

Swollen Members

"Death To You"

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[Verse 1: Mad Child]

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to hear my sentiments
I'm hotter than a kettle and my pen's full of adrenaline
I stopped takin' that medicine, the dust is finally settlin'
Practice close to perfect, nobody is rhyming better than
Mad Child, spewing a monstrosity of anguish
Countrymen are tryin', but they're not talkin' my
language

I rap to cover up the pain just like a fuckin' bandage
Emotions like the layers on a sandwich, I peel 'em like a
mandarin

These young punks, I'm schoolin' em like Cambridge
Slap these appetizers, I'm the motherfuckin' main dish
First they're on the nine, but then they're fallin' off like
dandruff

Now they call me 'White Devil' like Colonel Sanders
Shit, I'm the fire on both ends of a burnin' candle
I'll retire when Jesus come back in a cloak and dirty
sandals

Even then, still be rappin' up in heaven beside the
manger

Other rappers are in danger, I'm the motherfuckin'
misguided angel

[Verse 2: Prevail]

MP4, REV, I make the files wave

Classic tales of revenge, my friend, I will spit on your
grave

Kids they got no styles today, gray and white and red
and black

When I attack I send 'em back without their fuckin' head
intact

Think about that, that's a risk, battle axes, bats and
fists

Wilson Fisk, rapping kingpin, fastest engine, three man
blitz

The pits and pendulums of life are barriers to break
through

So barricade yourself inside your house before I take
you

Welcome to Lakeview, it's a great view from the

padded cell
Cannibal crush, we will prevail and the misguided
angel's bad as hell
Like the bat out of hell on a motorbike
With a spike on the helmet on the road to life
Give 'em the light, little parasites, Pacific Rim, got 'em
in my sights
Caught in the crosshairs, you're gonna take a loss here
There's lots of air but you can't breathe and see it,
can't believe it
Your eyes are playin' tricks, amazing that you still exist
You think you're Superman? Then say my name
backwards like Mxyzptlk

[Verse 3: I'll Bill]

I spit the fire maniacal vile, we're wire proof
Die with your boots on and a gun in your hand, * *
My uncle * * motherfuck you
Motherfucker, motherfuck everybody in your crew
Or anybody who not ridin' with us to the fullest extent
Put you under cement in the jungle with debt
Smiles of murder and laughs of pain
When we were kids we'd act insane, now we grown
considerate the rain
Brooklyn, New York, they say we sound like crooks
when we talk
And they probably right, you probably get yourself
juxed with a fork
If you steppin' correct, though, everything is copasetic
But most these rap though guys is so pathetic
We don't start *, yo, we always down to finish it
Humble to the rumble cause we handle our business,
kid
Nothin' to brag about, we just built like that
Simmer down, homie, you could get killed like that

[Verse 4: Slaine]

Hold up, hold up, police are on my dick, they don't
harass me
Bitches on my dick so if I'm married they don't ask me
I explode, she swallow my load, she take a taxi
Don't forget your cellphone or fix your make-up, Ashley
I'm laughing watchin' you strip, talkin' your shit
Whisper underneath your breath leopard Dungarees
and mesh shit
My comrades are conniving * * *
My bad habits are violent I need a padded assylum
(I'm too far gone) Thinking of departing
My pride paid for what my ignorance was costin' me
The rep got bigger figured everyone was watching me
They looked at me, the underdog, I took this shit

impossibly
Throw the fucking bottle back and toss a molotov on
me
Holler back, I played this job for keeps and made a
boss of me
I reek of charisma can't get it off me
I serenade the whole world and sing it off-key

[Verse 5: Vinnie Paz]

You see the guns is large, the bullets hotter than suns
and stars
Y'all are pussy like love songs, it's from the DeBarge
When my father died he put his fuckin' son in charge
And he was a G so that made me the son of God
And that mean nobody in my family is gonna starve
That mean nobody can trap me, have me under bars
Boxcutter Paz leave you with a hundred scars
Cops on the ave, evil as a hundred tzars
I'm a hypocrite, sendin' mixed messages
The hardest motherfucker you ever contended with
Harder than servin' 20 back-to-back sentences
As an apprentice to a life with no aggressiveness
They just make you a dead body on the precipice
Watch heavier than six necklaces
Rhyme sound effortless, even though the dialogue
treacherous
Keep the hammer in the boot, behold the rhyme
specialist

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