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Vinca lyrics

Look at your sneakers, dude, where've you been?
You won't believe me, man, it's Vinča I've just seen.
Oh! Had no idea you're from that hood.
Nah, bro, was witnessin' destruction of fake goods.

Boss-man sends me there, cause fake goods seized up
Counterfeit chocolate eggs gonna be destroyed right now.
The landfill in Vinča is my destination for today
So I get into my ride, turn the key, I'm on my way.

As I pass by Ustanička St., a boulevard slithers down
Speeding like a snail, I dive into the fog.
Suburban scenery unveils as I get out of smog:
Houses, lights and canines – nothing like my Zemun bog!

At the Institute of Vinča the atoms split and bend
A local grillery breathes out an intoxicating scent.
307-Vinča bus brakes right before my ride
An old hag leaps and blocks the road with her behind.

The church tolls its bell, I make the sign of cross
A monophonic whistle of an old man at the post.
A merry plastic bag surfs the Danube waves
Sticky gooey masses sleep at river banks.

The people of Vinča are an ancient crowd, dude,
The Neolithic times had no angry attitude.
The story goes on still, they're cooler than the rest,
When they ask me stuff about 'em, I say nothing but THE BEST!

The landfill of Vinča in its might and shine,
I arrive at last to the chocolate eggs of mine.
My sneaker gets stuck in a gelatinous matter
A jolly garbage man spills his beer onto filth batter.

Twenty-three thousand seized chocolate eggs
Chillin' not knowing that this is where it ends.
A happy forklift crushes 'em with its mighty spoon
The landfill will remain in my bloodstream for good!

Stale brown smell blankets the whole country
Catharsis shakes my being from the stench so sultry
Teary-eyed, I start the car and take the road home
That's OK cause the smell of Vinča'll be forever in my bones.