

OFFICIAL EP LYRIC BOOKLET

Tango

TWO TRACKS / ONE MOVEMENT / BUILT FOR THE FLOOR

Mr. Brok3n / Released Oct 4, 2025

Lyrics by Eric Wright

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TRACK LIST

01 **Blue Eyed Rebel**

02 **Punchline**

TRACK 01

Blue Eyed Rebel

Tango / Mr. Brok3n / Lyrics by Eric Wright

VERSE 1

Saw you walk in, spotlight glow,
Blue-eyed fire, lost control.
Smirk on your face, attitude loud,
Shook the room when you cut through the crowd.

Sass in the step, can't look away,
Spin it back, yeah—let it play!
[Funk guitar licks slide up, keys riff behind,
Backing vocals echo:]“play, play, play!”

CHORUS

“Say what?!”

Blue-eyed Rebel, lightin' the floor,
Every glance hittin' harder than before.
Got me twisted, caught in the vibe,
Band cuts quick—then drops back alive.

Blue-eyed Rebel, runnin' the show,
Movin' slick, make the whole room glow.
Got me shoutin', can't hold it inside,
Every step boomin' like a bassline ride.

VERSE 2

[Saxophone riff slides in, walking with the bass.
Groove steadies into a strut, hi-hats ticking tight.
Vocals lean playful, cocky grin in the delivery]
Curves like a wave when you move that way,
Got the whole spot locked, nothin' to say.
Eyes so bright, they mess with my head,
One little smirk and I'm gone, I'm dead.

BRIDGE

[Horn section swells, stabbing between each line.
Band shouts hype ad-libs over the groove.]
Got the whole crowd stuck in the sway,
Every little move makes the beat obey.
Your vibe hits sweet, sugar on track,
Smell got me thinkin' fresh cookies out the rack.

“Say what?!”

Blue-eyed Rebel, lightin' the floor,
Every glance hittin' harder than before.
Got me twisted, caught in the vibe,
Band cuts quick—then drops back alive.

Blue-eyed Rebel, runnin' the show,
Movin' slick, make the whole room glow.
Got me shoutin', can't hold it inside,
Every step boomin' like a bassline ride.
[Full shout, doubled vocals, the band and crowd all in.
Backing vocals chant] “Rebel!”
Blue-eyed Rebel, lightin' the floor,
Every glance hittin' harder than before.
Got me twisted, caught in the vibe,
Band drops out—then slams back alive.
Blue-eyed Rebel, runnin' the show,
Movin' slick, make the whole room glow.
Got me shoutin', can't hold it inside,
Every step boomin' like a bassline

TRACK 02

Punchline

Tango / Mr. Brok3n / Lyrics by Eric Wright

VERSE 1

I don't chase, I stroll,
You're already under my control.
Got you guessing what I mean,
When I'm sipping on my routine.

"spotlight glow"

I don't lift a single hand,
Still you're tripping on my command.
Sweet like sugar, sharp like glass,
Bet you never saw it pass.

CHORUS

I'm the spark you can't contain,
Sunny smile, I light up the floor.
You're the joke, I'm the punchline hit,
Try to play me, I don't quit.

Drip of gold, a velvet sting—
Baby, I'm the real thing.

Your blue eyes thought they owned the room,
But I lit the match, watched it bloom.
Confidence dressed up in lace,
You run the show? I own the space.

"rebel ... rebel... rebel..."

You're a page, I'm the whole dang book,
Steal your crown with a sideways look.
Catch my laugh, it cuts like steel,
Guess you know now what is real.

BRIDGE

No sword to swing, no storm to chase,
I wink once—DJ, cut the bass.

I don't shout, I don't need proof,
Every step's a living truth.

CHORUS

I'm the spark you can't contain,
Sunny smile, I light up the floor.
You're the joke, I'm the punchline hit,
Try to play me, I don't quit.

I'm the spark you can't contain,
Sunny smile, I light up the floor.
You're the joke, I'm the punchline hit,
Try to play me, I don't quit.

—
"she don't chase!"
Drip of gold, a velvet sting—
Baby, I'm the real thing.

Drip of gold, a velvet sting—
Baby, I'm the real thing.

I don't chase, I let you fall,
Wasn't even trying at all.

Swagger's not a borrowed crown—
I just wear it, that's my sound.