

Swollen Members "Burns And Scars"

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(feat. Son Doobie)

[Mad Child]

Yo, try not to often speak on subject
Unusual suspect, revenge I must get
Vengeance is mine which make me heartless
Department of justice would love to bust us
Bang hard, get jacked by gang squad
So we keep it on the low, make us untouchable
Hard hittin when my man start spittin
We walk off through gettin, dont take orders
Try harder, cause I got friends down for murder
Roll deep, walk in restaurant, pull you out your seat
Take you out back, crack back, till task complete
Beat to death, assassins disguised as waiters
Madchild, Darth Vader, and the caped crusader
Top that, barracuda, black panther, and bobcat
Anger management and unlimited guns
Natural born killers of the primitive one

[Chorus: Son Doobie]

Cause the spot's that hot
A lot of shots bust but I can't get got
And niggas wanna pop up forget me not
Yo I bust two shots
See y'all can't stop swollen members

[Son Doobie]

Yo duck down, hop up now
I don't give a fuck now
Whats up now, the ruck sound
I'm up in the club now
Touchdown, I bust out rocks, with my rough style
Run around and fuck around get lost in my funhouse
Any member, I dismember, remember
For writer's book yo I be the cut expert
Your head jerk, my network thick like double decker
Enter surrender raps select swollen members
Lone defenders, send bullets through contenders

Tempers red hot like red fox fuckin with esther
Deck the saint jock I stallone like sylvester

Funk molester, impress all semester
Aggressor, protector, successor sub forever
Uncle Fester cut back the Winchester
Record like ill connect son like Caressa
Send an x to wounds, fuck a bitch forever
Like Salt-n-Peppa, Vanessa Del held whatever
Defender of the D-cup, the mad sex offender

[CHORUS 2X]

[Prevail]

If they could run they would
There aint no safe place to hide in this world
Change will change the term hurt
First in line to decline held by a set to burn
Red alert, nines at work, less lives on the earth
Unless we stress knives from crooks, universe
One in the hearse from two in the heart
You and your crew got too much to talk
Its a curse, a plague, an urgent thing
An ancient slang that's not only spoke in gangs
Human nature, doomed in danger, ropes and hangers
West side stranglers banned to Los Angeles
You got your hands full of savages now
Anchors is down and you still gettin thrown around
Hard ocean, hearts and chests are blown open
To be smokin sunrise go home broke and no survivors
Walkin' bombs with no timers
Drunk out my mind on harm a side cider
A note to my girl, I promised I'd write her
Tonight's my night the bite of the black viper

[Chorus 2X]

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