

Swollen Members "Fire"

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[Mad Child]

M starin in a mirror but mostly I laugh
I'm lookin at the picture of a sociopath
Hope to get first, now hopefully last
Dope rap, I'm known for doin dope in the past
Like floatin down the river on a opium boat
But I'm a wild animal I go for the throat
I'm a big bad wolf with a big black Glock
And some real dark thoughts yellin, "Open the door!"
I punch people in the face comin down the staircase
Wander down the hall with the can of bear mace
AY! I've been a killer since the Wu-Tang Clan
Personality is colorful like Toucan Sam
I'm a crazy cat, Sylvester damn
I got two big guns Yosemite Sam
I used to work birds like Tweety
Speedy, Gonzales livin in a palace
Tripped and fell down the rabbit hole and met Alice
5 years later now I'm back for the challenge
Still rip up shows like Tasmanian Devil
If some punk jump up I'm blastin my heavy metal
And I still live in Van' but I'm movin soon
All my homies on the streets fuckin Loonie Tunes
But I'll be back, back and forth with no error
Enforcin terror in a Porsche Carrera
Through Vancouver to Los Angeles archangels
Dark strangers, blacks and caucasians
(Man we crack skulls, make deep lacerations
Crack a Red Bull and drag 'em back to my basement)

[Chorus: Mad Child]

We fly through the air like Iron Man
Crack you in the head with a fryin pan
Can't fuck with my team, we are iron clad
I'm on fire man, call the fireman
Whether crawlin up the wall like Spider-Man
Or lyin on the floor poppin vitamins
Yup, real hip-hop we supplyin fans
We on fire man, call the fireman

[Prevail]

All right, I keep my knife in the black leather sheath
Real sharp, blade (Dagger Mouth), (Armed to the
Teeth)

I can't draw but I'm raw when I'm drawn to the beat
It's like Saw Part 1, I'll make you saw off your feet
What the fuck is defeat? I'm undefeated like a shoe
store
Runway, one way street, take a detour
Robot, C-3P0, R2-D2
Plastic bag over your face hard to breathe through
Preview attract and download the album
X marks the spot like my first name was Malcolm
Make you sing the blues like a prison in Folsom
Spit a burnin ring of fire, watch the flames engulf em
My theory very logical but we use ProTools
Fuck with us you'll be a dead man, a corpse in the
soundbooth
And ain't nobody hear you, close the door make it
soundproof
My pattern very classical like Herringbone and
Houndstooth
ICP, R.E.P., bright evil clown suit
Ice cold water in a bottle when I drowned you
Beat side, homicide unit try to find you
Burnin sound turn around my dude's right behind you
[Chorus]

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