

## Ann Lee

### "Swollen Pockets"

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#### Verse 1

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Swollen Pockets, inflation of pocksectomy  
Caught from constant sweatin' of me which I fought  
with anti-perspirant  
A total loss, cuz it only works when  
sweat is physical not mental  
And when its mental potential disorder  
Like H2O = Water  
it's sorta on the border of the Vapors  
One day, chillin' at Green Acres  
Me and the fellas just cruisin' through  
Sound system blastin' as usual  
I saw this chick, she was legit, she was wit'  
The Pillsbury Dough Boy, I mean her boyfriend  
She played him like a marshmallow  
when she said, "Oh gosh! There go Phase!"  
and rushed me like a quarterback  
Asked me for my autograph, I laughed  
Pulled out my pen, asked her where she wanted it  
She lifted up her shirt and said "Write it on my  
stomach"  
Swollen Pockets...

#### Verse 2

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How can I make a livin'?  
Sellin' drugs, performin' at clubs  
Or makin' license plates in prison?  
I chose b) see? So now I'm good to G-O  
Where's the brother with my dough?  
He tried to snow me in a sum of Miami  
He d-e-efinitely gets a eye jammy, word to Granny  
I speak the truth, ask Dr. Ruth  
Westheimer, unless you're kinda  
funny, honey, speak to a comedian  
cuz you're disobedient  
I'm on a F-Train, or you might see me in a Blazer  
with Phase written on the side and

slippin' and slidin' in sauce  
Writing with force  
Rhythm take control, it's yours  
Swollen Pockets...

Verse 3

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You sniff and sneeze and cough  
And (?) medicine  
Tylenol, Excederin  
Dristan and Buffrin, didn't do nothin'  
I'm still suffering  
I'm not a star, cuz stars seem to fall  
Like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar I stand tall  
And high, but keep a low pro'  
I'm not a baker, but I still roll the dough  
I'm solo, single, I like to mingle  
Pockets bulked like Hulk, played by Lou Ferrigno  
I'm sick of this, it's gettin' quite ridiculous  
You're sweatin' me, gettin' me steamed, makin' it seem  
like I'm arrogant, conceited and obnoxious  
It's not my fault, it's the result of Swollen Pockets...

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