

4 AM

Scooter

You light up another cigarette,
And I pour the wine.
It's four o'clock in the morning,
And it's starting to get light.

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Here we go!
Yeah!
C'mon!

Energy, energy g' gise, for the raving enterprise,
MC, what day is it?
I've lost my f*cking memory.
The master mic enforcer, bass junky's what I am.
I rock you on the dance floor, feel the noise - we got the jam.

I got the classy swag,
Now that's why I get flagged.
More like a taxi cab,
Where are the chicks to check? (down the floor)

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Yeah!

Skibadee skibadee g' gise, I will never compromise,
MC, what time is it?
I've lost my f*cking memory.
The master getting faster, no diggedy's who I am,
That's why I paid the money, going mental and get the jam.

I got the classy swag,
Now that's why I get flagged.
More like a taxi cab,
Where are the chicks to check? (down the floor)

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