

Swollen Members "Sensational Breed"

Visit "[Sensational Breed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Get up!

(Chorus)

(Son Doobie)

We steppin' out, don't have me pull the weapon out.

Get it out, where you at?

What you reppin' now?

Up in the club my thugs, better let em out..

Battle Axe rocks the set.

Son, Check it out!

We don't stop rockin', neck poppin',

We got the club hostage.

Block on lock, shockin' topics,

Can't stop it, got ya head knockin'.

Verse 1: (Prevail)

Yo..

Static, distortion, and ambient noise.

The champion's close, you can tell by the ambulance
voice.

Someone's about to bleed, the sensation of speed,
The sensational breed..

From the secret society, conspiracy of shadows,
Purity of darkness, and legacy of castles.

Move from the spark for the fire engulfs,
Check your pulse, the impulse of werewolves.

Drag the body back into the woods,

Detach the back and tear into the goods.

Tossed on the heap like metal scraps.

Enter the sandman, speed metal and rap.

Take advantage, your average rappers can't.

Too many temples, imagine that.

BPM's of a Mack-10, cadence of an automatic,

My amazing performance will take it when you thought
you had it.

(Chorus)

Verse 2: (Moka Only)

Got heat? I bet you get warm.

I'm an electric storm.. Anything except the norm.

You're entering restricted regions,

Fit to be evicted by my strict allegiance.
My team people be mean people,
We been lethal since the beginning up to the Bad
Dreams sequel.
Grab the green, I got the label to thank.
I'm caffinated, laughing all the way to the bank.
I'm fascinated how you react to the fame,
We came, we saw, we conquered, the Members
remain,
To be the ultimatium that made 'em afraid of the
game,
And laid 'em to rest, the recipe that made us a name.
Cave in your chest, I'm wired, I'm unable to rest.
Send your top gun man, we disable the best,
From liable to burst and combust with no discussion.
Head rush, we trust, you get left with nothin'!

(Chorus)

Caution!

Verse 4: (Madchild)

Quit nitpickin' and flossin', on shit.
Kickin' this track, my mind's a mosh pit.
Blood drops drip from copper faucets.
Sick thoughts race through my mind, I'm exhausted.
You hang loose, I'll hang ten.
Full of venom and adrenaline, a man among men.
Contaminate your vacant brain with blinding migraines.
You'll find I'm not sane, you'll find I'm not vain.
I reign terror, an unbearable arrogant character,
Comparable to terrible experiments.
69 Fastback can't pass me, black Mustang,
Cobra bitch, I'm nasty!
I'm uncommon, dominant and erotic.
Control freak speaks..
You wanted it? You got it.
Not a lot of competition for a complicated personality,
Cause I ain't livin' in reality.

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