

Swollen Members

"Fear"

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[Verse 1: Prevail]

I perforate my verses straight 6 o'clock,
Reverberate the verbs, surround the noun, ground the
pound the starting block
Martyrs on the rocks disengaged I threw them over,

Cliffside, from hangman's bluff that's their brains on
heavy boulders

Ready the soldier's up, parascope, Red October
Elves and ogres, and hell raisers to focus
On pin head, a thin thread, is what holds your life
together

Nas measure anatomy
Take pleasure in the taxidermy
Your raps whack poetic,
You rap whack pathetic,
Leave you in a house of wax like a museum figure
deadened

Strike a match, melt a candle,
Blend the ammo with the cammo
Then go [?] with my famo, its like third rail to [?]
Prevail make you read brail
And eat nails, and swallow glass
Remain anonymous like Rass Kass, life's a blast
At total recall, you speak in hallow holograms
My tidal wave [?]

[Hook: Madchild]

We the last of our breed
The actors with masters degrees
I'mma rap to attack and ill feed
The laughter
I capture the last of these thieves
You'll hear laughter
I'm back on my [?]
Master [?]
Dastardly deeds, Inglorious bastards, notorious
masters
The last of our breed we are bastards indeed
The last we will smash till you have to believe

[Verse 2: Madchild]

Yeah, I love god,
He has made me very lethal,
Destroy evil, I don't really like people
Never met an animal I didn't like, couldn't bite
Smash a rapper into pieces when I hit a mic
Equip a baseball bat that's full of wooden spikes
Walking down the dim-lit street call me the hooded
knight
I drop a match and set a tank full of petroleum
Then moonwalk across Lemoniun, its pandemonium
Battle plan is that of an apache resistance,
Imagining ten dragons with flags in the distance
Skull and double axes
Troubled brother action
Ninjas doing double back flips, on that shit
Social distortion, black flags faction
Bad brained wasted youth have interaction
Punk-rock mind-state, [?] leopard print
Fresh like peppermint, darker than a second tint

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Snak The Ripper]

Yeah I'm the product of narcotics
Exotic drugs and [?]
Any social [?] antibiotics
Smoking hydroponics
Bumping ladi-dadi with a 20 year old hottie on my dick
doing Pilates
Like [?] on a tricycle, trying to keep up with a Maserati
Every week catching a body, see me dancing on a cop
car
Strapped with C4, screaming out Allah Akbar
I'm not afraid of death I'm more afraid of living slow
So I stay driven till my goal is met, or till I lose control
Nobody can save me I'm completely out my mind
The only ones that doubt me are completely fucking
blind

[Hook]

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