

## Swollen Members "Cross Fire"

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### "Cross Fire"

(feat. Talib Kweli)

*[Blacksmith]*

SMAS You already know:

You ain't gotta a right to be talking outside of your  
mouth

You ain't tight and shouldn't utter a word

Your arts absolutely absurd

I'm precise and you can't compare to me and shine  
dead right

Get ready to be turned you into food for fishes

And leave behind upset crying senior citizens

Crying on the shit again

Shotgun Charlemagne

The boss still open souled drink with a steady hand

It's all free

No need for membership

Premium businessmen believe me it's blacksmith

Talk smack and I'll castrate you with a battle axe

Swell up your membrane

Then kick a battle rap

*[Talib Kweli]*

You lost your voice and

Come down with battleaxe

That ain't real rap

You're broke back with your saddle axe

SAS klack-klack-klack

Bodies in a black bag

Thinking about the punk rock shit like Black Flag

Operation Ivy with the poison in the ink well

Punchline screw your face up like a steak smell

Plots so funky

Got your nose runny like blow junkie

Blacksmith people never go hungry

Rappers flow so crummy

I get the sisters and the snow bunnies buyin' up the  
tickets

Give us your money

Oh for sure money

It's the gentlemen

Charm rapping rotten pieces like an attack on Eminem  
Star wars steady its a classic  
Light up backward and then  
Ash it before you pass it  
You know how to hash get  
On the side where the greener grass is  
Gotta up on the shape glasses  
Niggas get blasted  
Handing out cash's  
And caskets gotta bake bread like the basket  
Bastards!  
Rappers can't outlast the masters  
Press it up and spin up the waxes  
Put the needle on the plastic  
Blacksmith  
Roll another blunt for these actors  
Cuz imma put fear in the factor  
Clack ya  
Agony!  
Niggas gotta pay for the ecstasy  
Especially when I cook it up with the cocaine

*[Young Tre]*

Battleaxe heavy  
We stack Betty on rapid  
So much coke on my track remind of Aspen  
2 white bitches they alkaseltzer and aspirin  
Rolls rolls outlastin'  
KC niggas slash and mister murder every tray  
Not a rap democrat  
More like rapublican  
Rap rap como sta?  
Money keep comin in  
Only time I had my back was who had love for em  
You ain't no love for em  
You ain't no love for em  
I'm running up and dumpin' em  
Poppin' em and truckin' em  
Only gets em mad  
I'm younger than Donald Trumpin' em  
Getting em made  
In a sense ridiculous and not really stoppin' em  
Basically from LA  
We take game like really  
Do a show and grab some hoes and take em to tele  
Young Tre nice I'm the youngest in charge  
Nigga violate our squad you meeting the law

*[Prevail]*

Check my battleaxe  
Just like a Wu-Tang sword

I run the blade against your throat like you was  
Harrison Ford  
You girl got'em, worldwide  
I've been to Paris on tour  
From the Eifel tower my rifle power make you contort  
This is a contact sport  
No coaches or referees  
Im hotter than Cali's death valley bolders and bleach  
My posse cut up I chop it up like I was a butcher and  
beef  
Boondocks ain't my boombox  
Beats like a priest

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