

CHICKO

MV EGON:

In the morning I get up, wash my face
 Look in the mirror, that ain't me
 Chickos time is over
 He comes to me and says „Get going“
 I don't quite get it
 Ask him like every morning: „Have you put the coffee on?“
 He says: „No, I now leave you to yourself“
 His 14 months has gone by for us in no time
 We will meet again, the world is a small place
 Don't fuck up on the outside, don't come back in
 First take a holiday in the sun
 Outside it happens, the life that is worth living
 That you have to understand, even if things sometimes go wrong
 Then you just have to grit your teeth even a bit more
 I believe in you, and not only me
 Many others also wish that you, Chicko do without drugs,
 That you go straight and give a fuck about every bad influence
 You come from the MV (Märkisches Viertel, a gritty neighbourhood)
 I know myself how hard it is to get something started there
 You have the feeling that everyone

wants to steal from you
 Everyone only thinks of themselves there
 Do your own thing, Chicko, I believe in you
 And keep your hands off drugs, drugs are false
 Your back gets bent by them
 Feels betrayed by mankind, drawn down
 Chicko, I believe in you and not only me
 The other freaks here, too
 Kwitschie, his philosophy
 In the end always turned out to be a therapy
 Wagner, out of it, but always on it
 Who knows, maybe he will turn out to be a narc
 Peske, he wears a bullet-proof vest that is also why he always gave us a hard time
 To you, Chicko, only the best
 You were a painter and decorated my cell
 As a ‚thank you‘ I tattooed Chicko onto your arm
 Together we have scribbled our names
 On the prison wall
 The time with you has shown me
 For you, my brother I go out of my way
 Even further than infinity

Everyone needs to know
 This song should not be dissed
 The lines come from the heart,
 Describing painful times
 No need to joke about our suffering
 We fought for each other as if our life depended on it
 We knew very well that nothing comes for free
 Simply blew our problems out of the way
 Now we are ready to sink our former lives
 The hours behind bars gave us time to consider
 To finally understand that we can also make it
 Because we, Chicko and Little Egon, exist
 Kwitschie, his philosophy
 In the end always turned out to be a therapy
 Wagner, out of it, but always on it
 Who knows, maybe he will turn out to be a narc
 Peske, he wears a bullet-proof vest
 That is also why he always gave us a hard time
 To you, Chicko, only the best