

Pumpkinhead f/ Archrival

"Swordfish"

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[Pumpkinhead]

Yo, Marco turn my head.. what the hell?!

Yo, the beat's backward dawg

Marco, put down that cigarette man

Put it forwards, let's go

Aight, that's what I'm talkin about, yeah

Uh-huh, it's Pumpkinhead

Marco Polo on the beat

En garde, draw your weapon, put it to a test

I'm a swordfish that'll carve a P on your chest

I shit on rookies and pee on the best

Do it to +Def+ like +Mos+ did, when he had no kids

And I refuse to lose my hunger, I'll eat 'til I get so big

It'll look like I got no ribs

I'm not scurred of these thugs that bust blank shots like
they don't jizz

Fo' shizz, half of you asswipes don't know what dope is

Here's the prime example, exhibit A

I collide a candle just by rhymin at you, so I spit away

Spit split wigs not a barber but I give a fade like scissor
blades

Lyrics spray and ricochet off your frickin face

I'm in the place like I just got reprimanded

So strong when I give pounds dudes get mad cause I'm
heavy handed

This is high powered full voltage tilt the meter

From a swordfish that'll poke a hole in your speaker

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Can you catch it got it caught it can you spit it hot
retarded

Can you flip it back and forth, rip a track in half and
toss it

Do it 'til there's no one left, from the stage to the office

You a guppy in hot water duelin with a pair of swordfish

[Pumpkinhead]

My introduction to this game, was on an independent

And I rocked shows even with 20 people in attendance

I'm the truest essence of a secret weapon

I can freak a sentence with a speech impediment, and
still teach a lesson
Third album, so this just might be the charm
Timed out songs, so it just might be the bomb
Matter of fact, I'ma stop spittin cause I got the title
Now introduc'in to you the big homey Archrival

[Archrival]

I'm 'bout to take like a stick-up
The fame from these lames that bitch up
Disdained cause the way they spit sucks
Said ain't Rival's blame they mixed up
I'm changin the game from this juncture
Claimin this lane when piss drunk
I'd rather be strange
cause it's just insane to brave in scriptures
Shit man I dare you to picture me bein plain
When I spit the deranged phrases
I think of serrated aimings that hit ya
To maim and aid in ya disappearance
You claim you don't miss but plain as day
is they'll miss ya before your grave can be filled up
But pal it ain't gonna fit ya; trust and believe
I treat the studio like I treat your girl, I bust and I leave
It's must that I lead it's somethin to see I'm destructin
the feed
Of every radio station that's corruptin the seeds
I'ma cut 'til they bleed, make 'em suffer a slow death
And leave 'em questionin how I can spit half a verse in
a breath
A diety in the flesh you seein me is the last
and probable episode I'm sick of bein the best

[Chorus]

[Pumpkinhead]

Yeah, it's Pumpkinhead
Archrival, Marco Polo
On this fire beat yo Marco man this beat is crazy
I don't think heads out there is ready..
Yo Marco man, see I'm just
I'm I'm tryin to give you a compliment
And you gon' put the beat backwards again
You see you play too much man, you Canadians damnit
Go to the next track

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