you're used to get
Spent your childhood being mobbed by your family and friends
You slobberneck – with fanfaronading technique
Bumfuzzeling and balderashing perspective

CHORUS 2x