

Chris 49 - Partyanimal on the fast lane

Yo, raise a glass for Chris, the day is finally here Where Chris stands, the party ignites—no room for fear! Rocking 'til the dead of night, the ceiling's coming down the wildest birthday king that's ever worn the crown! The dancefloor's shaking, the hall is turning to a pit A festival of fire, yeah, this is really it! And when the smoke clears, he's back in the machine Designing lightning strikes, the sharpest engines ever seen!

Chris turns Fortynine! Chris got the Power! Taking over Control!
He's a Partyanimal! a Partyanimal on the Fast Lane!

Valve control, exhaust pipe, let the pistons scream and shout his Motorbike engines turning all the rivals out! Connecting rods are flying when he hits the redline speed He's the master of the metal, fulfilling every need! From Munich to the peaks, where the air is getting thin A hard-core athlete with the fire in his heart! TSV mountain king, holding down the hut Then skating through the workout even after mountain climb!

Skis, bikes, cars... he's got it in his grip. Life in the fast lane, never gonna slip. But catch him by the fire, where the cards are on the table, Family nights, cozy vibes—he's strong and he is stable.

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Party-Beast-Mix

HE'S GOT THE POWER! HE'S GOT THE LONG HAIR! HE'S RUNNING WILD! HE'S A PARTY BEAST! HE'S A PARTY BEAST!

Chris 49 - His Life

Augsburg, Nineteen-Seventy-Seven, a fire was lit from the very first day, he was making a hit He's not slowing down, no, he's just getting strong Forty-nine years young, and he's right where he belongs! He's a mountain king, where the air is cold and thin A sports club legend with a warrior's grin!

He's the master of the hut, keepin' spirits high Watching over valleys under Touring skies from the peaks to the pavement, hear the engine roar He's always coming back for more!

It's the Life of Chris! Forty-Nine and he's on Fire! Chris is the Name! Taking it higher! A family man, a mountain soul the party king out of control! Chris! It's his Time! It's his Life!

See him on the asphalt, chrome shining bright A motorcycle rebel in the morning light Down the ski slopes screaming, carving through the snow Wherever there's a fast lane, that's where Chris will go! But when the sun goes down and the cards are dealt the warmth of the family is all that is felt!

Forty-nine years of grit and pride! Chris is taking us on a hell of a ride! Raise your glasses! Don't look back! He's the leader of the pack!

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Hey DJ Gardener

Here comes a word fi mi Bredren DJ-Gärtner, DJ Andi from Augsburg, Haunstetten side. Listen now – when him step pon di decks, Di whole crowd turn irie, irie worldwide. Di man got di greenest thumb, can grow all kinda herbs and plants fi lift di spirit high. Strong like a mighty tree, and him climb like ivy reachin' to di sky.

Him nuh only play music – him play cards too, But watch out if yuh sit at di table, Cause di man a champion inna every game him do. Him always find di sweetest grooves and di hottest vibration, Pure roots selection, deep meditation.

Hey DJ Gardener, mek di plants dem grow, Hey DJ Gardener, mek di riddim flow, Light up di dancefloor, mek di whole place glow! Hey DJ Gardener, mek di plants dem grow, Hey DJ Gardener, mek di riddim flow, Light up di dancefloor, mek di whole place glow!

Him sound system legendary – member how him mash up di dancehall and even rock di highest mountain hut? Him always carry di sound inna him pocket, Droppin' irie tunes pon di beach or inna di snow pon ski expedition. DJ Andi nuh only know riddim and vibes, Him know di mountains and di heights of life. When him deh pon di rope, di whole team reach di summit safe and strong, Guided by rhythm, steady and long.

Him know roots, him know reggae, him know sunshine pon island days, Campfire nights, music blaze, Him sound burn deep inna wi hearts, bring joy and laughter, Mek di gyal dem smile and shine ever after.

Jah give him di beat, Jah give him di flow, Jah mek him riddim fall soft like powder snow. Guidin' wi journey through valleys and peaks, Soundtrack of freedom every soul it seeks.

Hey DJ Gardener, mek di plants dem grow, Hey DJ Gardener, mek di riddim flow, Light up di dancefloor, mek di whole place glow!

Blessings and love to DJ Andi, Di stage belong to yuh tonight. Step up, spread di vibration, Mek wi rock di party inna Jah light.

DJ Meister

Yo, here comes DJ Meister, straight out the A-Town heat, Rocking the party, keeping 'em moving with the heavy beat. I'm talking truth, man, the hottest sounds you ever felt, when he hits the room, the frozen hearts begin to melt. Remember club nights? Chasing girls, having fun, Before the sun came up, we were the chosen ones. A polymath, yeah, renovating houses with style, Like the way he rides the snowboard, Lord of the Board!

Meister on the track, yeah, the bass is getting louder, Steep hills, high speed, he's the king of the powder! From the Atlantic waves to the IT Throne, a Augsburg legend, in a league of his own.

Off-piste, no fear, down the steepest hill he flies, Topless on the snow, caught the glare in all the ladies' eyes. Movie camera rolling, capturing the classic days, then we hit the French coast, chasing down the Atlantic haze. Too short boards, too big waves, swallowing the salty sea. Learning how to drive, tires screaming in a minor key. Lost the exhaust pipe, hellish noise across the border, But the mixtapes in the deck kept the Mayhem in order!

His garden parties? Legendary. V.I.P. only, please. Average Joes stay outside, looking through the trees. Like a hacker at the gates, you ain't getting through the net, He's the Master of IT, the safest bet Augsburg gonna get.

Recorded in the house of friends, tapes still burning hot, When he's on the stage, he takes the only winning slot. The floor is boiling over, yeah, the girls getting wild, The boys go crazy for the sound, yeah, that's DJ-Meister! Kick it! It's over now, the mood is reaching the peak, Peace to the man Meister, the legend that we seek. We out.