

## Swollen Members "Moonshine"

Visit "[Moonshine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Yo... yeah

Yo, yo

Ay, ay

[Mad Child]

Personality is weak like my batteries are beat

My reality is deep, my reality is bleak

Take them words and murder them like Jeffrey Dahmer  
on a beat

I've been glorifyin horrifyin drama on the street

Muscle of an engine block, runnin rubber scattered  
rocks

Bubble gum, soda pop, murder one, loaded Glock

Even though I'm motormouth, never been a chatterbox

"Total f\*\*\*in silence" photoshop motor cop

I'm being pulled into the middle of a vicious war

And I'm back to 0-0, the official score

Feelin trapped, like a leg lock figure-four

Feelin free, like a dreadlocked reggae boy

Devil's Night in Detroit, dig a shallow grave

Mad Child hate Christian Audigier and Alize

Bring back funk - roller skatin on a Saturday

Tribe Called Quest, know I'm never puttin that away

Picnics with your girlfriend, celebratin Halloween

Or go on a vacation to Hawaii with your family

Tired of all the tension, sick of the insanity

Smashin people and clashin personalities

Fashion sense is at an all-time low

Give the kids some room to breathe and let their small  
minds grow

Tryin to walk away from a life I lived a long time

It's gonna take some dedication and a strong mind

Strong will with great friends and a good vibe

I'm not judgin, I'm not sayin there's a good side

Just want to appreciate this f\*\*\*in life and have a good  
time

Write good rhymes, s\*\*\*, smoke the good kind

Good book, that's a good look but it's not mine

But I am God's child and I do shine

People lappin up my lyrics like it's moonshine

Mad, when you movin to L.A.? Dog in due time

Bad mood tabooed tattooed preacher

Eyes like a racoon, nose like a vacuum  
Act like a baboon, backroom speaker  
Keep doin drugs, bad moves on the weekend  
And keep on talkin like a classroom teacher  
[Chorus: samples of Mad Child scratched]  
"You don't wanna fuck with me, boy"  
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"  
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna, you don't wanna"  
"... f\*\*\* with me, boy"  
[Prevail]  
Follow you to the parkade, sharp blade, "Dagger  
Mouth"  
You can see the (Dragon Hide) the same time the  
(Tiger Crouch)  
Firefighter engine house, backdraft master craft  
Aircraft, life raft, rhymes from the rifle rack  
Spit scripture Bible camp, campfire oil lamp  
Lava lamp murder box, box office blockbuster  
Chip off the old block, smoother than a stick of butter  
Boxcutter ox blood swingin like the Red Sox  
Don't fuck with Goldilocks, a head full of dreadlocks  
That'll be a glass full of redrum and lava rocks  
Lock and load, make lots of orphans then  
make you walk the road, your name Viggo Mortensen  
My mouth dry taut like chalk rock and porcelain  
Cut you like a portion at Morton's, I'm nitroglycerin  
Green Beret, night vision, Green Lantern light prism  
Heightened fright exorcism, Battle Axe death division  
Yeah!  
[Chorus]  
[Outro: scratched to the end]  
"Catalogue of carnage, I am armed to destroy"  
"You don't wanna f\*\*\* with me, boy"

Visit [Swollen Members](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.