

## Swollen Members "Steppin Thru"

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Talking you, what y'all want to do just don't let  
We're doing it the way you want to do  
Rocking you, just watch how your shit gets blown back  
I know you wish you could do it too  
People think that they can do it like Swollen do  
The members do it like you never knew  
Getting it by the grip, that's the way we rolling  
You better move it when we're steppin' thru

I'm the first thing to burst a verse of Street Stalker  
Off my rocker of Red Bull and vodka  
Provocatively, walking like you're talking to me  
Branded outlandish, triple decker stress sandwich  
It's an ambush, turn out back to canvas  
Ain't it the art words, painted with pain in my heart  
New York to L.A., Yonge Street to Robson  
We get the job done and rob with tracks on

Live in effect to such, graze the edge of the metal  
Raise taste, game face, first place, the rebel  
In the cage with the lions, engage with the giants  
Stars with temper, Red October, Prev the Cobra  
I coil the sunset, oil my drumset  
Spitting grease out my grill, y'all I'm Formula One  
Crack a hole in your helmet, your bucket, your pail  
Moka, Mad Child, Kemo, Prevail

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You feel me as if I was a part of you  
If you really feeling what you want to do  
If you see how Moka only gets it done  
Swollen men, get it off, never sweat it none  
Jump in the air, hands in the air, put them up  
Girls shake it down, girls shake it down, line it up

Come to your town, come to your town, tear it up  
Once y'all get down, y'all staying down, pressing love

Yo, we shocked we made it, Mad Child rocks the  
greatest  
When I'm intoxicated, got locked, we waited  
And invaded and stated the tactics activated  
Can't hate it, you play the track and tax infatuated  
Fatal attraction, won't stop till I'm Platinum  
Bam-bam gonna flatten them, I'm baseball batting  
them  
Quick draw McGraw, rap assault rifle  
Go blind when you look into the mind of a psycho

We're the main attraction boy, you're just a sideshow  
My bubble tonic glows in the glass, don't try to hide bro  
They spin the bottle from the Beat Junkie to the Sonar  
The curb to the club, heavy hitting like a crowbar  
No stars, no bruises, no cuts or bumps  
Those are signs of a veteran, how'd you come up,  
chump?  
Through the back door, this is a brand new rap war  
Blow the speaker, throw the mic stand and brand the  
dance floor

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