## Craig David F/ Trell "Switchblade"

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[Mad Child]

I've lost track of my body count

The amount is enormous

Dropped in sector four

Non-conformist intimidates

Eliminating all heads of state

The punishment is banishment

Tarnishing and vanishing

I'm runnin' shit

Titanic panicking

Manic depressant

Addicted to adolescence

At the end of the crescent

Dragon's eyes glow fluorescent

Second-guess and rest in peace

Get laced in radioactive waste that's released

Feast fit for a king

Then bring two servants

Words swervin' and curvin'

You'll get what you deservin'

It's urgent

Mad Child slice precise like a surgeon

Emergency exit's where you're headin'

Ha, forget it

[Hook (both)]

I'm your host to the roller coaster

Stick to your guns and cling to your holster

X2

[Prevail]

As MC's slowly slip into sleep

Without bailin' with their hands up

Their homeboys act like Casey and Finnegan

Now this tends to send trends of frenzy

In to forensics

And then medics get hit

Lips spread like books of Dianetics

I'm a credit to my field of study

I, I kneel to nobody

You'll be as lucky as Lucy-Ann

If you get a word in edgewise
When it comes to being word wise
I've got an edge
And a worldwide urge
To rock on more wax than Verve
I'm in a class of my own
And still throw the great curve
The great curves of a poet
Is to run short on ideas
Works twice like two-way mirrors
My advice might slice like shears

## [Hook]

I'm your host to the roller coaster

## [Mad Child]

The penalty is execution Suffer consequences Intense as a prison riot Barbed wire fences Tenses, your Excellency senses Assassins in the entrance Disguised as my apprentice Nonequivalent sibilance in every sentence Send a message up by horse Back to the castle, through the forests Over the hill with no hassle Scrolls scripted in gold Ancient enlightenment Wizardry and wisdom Expressive excitement Handsome and lonesome The brand new heaviest Lunacy in unison Magnificent specimen

## [Prevail]

The pinpointed path
Through the pit and the pendulum
Hypnotic gases still whirl
On the last curl of the wind mast
And narrows in
With Apollo and Ottomans
To cause pestilence
And rid the prominence
Of so called dominance
He and I the most decadent
With a promise of providence
I'm adamant about your iris
Seeing the style I use
When it's evident

I compile a charge
Like an alkaline pile
The concubines of pantomimes
More war chants and streamlined design
In the line, ligaments
With imagined figments
The tragic and epidemic rise
Of zero point five micro-pigment
Can you dig it?

[Hook] x2

I'm your host to the roller coaster

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