

[EN] Hip Hop Bommi Bop

Hip Hop Bommi Hop

Are you ready?

I came across the ocean on a subway line

Invited to a wedding party of some friends of mine

North, south, east even west

I knew when I arrived the party would be fresh

So my train stopped at the dock

I felt that it was time to hit the hop

To the hip-hip, the hop you don't stop

Yeah, that party rocked

I wanted something to drink and a bite to eat

A place to go party and rock to the beat

So when I turned the corner, to my surprise

I heard a sound that made me realise

I heard a sound when I turned the corner

I knew that, that I was in the corner

I heard the turn the corner what did I hear?

A hundred voices shout loud and clear

This's what I heard them say:

[Eisgekühlter Bommerlunder](#)

[Bommerlunder](#) eisgekühlt

They said:

[Eisgekühlter Bommerlunder](#)

[Bommerlunder](#) eisgekühlt

Und dazu ein belegtes Brot mit Schinken

Ein belegtes Brot mit Ei

Das sind zwei belegte Brote

Eins mit Schinken, eins mit Ei, Ei, Ei...

Check it out

They said the formula for feeling fine

Is to drink [Bommerlunder](#) all the time

So come on you all and you're drinking up

The [Bommerlunder](#) kinda make you shake your butt

Oh yeah this drink is right on time

They said a couple of sips and it can blow your mind

You see to drink [Bommerlunder](#) you don't need class

You can be a smelly bum sitting on your ass

You can be a king or even a queen

And when you drink [Bommerlunder](#) you're on the scene

You see, get something to drink and then stand on your head

[Bommerlunder](#) rock the living and rock the dead

So get off your seat and rock to the beat

To the beat stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp your feet

To the Bomme, Bomme, Bomme, [Bommerlunder](#) beat

So check it out:

[Eisgekühlter Bommerlunder](#)

[Bommerlunder](#) eisgekühlt

They said:

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Und dazu ein belegtes Brot mit Schinken

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Das sind zwei belegte Brote

Eins mit Schinken, eins mit Ei

Toten Hosen in the place to be

All together now

Let me hear you sing:

We don't want to, we don't need to

Do that New York crap

We're rockers, Punkrockers

And this is how we rap

It's gotta be hard

It's gotta be loud

To make us scream and shout. (Wait, wait, Dummkopfs!)

There's no way you can stop us

Once we've started out

You see rapping to the beat is not hard

For me rap-rocking is my job

This stuff you're talking sounds like crap

You don't even understand the meaning of rap

You don't even know how to keep the beat

You all sound like a clown that stare right at me

[I can tell](#) by the clothes and the way you look

That you can never ever make it to the fashion-book

But you can giggle, shout and do shit like that

If you can't keep the beat you'll never make a rap like this

And you don't stop, that's not the way that you rap

You better keep practising all night long

And maybe in a hundred years you'll have a hit song

Well I'm sick and tired of this [Bommerlunder](#)-jive

Going back to New York where the people are alive

So check, check, check it out, Freddy Love is gonna be about

[Eisgekühlter Bommerlunder](#)

[Bommerlunder](#) eisgekühlt...



Song Info

Text	Andi Breiti Campino Kuddel Trini Trimpop
Musik	Andi Breiti Campino Kuddel Trini Trimpop
Erstveröffentlichung	1983