

## **Swollen Members "Reclaim the Throne"**

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Nice pistol mine is chrome  
Where'd I get this wrist full of shiny stones  
By writin these live hooks rhymes and poems  
Swollen is back to reclaim the throne

[Chorus:]

Kingdom come, bass lines and bring them drums  
This is game time play mine we're number one  
Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums  
This is game time play mine we're number one

I'm a jacked up motorhead yup  
Sippin a soda pop  
Trouble on my block  
Not a shock we don't go to cops  
We make house calls  
With shotguns and loaded Glocks  
Gold and platinum plaques back to back  
Cuz we sold alot  
Everyday I come home with more than I left with  
Writing raps, settin traps  
Getting cash, I'm an expert  
A battleaxe attached to my necklace  
Fuck around it's a death wish  
I'm building with my fans to perfect this  
Especially fresh to death that's what the click is  
People saying Mad Child that white boy's the sickest  
Meticulously particular I'm kicking up dust  
I'm definitely next to blow so shut the fuck up  
Back to reclaim the throne  
But brought some friends along  
We got the Bentley, got the Benz, we got the engines  
on  
Bitches in bikinis studio at the crib  
I'm in the hottub poppin pills and eatin ribs with a fifth  
I'm drinking Pepsi watching Scarface in the theater  
room  
Two cuties rubbing my shoulders putting me in the  
mood  
Life's good and I ain't got no problem sharing the  
wealth  
With my bros no point in being at the top by yourself

Nice whip yo mine is fast  
Where'd I get this fat pocket full of cash  
From selling yayo Mary Jane and Hash  
Battleaxe is back and yo we came to smash

[Chorus:]

Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums  
This is game time play mine we're number one  
Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums  
This is game time play mine we're number one

Baby, I know you see me  
Looking hard through binoculars  
Young money, fat knocks, African rocks for ya  
KC battleaxe cha-ching, we mop it up  
Van to T dot, nobody stoppin us  
Rappers talk tough, end up calling the cops on us  
You rather shoot it out  
You don't want to box with us  
Pocket full of high notes so I call it the opera  
Mobster used to eating steaks and lobster

Eh, yo my game is proper and my aim is to gwap up  
But you should never throw rocks at the throne  
My knights real don like Al Capone  
Run up in your crib, snatch you outta your home  
Split your wig and blow your mind out of your soul  
asshole  
I only beef with those impeding my cash flow  
I think things through before lettin the Mac go  
But oh oh oh no, young Trizzle is not so

[Chorus:]

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