

Acknowledgements:

First, to my mother, Dona Jacira, and my daughter Estela, my two favorite universes. To Fióti, my co-pilot and sidekick for life. Now, to all my music and life partners in this life, mainly the ones who believe and keep following me here at Laboratório Fantasma. To the ones around the world that are just like bridges between good things, places or people who need those bridges.

Sometimes, it's hard to believe we can change things but without you all it would have been impossible. I'd like to thank our teams that became family during our stay in Cape Verde and Angola. Thanks for the receptivity, attention and care.

Thank you!

STCD2026



EXICIDA

CHORUS

Rangel, Viana, Gulf, Cazenga then
Marçal, Sambizanga, Calemba 2

One love, love to you
Djavan told me once
That the Earth would sing when it
touched my feet
So much joy made my skin glow
Art is to do, not to own
Nobility lives in us, not on a throne
So we're kings and queens, yes we are
Even among petty laws we go on
Yo! You are only happy

If you know that Africa isn't a country
Forget what the book says, it lies
Connect the dark skin to a happy laugh
I respect your faith, your cross
But we're Odus, 256 strong
All made of shadow and light, beautiful
As sensitive as the candle light
Feel me?

CHORUS

It's in the hips of Cape Verde's girls
And in the eyes of people from Luanda
I wouldn't have even dreamed

That each place I visit would turn into a
samba
In a reality that's grinding
Together with a longing that's smooth
but hurts
So much inequality, the slums, the rich
playboys
Behind a paycheck the shovel of a
superhero

Crazy. So many Orpheus's
Locked into contracts with those who
created sin
Sleeping like flowers in the field
Having a skinny stray dog for an ally
A sudden screech of the tires
They say the Devil came on European
ships
Since then the people have forgotten
That among us everyone was a God

CHORUS

As the poet used to say
Africa is within the children
And the world is outside
Thank you

Vocals: Emicida
Backing Vocals: Anna Trêa & Doni Jr.
Drums: Joel Inga
Guitar: Texas
Bass: Mayó Bass
Percussion: João Morgado & Yaniki
Keyboard & programming: Xuxa Levy
Beats/Scratches: DJ Nyack
Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Estúdio Letras e Sons (Angola) by Valdemar Vilela &
at Mixnova by Mauricio Cersosimo & Alejandra Luciani



It's a jungle out there, alone between
light and shadow
We're stuck in these times
Of warfare, fear and monsters. Hunger
Games style
It is sticks and stones, missiles
Believing only gets harder
Get it straight: it's never been easy
Unkind soil, fossil hope

Samba advised us, listen
An alligator that sleeps becomes a purse
Love, I said it first
It comes down to who's got values against
who's got a price
Follow your guts for it is still "Black God,
White Devil"
Where happiness flashes, it's a bait
And reality snaps, hooked
Run!

CHORUS

Heaven is my father
Earth is my mother
And the whole world is like my home
At 15, the Sahara runs through the
hourglass
At 30, time gets tricky

Fast as a comet
Now faith is in a cage and the dream is in
the drawer
It was through their smile that I came the
same way, for us
Like the Wizard of Oz, my heart is a
tambourine, it speaks
Yes, still beating fast
Between drones and souls, flowers and
luck
If it didn't kill me, it made me stronger
Chaos like a mooring adrift

I won by stubbornness, mocking death
Without love, a home is just a house
Empty of affection, bricks and ceiling,
cold
About chances, I'd like to see them
Sometimes you lose the roof to see the
stars
Get it?

CHORUS

We got used to knowing
That joy can be short
Show me your smile, be careful
For envy sleeps lightly
Creeping around, nightmares are like
canyons.

Ground burning
Never forget the way home

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida

Backing vocals: Pop Black, Sabrina Cersósimo, Amanda Lopes
& Xuxa Levy

Samples, berimbau, percussion, theremin, keyboards
& programming: Xuxa Levy

Children's choir: Students of the Penta Grana School in Cape Verde

Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Kapital Estudios (Cape Verde) & Mixnova by
Mauricio Cersósimo & Alejandra Luciani



A smiling face, my heart skips a beat
 Imperfectly balanced, like a narrow
 backboard
 Black Sorrow, seen so much around
 A mourning chant, weeping, making
 others laugh
 Never forget about you cleaning the floor
 For those asshole playboys, so humiliating
 It's not about revenge, today is about
 redemption
 A life of 'love me not', no faith
 It's hard seeing the weight of the world
 on the back of a woman
 Alexandre in prison, me contemplating
 suicide
 At eight years old, Lady
 Where did you find the strength?
 Gassed, hanging with the gangsters, you
 idiot
 Quoting Malcolm X but with no balls to
 do the dishes
 Talking about gats, guns, late nights,
 posing
 The calls I didn't make are still ringing
 to this day
 From the days playing Djose to the
 Northern Hemisphere
 From when we used to play Djose...

CHORUS

Our hands still fit each other
 I ask the angel to escort me

In all I saw, my mother's voice
 In all I saw, us
 Alone in this uncertain world
 I ask the angel to escort me
 In all I saw, my mother's voice
 In all I saw, us

Another party, love
 Like Orkut, over a thousand friends and I
 remember no one
 Grunge, Alice in Chains
 Whether you live Lady Gaga, or die Pepe
 e Neném
 Daily struggle, edge of the sword, many
 marks
 Slave quarters, cesareans, scars
 Stretch marks, varicose veins, crises
 Like Lulu, it's not always easy
 For us, it's punk
 It's who breast feeds while facing the
 war, the tanks
 The dirty clothes, life without softener
 Bombs all the time
 Lost in a picture, that's only about
 shakedowns and standing in the dock
 facing the judge
 No evidence
 Even my manners are hers
 Blind love, listening with my heart to the
 light in her chest
 It describes the effect she has

Brief, intense, immense,
 Grateful, even for her faults
 These days I see my handwriting in yours
 And my tears wet the pen
 It's challenging, people will freak out
 When I say that I've seen God
 And he was a black woman

CHORUS

(Dona Jacira)

A third son is born
 It's a man
 No, it's still a boy
 Miguel drank in joy
 For three days!
 I said he would come, he's here!
 And I had no idea how it would be
 Someone said
 Children are for the world
 No
 Mine is mine
 I felt the need of something in my life
 Looked for love in fancy things
 So I thought I would love much more someone
 who came out of me
 And nothing else
 I felt like the Earth: sacred
 And what a noise, what a mess!

Jumped out of my womb, and in joy seemed to
 shout
 "It's Saturday, folks!"
 The nun who held him tried to contain his two
 little feet, without luck
 And she said: "What a naughty boy!"
 What are you going to call him, Mum?
 Leandro

Vocals: Emicida

Guitar & backing vocal: Anna Tréa

Acoustic guitar: Doni Jr.

Bass: Samuel Bueno

Programming: DJ Duh

Arranged by: DJ Duh

Special guests: Anna Tréa & Dona Jacira

Recorded at Mixnova by Maurício Cersosimo
 & Alejandra Luciani



AMORAS (Blackberries)

(Emicida/Xuxa Levy)

How fascinating is a child's thinking
So enviable, as pure as Obatalá
We cry at birth, for we're apart from Allah
Even as the Iris brings in the brightest light

Between blackberries and the little one
I say: blackies are the best there is
Sweets, my favorite ones shine in the orchard
I soon notice the joy in the girl's eyes

Luther King would break in tears if he could see
Zumbi would say nothing was in vain
And even Malcolm X would tell someone
That the sweet in the fruits, lullaby-flavored
Helped the kid figure out the conclusion by herself
"Daddy, that's great! Because I'm a blackie too"

Vocals: Emicida

Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Synthesizer & kalimba: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Flap C4 by Gabriel de Barros



As in 'Central Station'. I go by myself
 My steps lead the way
 Praise to the Afro. Ewe, axé, peace to
 Ossaim, hey!
 Other peoples' paths only go as far as
 they have gone before
 From parched ear to swollen ear
 Missing not being noticed, like the death
 of the innocent
 Coolheaded with a boiling heart
 It's been the year of the snake every year
 for 30 years
 It wasn't love, it was a trap
 Voices that weren't ours gathered crowds
 for nothing
 It's a heavy burden, not a fairytale
 Explosive combination, subversive mind,
 coloured like the dawn
 In the land of 'the straightened and the
 dyed'
 And you pretend segregation is a Fringe-
 style fiction
 That's how they tore off the Sphinx's
 nose, man
 Long gone are the days of "names will
 never hurt me"
 Bring it on!

CHORUS

Between success and the dirt
 What's this? This is crazy!

Between success and the dirt
 Poor, I was born with no luck
 Between success and the dirt
 The black man sees a thousand ways to die
 Between success and the dirt
 If you can't fit into the system, you'd better
 face them

Maybe... lost boys, Peter Pan
 In a time of crazy consumption
 No one belongs to anyone, everyone wants
 it all
 Guys, you're still a poem by Gil Vicente
 In the pack all wolves howl
 The storming of the Bastille, blood shines
 like a redhead's pubes
 In the absence of Machado de Assis and
 Xangô
 What's left is the hammer of the judge,
 the doctor
 Sorrow warps the faces here
 Between what won't let you dream and
 what won't let you sleep
 Scar, Dr. Doom, comic books
 I created my world like Raphael Dragoon
 and vanished
 We never got that messed up history
 Indian blood, black sweat and white
 churches?
 Playing defense
 Urging the kids to respect the teachers
 That the police beat down

CHORUS

Big up the ends
 21st Century
 We're here
 Who would have thought it
 In the Information Age
 Stupidity dealing the cards
 Ignorance dealing the cards
 Let's go after the information, man
 Slow the game down
 Understand what's happening around us
 Do you get me? Bro
 Together we stand tall
 Never forget. OK?
 The streets are ours

Vocals: Emicida

Guitar: Texas

Bass: Mayó Bass

Drums: Joel Inga

Percussion: Yaniki, Carlos Café & Julio César

Keyboards, vocals, programming & Hammond organ: Xuxa Levy

Scratches: DJ Nyack

Arranged by: Xuxa Levy & Rafael Tudesco

Recorded at Letras e Sons (Angola) by
 Valdemar Vilela, Studio Milionário dos Sonhos
 by Emicida & Mixnova by Mauricio Cersosimo
 & Alejandra Luciani



Bahian girl, you messed me up
 I'm stoked about your colour, Nagô,
 your guidance
 Your laugh is like Olodum playing at
 Pelourinho
 Femadum's Day, drums, joy
 If it reminds me of Malé, I like it a lot
 Tororó's Dam, Oyó Empire
 Coming down from Orum, oh beautiful
 Oxum
 Nothing like it anywhere in the world
 The white from Abaeté Lake's sands
 It's in your smile, I'm knocked off my feet
 The mermaid's chant comes smoothly,
 I'm chillin'
 Damage, darkie, I'm tripping on your Axé

CHORUS

My head is going crazy
 With just one kiss on the corner of my
 mouth
 Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy
 With that one little kiss, just one little kiss

Bahian girl, it's good to have you here
 In Salvador from here, Salvador Dali
 Bahia by the hands of Master Didi
 From the sun that tans the Kariri
 A Yoruba myth, so beautiful
 Amaralina water, moonshine drops

A delight to the eyes, a rite of passage
 Reminds me of Clementina singing
 February the 2nd, day of the Queen
 White for some, beautifully black for us
 Like Our Lady, my protector
 Bathing in popcorn, shell necklace
 Pagode in line at Ribeira, Cajazeira
 Down the flume, the whole lot
 Steady down the hill
 A bunch of colours, it reminds me of
 Raimundo Oliveira
 My heart, your position, the first

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida
 Special guest: Caetano Veloso
 Acoustic guitar: Dedé
 Percussion: Márcio Brasil, Cobra,
 Emicida & Gustavo Di Dalva
 Rhodes piano: Xuxa Levy
 Programming & keyboards: DJ Duh
 Arranged by: DJ Duh & Emicida

Recorded at Studio Flap C4 by
 Gabriel Barros, Studio Milionário
 dos Sonhos by Emicida & Mixnova
 by Mauricio Cersosimo &
 Alejandra Luciani



Falling down from exhausting flights
Complicated and contemplative
Hurt after so many riddles
Armoured with our reasons

Burnt-out, introspective
Hooked on antidepressants
Hidden between records and books
Harmless

Will the Sun leave on a better flight
I'll wait, maybe in Spring
The sky will clear up and the heat will
come
What's left of us and what's gone

Collapsing, the planet spins, so many lies
Raising the wrath of those who suffer in
silence
The page turns, the sane rave on, so we
go mad
And in the middle of it all

We're like

CHORUS

Birds flying free.
Willing to find a nest
Even if it's on each other's chest

Laiá, laiá, laiá, laiá
Laiá, laiá, laiá, laiá
Laiá, laiá, laiá, laiá
Laiá, laiá, laiá, laiá

Babylon is grey and neon. I know
My best friend has been the sound. OK
So much Karma reminds me of
Armageddon. I prayed
Seeking new life like an ultrasonic scan.
I've found
Cities are dead villages, a nonsense
challenge
Pointless competition where no one wins
Think of an anthill, it's not going well
When people become things, heads
become steps
At the pace things go, yo
Soon there won't be enough wood for
coffins
What used to be mist, is now pollution
Hot tarmac burns feet to the ground
Cars abounding, confusion
Shortage of water, right on our turn
Not even the cockroaches will make it
The wrongful make the law and what's
left for you?
To choose which poison kills you
For we are like...

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida
Special guest: Vanessa da Mata
(Courtesy of Sony Music/Jaboticaba)
Guitar: Kaku Alves
Bass: Vando Alberto
Drums: Ndu Carlos
Keyboards, ukulele & programming: Xuxa Levy
Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Studio Flap C4 by Gabriel Barros, Studio Milionário
dos Sonhos by Emicida & at Mixnova by Mauricio Cersosimo
& Alejandra Luciani





Bro, since you've been gone
 Everyday someone asks about you
 Where did he go? Has he moved? Died?
 Got married?
 Behind bars? Rehab? Is that so? Why?
 Bro, yesterday the sun didn't come up
 Your mother cries, she can't forget
 That pain comes uninvited, you felt it,
 fought it
 Yeah, man, she's unharmed, she still
 believes she will see you again
 Bro, your girl smiled
 But it was a dream and when she saw it,
 she woke up sad

Took your name to the priest, prayed,
 searched everywhere
 Facebook, Google, the morgue, police
 station (and nothing)
 Bro, give your folks a shout
 Seeing you again means life
 Young guns on the streets are like:
 "Yo, Big Man, where's that nigga that
 used to laugh with us? Where is he?"

Bro, what's up, I'm stoked to see you
 Wicked, but let me tell you something
 You can't do that, you're wrong to think
 that no one loves you
 And back here, everyone is thinking the

worst has happened
 Bro, let's get it straight, swear to me
 It's done and that now it's all sorted
 That'll do, and I can leave with the weight
 of my chest
 I want to see your family happy in the
 hood

CHORUS

I can hardly wait
 To see you again, coming back to us
 Your voice at the gate, the door slams
 Light up a happy smile
 It's gonna be so good!
 Like São João
 It's gonna be so good!
 Just like New Year's Eve
 It's gonna be so good!
 Cosme and Damião
 It's gonna be so good!
 So, so, so, so good!

Bro, since you've been gone
 Everyday someone asks about you
 Where did he go? Has he moved? Died?
 Got married?
 Behind bars? Rehab? Is that so? Why?
 Bro, yesterday the sun didn't come up

Your mother cries, she can't forget
 That pain comes uninvited, you felt it, fought it
 Yeah, man, she's unharmed, she still believes
 she will see you again
 Bro, your girl smiled
 But it was a dream and when she saw it, she
 woke up sad
 Took your name to the priest, prayed, searched
 everywhere
 Facebook, Google, the morgue, police station
 (and nothing)
 Bro, give your folks a shout
 Seeing you again means life
 Young guns on the streets are like:
 "Yo, Big Man, where's that nigga that used to
 laugh with us? Where is he?"

Bro, what's up, I'm stoked to see you
 Wicked, but let me tell you something
 You can't do that, you're wrong to think that
 no one loves you
 And back here, everyone is thinking the worst
 has happened
 Bro, let's get it straight, swear to me
 It's done and that now it's all sorted
 I won't lie to you, man
 I sometimes see your picture at home
 My eyes can't take it, they swell up with tears

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida
 Special guests: Batucadeiras do
 Terrero dos Órgãos
 Backing vocals & handclaps:
 Batucadeiras do Terrero dos Órgãos
 Acoustic guitar & cavaquinho:
 Kaku Alves
 Drums & dikanza: Ndu Carlos
 Percussion: Emicida
 Flute, keyboards & Rhodes piano:
 Xuxa Levy
 Programming: Emicida & Xuxa Levy
 Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Kapital Studios
 (Cape Verde) & Mixnova by Maurício
 Cersosimo & Alejandra Luciani



CHORUS

As much as you run, brother
Nobody cares about your war
That is the truth

Have you seen them cry over Orisha's
colour?

And what about these police vans, what
are they?

Slave ships resuming trade
Favelas are still slave quarters, man
Time bombs about to explode

The sea was salted by black peoples'
tears

Straight talk, like skeletons, from
another dialect

Only foes, living like insects, in the dirt
Restitution? To be tagged as pariahs
Homeless nations, Angola, Keto, Congo,
Soweto

The same colour as Eto'o's, the majority
in the ghettos

Monstrous kidnappings, pick up the dark-
skinned, abduct them

Violence adapts itself, one day it will
come back to you

Like concentration camps, tears in vain
Decent living wanted, a stigma.

resentment

Work makes you free, or not

The Nazis nearly wiped out the Jews with
that sentence - to extinction

Depression on top

Having been screwed and having too
smile afterwards for too long

Like a Jackass, a Loch Ness-like mystery,
seriously

The theme of the university you can't set
a foot in

You know, I know

That even Bin Laden is made in USA

Crazy times where KKK wears Obey
(Word!)

Just take a look, I told you so

In this annoying equation, police kills -
Pow!

Will the doctor save him? No! Why not?
He has the colour of a thief

Contempt, invention, malicious intent
Mind-blowing inversion, distorted news

My blood on the hands of the radical
Christian

Transcendental questions, don't shock
opinion

Silence and face to the floor, heard
about it?

Can harassment be forgotten? So much
aggression drives you mad

The tabloid wins, with mourning and audience
Solving poor education with a license to kill in
self-defense

You'll read about it in the cyber era

The books that have stolen our past like
Alzheimer's

You'll see, I do it like in Burkina Faso

We want to own the circus

We're tired of living like clowns

It's like Moses and the Hebrews, stepping into
the dark

Where is up to the enemy to define what's
offensive

That's crazy, man

As vengeful as water and sodium

Keep track, no custody

And wait for the next episode

You say we have big cocks

Just wait until you see our rage

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida

Special guest: J. Ghetto

Programming: Emicida & Nave

Samples: Nave

Arranged by: Nave

Recorded at Mixnova by Maurício Cersosimo
& Alejandra Luciani



(Emicida/Rafael Tudesco/Drik Barbosa/Rico Dalasam/Amiri/Raphão Alaaafin/Muzzike)

CHORUS

They want someone who comes from
where we came
To be more humble, to obey
Never fight back, pretend that you
forgot the whole thing
I want them to go...!

They want someone who comes from
where we came
To be more humble, to obey
Never fight back, pretend that you
forgot the whole thing
I want them to go...!

Never gave us a fucking thing!
Never fucking remembered about us!
Never gave us a fucking thing!
Never fucking remembered about us!

[Drik Barbosa]

I'm Storm, but entered your mind like
Jean Grey.
I cursed, who says a girl can't be a
sensei?
I swayed, yes I know, since Santa Cruz
Playboys, I shocked them
Like Racionais did in "Hey, Boy!"
So much offense, intensive fight that
denies my presence

Enough! I'm the voice of the black girls
who joined the resistance
Homie rhyme on the conduct, break
down, listen to me
In the era of the fruit-women, I came as
a poison girl

The system is a failure, it spends, drags
down those who can't swim
Enough with Globeleza, cool? Such a
fail!

Odé, hard rhyming, broad, I talk like Tim
Maia indeed

Kick them moron's asses, Mayan
calendar-style

Black feminism hits hard, it's a riot
And today you're going out scared of
p****y!!

Drik Barbosa, don't forget it
If some make you tip the hat, we will
tear your head off!

[Amiri]

But yo, without identity we're but
objects from History
which worships the "hero", forges, hides
the righteous from the story
Appropriation from ages, we've seen
plenty of those
but that doesn't mean I defecate on the
scum, yo!
Think I didn't see it? I've felt Sundi's
heritage...

Oh yeah, I don't die as an uncommon and
Zumbi's heir for a change
Hold the boom, yo, it's the i to the i to the i,
make it four I don't mind
If they want me blind, I dare them to see
one of us succumb (no)

For the honor came Man... Dume: Hands off
of my mother!

Do you smell the fear? You'll need
more flair, this is the value of the reals,
"expensive"

To the call of Alimamo: Nkosi Sikelel', yo!

Only those with banzo can feel it (got it?), I
can't possibly be clearer!

Look where the ghetto folks go, taking from
those who want the decrease

Respect, is there any for me? A protagonist,
he's black, I came from the ghetto

Show what differs, it isn't genital or
"monkey!" that hurts, like throwing me to
the wolves, I get by selling teeth collars and
fur coats!

[Rico Dalasam]

Black people's memes

Inspire me to wanna have a rifle

White people's memes

Won't bring Yan, Gamba and Big back

You may pull my tooth with a plier, but I
won't be a puppet

to whom spoil the meal

I'm fire on your whip while the alternative
is death

to keep the idea alive

Can't live in a jail, don't want your
approval, seeing my mom throw roses
I'm the carnation, brought up between
trained thorns with the plagues in the
garden

And I've died so many times before you
shredding me with bullets, won't leave a
mark in our souls, smile

To shine is to resist in this field of burdens
(Holy fuck, yo!)

CHORUS

[Muzzike]

Put my symbol on, embroider my mantle for
I'll go up as king

You live from my scar, I'm still to see
someone bleed like I bled

With my mind spinning, as free as Kunta
Kinte, I'll be whatever I want

It's still to be born a playboy that can
understand how it was like having chains in
their feet

As bogus as Kleber Aran, the empty ones
embrace

The tucano Revolution, right-wing hip hop
Sweet in your mouth, inhalant in your hand,
tell the world to fuck itself

It's the crackheads from Faria Lima Avenue,
yo, blasé crackland
Jesus hustling in a striped polo, a gradient
cut

Get that 2Pac poster that you'll never be like
Original favela golden era street in the mike
Now playboys play gangsta, yesterday we used to steal your Nikes (go, go, go!!!)
Ghetto underdogs against gate pitbulls
Muzzike, a maid's son, I own those assholes
I walk with the death in my pocket, a thorn in my heart
What are the hyenas laughing about, if the lion is still the king of the savannas?

[Raphão Alaafin]
Sing to praise, nigga
Your king has arrived
Alaafin, I came from Oyó Xangô
From Mali to Cuando
From the yorubá to the bantu
We don't have a pope
Neither in our language nor in our writings
No, not under my term, brother
Put your spear down
Failed shotgun
Double back on the boat, Europe bows
No crooked talk on rap, I command the troop
No Eucharist in my chanting
They see me standing in Bahia, turn back in the Atlantic
Trying to take us down is old business

Today, they come from the avenues, but have crossed the sea before
Oyá, we all have the compass of a good place
Some point to Lisbon, I'm looking for Omongwa
If the mind from here on is an enemy
The heart says it's no wrong, so proceed

[Emicida]

Pains in loop like Lupicínio, assholes say "symian" - what?
When they see a Simonal they can fuck with
Big as a Ron Mueck, you feel me, kid? Zé do Carão
Want a better Photoshop than a stack of chips?
Rappers selling like coke, that's a fact
No, no, better, between us there's no ratheads
Brazil, abroad, capital, countryside
Come see us laughing with the chest full of grudge
How could I have predicted that all those freestyles
Necessary, would give me a Miley Cyrus' collection
Mixed Marley, Cairo, Harley and it stood still
Like Mario, I went down the pipe, but took the princess
Many say I'm no saint, magnet to envy is banto

Went to Xuxa's to see what to do if someone from down below writes to you so much
I'm for the progress, and the favelas got it
Consier it, if misery is tough imagine me
Scorsese, my thesis, don't fear, don't owe, so short
The ghetto's victories
Light for those that serve, who know the glory
Now look at the blacks
Call it

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida
Special guests: Drik Barbosa/Rico Dalasan/Amiri/
Raphão Alaafin/Muzzike
Background choir: Fattó Djakité
Percussion: Ndu Carlos, Carlos Café e Julio César
Programming: Rafael Tudesco e Emicida
Samples: Rafael Tudesco
Vocals (child): Raul Ferreira
Arranged by: Rafael Tudesco

Recorded at Mixnova by Maurício Cersosimo &
Alejandra Luciani & Kapital Estúdios (Cape Verde)



CHORUS

Madagascan nights
How many stars I've seen
There, in your eyes
Things which
I can get used to easily
I can get used to easily
Blue skies, green seas
Birds, birds, birds, singing
Are things which
I can get used to easily
I can get used to easily

Life in a flash, film noir, sexy, classy,
Renoir
As if she danced, leaves, waves and
beauty scent the air
In this world of Oduduwa, from skin to
flower
God help us, dear Pablo Neruda, it is 100
Love Sonnets

Mia Couto's verses, where I used to laugh
and sounds match
Teach me how a good kiss never ends,
it's surreal
How it hurts me that someone may wish
the worst on you, yeah, true pain

From the wind's caress we sprawl

With all the time on our side
If pain is a cactus, let's make a deal since
you dig the plan
Let the foam dance at your feet for it
takes away the setbacks
I love the...

CHORUS

And when the sun sleeps
We make love, so special for me
Pollen, flower
May time go where it want
A huge shocking splendor

Like Patois, laughing to mock, I came
from the mafua
Where wounds, torture, stings like a
dagger
It lasts, pet me with your kindness
I can't tell if it's my healing or ours
It is hand, waist, strength, the result is
a mix

Hugs that nearly suffocate, feelings that
blow like popcorn
OK? Did you get it? You crazy girl
So much affection, how many paths lead
to your mouth

In a shining dawn, other lives, other fronts
Like the sky and the sea, they separate but meet
again later on
I love the...

CHORUS

Vocals: Emicida & Fattó Djakité
Backing vocals: Jonas Paulo & Fattó Djakité
Acoustic guitar: Kaku Alves
Bass: Robinho Tavares
Percussion: Ndu Carlos
Rhodes piano, keyboards & special effects: Xuxa Levy
Programming: Emicida & Xuxa Levy
Beats/Scratches: DJ Nyack
Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Mixnova by Mauricio Cersosimo &
Alejandra Luciani & at Kapital Studios



CHORUS

Life has taken each one of us
To a corner, tormented, spread out like
lonely stars
Leaves in the wind, and then so much
later, the four elements
My family, my people, full partnership

Uuuuh, uh uh uh! Uuuuuuuuh!!!
Uuuuh, uh uh uh! Uuuuuuuuh!!!
Uuuuh, uh uh uh! Uuuuuuuuh!!!
Uuuuh, uh uh uh! Uuuuuuuuh!!!

[Nego Doido]

Big Up, Nigga, real streetology is in the
house
Reminding you all, East, West, North,
South of our Brazil
Check this out nigga! Shake your
brother's hand, who's by your side
You're all allies, Brazilian rap makes us
stronger
We know that each one took their own
path, one brother went one way
Another minded his business, and just
look at the result
We found each other! Hey, Emicida
Leandro (Big up!)
Nego Doido making some tunes

[Emicida]

As calm as the morning mist
Roots, Studio One on the screen
I carry on with my life
Like Fernando Alonso's monster style
I'm still in the race
I come from a humble house
Ghetto, Favela
You must have swing
To play on the pans
Listening to beautiful Ella Fitzgerald
A routine to envy Bela Gil
It's horror, like Alligator

In those raps that plant terminator seeds
You may come, but don't try too hard, I
won't let you
Better call Yudi and go for your
Playstation
Thanks, Cape Verde, sisters and brothers
Thanks, Angola, you shine like a rare
stone
We're still the same, hip hop can't stop
If the world is sick, I got the rhymes to
heal it

Like Saravá, you feel me?
Isaque, Carlos, hot shit bro
King of Diamba, yeah, I'm humbled
Believe me, I didn't forget it
Like Lakers, Tico, Vinicius, Djose

Zala, Flôti, with me from day one
I said better days would come
New hearts would tune in
Between laws that damage, don't value the
purity in a person's heart

If dumb hate is now trending
I came to be the smart love saying "Better
watch it!"
Big up, Ni Brisant, Big up, Renan Inquérito
Big up, Rodrigo Ciriaco, Big up, Sérgio Vaz
The street is us
Peace

CHORUS

[Nego Doido]

Honouring the truest, the outcasts
Who live on the edge of society, on the
outskirts
May the humility of getting organized take us
to this unique culture of ours
We have to be conscious and organized on
our own

If the jail is organized, the streets must be too
Thank you so much, I leave you a hug, a
peaceful axé brother
To all niggas, that's the way it is
The truest, the crazy cats, the graffiti artists
Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Salvador

Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Salvador
Yo, nigga, this is the hood! Thank you so
much
A hug to you all, bless!

Vocals: Emicida & Nego Doido
Backing vocals & handclaps: Lakers
& Pá, Xuxa Levy, Djose, Alejandra
Luciani, Enio César, Manno G
& Emicida.
Guitar: Texas
Bass: Mayó Bass
Drums: Joel Inga
Tambourine: Carlos Café
Percussion: João Morgado & Yaniki
Piano & programming: Xuxa Levy
Scratches: DJ Nyaack
Arranged by: Xuxa Levy

Recorded at Mixnova by Maurício
Cersosimo & Alejandra Luciani & at
Estúdio Letras e Sons by Valdemar
Vilela



SODADE (hidden track)

(Neusa Semedo)

Cape Verdean Creole]

liiaaaa, aiiiaaaaaaaa
liiaaaa, aiiiaaaaaaaa
liiaaaaia
aa . liiaaaaia a

Ai, sodade ki nka podi kual
liiaaaa, aiiiaaaaaaaa
liiaaaa, aiiiaaaaaaaa
liiaaaaia, liiaaaaia
Ai
ia ai Sin sabebe fica di patrás

Vocal: Neusa Semedo

WORKERS OF BRAZIL (hidden track)

(Marcelino Freire)

While Zumbi works in the sugarcane fields
On Pernambuco's coast
Oloroke sells meat from Monday to Monday
Nobody lives here lying on their black butt
You hear me well?

While we dance on the tip of the bottle
Odé works as a security guard
Catching criminals that won't respect
Who don't earn the bread that Tição kneaded honestly
While Obatalá did the work for many people
Who never carried a sack of cement
Do you hear me?

While Olorum works as busfare counter
In that dreadful traffic trance
Ossonhe dreams of a new love
To win a ticket or two
At the Pelourinho's turbulent square
Do oral, anal sex with whoever shows up
Can you hear me well?

While queen Quelé cleans cesspits
Sambongo - Boom! It seems to make good money
Because people gather to applaud

Sambongo in the shit jumping from a bridge
Can you hear me well?
Can you hear me well?
Can you hear me well?
Huh, huh, huh? White piece of shit!
No one here is a slave!

Vocal: Marcelino Freire

Recorded at Villa Studio by
Caio Teaser



1	Mufete
2	Casa
3	Mãe feat. Anna Tréa & Dona Jacira
4	Amoras
5	8
6	Baiana feat. Caetano Veloso
7	Passarinhos feat. Vanessa da Mata (courtesy of Sony Music / Jabuticaba)
8	Chapa feat. Batucadeiras do Têrro dos Órgãos
9	Boa Esperança
10	Mandume feat. Drik Barbosa, Rico Dalasam, Amiri, Raphão Alaafin, Muzzike
11	Madagascar
12	Salve Black "Esilo Livre"

A Laboratório Fantasma production directed by Evandro Fiófi and Emicida. All tracks mixed at Mixnova by Maurício Cersósimo assisted by Alejandra Luciani and mastered at Masterdisk, New York by Tony Dawsey

Project created by: Evandro Fiófi, Emicida and Renata Almeida

Musical production: Xuxa Levy

Co-production: Emicida

Art Direction: Adriel Nunes

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