

## Swollen Members f/ The Alchemist, Ghostface Killah "Weight"

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[Ghostface Killah] Ayo my cocaine grimey like Colgate  
And when Christ comes, I'ma go relocate Finish off  
them dimes, big slabs of crack, write in my gangsta's  
will Burry me at the plate in Bronx Bombersfield Give  
my young gods the four horses My baby girls get the  
pink Porches Dookie gems and they're all gorgeous  
King Tone had a mean fortress Of french maids  
blowing me down like Ferra Faucet My gun collection is  
big in the Adolf section My little mini me heat bump off  
the ??? Mostly known for my earlobes Four million  
dollar disco balls, I shit dough My wrist cut bang glass  
on the crystal floor At Club Shizznit with Romey Rome,  
just came home Violated parole selling cell phones,  
with a Snoop Dogg perm His brother puff sherm  
through to and big worm [Chorus 2X: The Alchemist]  
Weight, pop pop pop, money fold up Weight, pop pop  
pop, pockets swolled up Say what, say what, just roll up  
What's the hold up, unload and reload up [Prevail] Hell  
fire, hell fire, hamburger hill shell fire Kill a choir like a  
knife on the front line Private live riot stage show, first  
burn, flame throw Overthrow, take over, name known  
around the globe King cobra, poisen slow fang, jungle  
overgrown Wu-Tang, Ghostface, Alchemist killing the  
song Top billing, feeling famous, chop heads, rock illa  
[Madchild] Comic villain on painkillers watching  
Goodfellas Dancing in the dungeon all by myself I say I  
think I'm going crazy, that's a cry for help My phone  
don't ring but get sexy text messages Gun under my  
couch got the bitches mind wrestling Me I'm just  
chilling with killers at my disposal I'm fulfilling you will  
accept my proposal Put another dime in the jukebox, I  
love rock and roll Bulletproof vest, pop, lock and load  
[Chorus 2X] [The Alchemist] Rap zombie I'm controlled  
by powers beyond me I go from the drum machines  
straight to the dvd Ti the hardrive, to the G5, to the  
computer screen To the lab, through the speakers to  
the pens and the pad To the science, to the math, to  
the vocab Straight to the vocal booth, to the mic, back  
to that old rap Through the speakers to the place where  
your heart and your soul at Drop out the drums, rough  
mix, straight to the work draft Bounce the track to disc

format and then burn that To the cd, we take it to the  
truck where the systems at Make sure the bass hit like a  
thunderclap Then I double back to the lab fast just like I  
was running laps I freeze, back to the digi d to an MP3  
Through the internet freeway, straight to the dj Straight  
to the radio, constant airplay I gotta keep true to my  
plate So I'm moving that [Chorus 2X]

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