

Grenade Launcher

Madchild

Mad Child and C-Lance, we formed an alliance
Fuck these bitches, we the horniest ornery giants
The way I rap's mathematics, it's sort of a science
Your rap's wack, I'll do more than just corner your client
I leave 'em fuckin' mortified, dog, I terrorize
My rhymes are more than fuckin' clean, holmes, they're sterilized
Sometimes I lean so hard I need a kickstand
I wrestle alligators and I dance on quicksand
I call a rapper Tin Man cause he got no heart
Each line's an arrow dipped in poison from a blow dart
Yeah, these rappers they got no parts
Me against them's a Maserati to a go-kart
These young punks, they think they're so smart
I might be old, but I'm the sickest fuckin' old fart
I'm so much better, you can blame it on the age difference
You got your party clothes on, I'm wearing beige slippers
I give a fuck about a club, it's just a meat market
These girls will open up their legs like it was free parking
Of course I like to fuck, but there's no challenge
I must have fucked a thousand bitches since we dropped Balance

The law of averages says we win again
Hand grenade parade, we blowin' up, pull the pin
And then, boom! Make room for Swollen, man
And then, bang! It's a battleaxe thing

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Street fight, pit fight, red nose, blue nose
Old school vinyl so cold like blue note
Head spin, head win fills up the sails with
Prevail's gifts, press to lean, my recipe is very secret
See my destiny inscribed on a tablet stone
Rappers leave rap alone unless it's in your chromosomes
Monsters in your closet, watch it, turn you to skeleton bones
Think you Mr. Hardcore, callin' you Gelatin Jones
Look upon my Boardwalk Empire, Al Capone
You think you "Lucky" like Luciano, test my bravado
Over this piano leave you cold and you won't see tomorrow
Sorrow follows, hollows sleepy
Headless Horseman, the water rush deeply
Percussion real freaky, bang drums like a marching band
Art form swarms like the wasp in the savage lands
Sting with the poison of November born scorpions

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The older I get, the more crazy and sicker I think
I got a wet brain from all the fuckin' liquor I drink
I wake up broke and obsessed about stickin' a Brink's
Fuck a bitch raw, dog, and wash my dick in the sink
Nah, dog, I ain't saved a penny I made
I just stay up all night rockin' with that Henny brigade
I done been around the world fuckin' Kimmy and Jade
Brenda and Holly, I'll prolly end up skinny with aids
Golly, I took some molly, bitch, you really wanna party? Good
You can ride the white horse all the way to Hollywood
You can be a Harvard, a starlet and have a TV show
Charlotte, once you get me started, you should see me go
In the company of Mad Men, I'm the CEO
Yeah, I got a fat fuckin' stomach and a greasy flow
Nobody likes me cause I'm ignorant, a cocky fuck
Try and battle me, I'll fuckin' slap you like a hockey puck

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