

Act On It

Swollen Members

Before I fade to black in the shaded shack,
In a box with handles and my family in back,
I will have achieved my life in leaves, of paper, that kept me safer than hangin with theives.
I've been in the big house, but not for long,
But long enough to know it's hard to make songs,
I played my cards and kept movin along,
Hooked up with Madchild and righted my wrongs,
You don't continue with circles, we generate light,
So three hundred and sixty five days I study and write,
I bloody the mic and will continue to learn,
From the best in the world until the night I burn.
I fought for my turn, you can check my gloves,
We both have inkpads covered with blood and scabs,
I love what I have but I will progress,
And I do every day when I take my first step,
It's all about Breath, when it's done I'm gone,
And death is a pawn in a game on a board of which I'm on.
I've had a sword in my palm from the very first tracks,
That were cut, mastered, and released under battleaxe.
It's nice to know that I've been a part of something reversal,
Camouflage to Consumption.

Yo it's funny how time flies,
Life has lows and highs,
And that's no surprise.
Come along for the ride,
Can you handle the drive?
Act on it, 'cause life can flash before your eyes.
Time flies, lows and highs, and that's no surprise,
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Before I'm laid to rest, I'ma do my best,
'Cause the biggest death threat is too many regrets.
And I ain't goin out like I wonder what woulda happened,
If I'd never given up,
Kept on rappin.
Been so many years of blood, sweat and tears,
Fears to overcome, so I'ma give it my all,
And when it's last call,
At least there'll be no questioning.
If I fall, I'll know it just wasn't my destiny.
Maybe it's not meant to be, but eventually,
I gaurantee I'll satisfy myself mentally.
I'm sick and tired of the position acquired,
I appreciate it, but I've seen visions in fire.
A premonition, spiritually awaken,
With doses and moments of magic to take in.
We'll keep it movin' and go at it whole-hearted,
Madchild works the hardest to finish what he started.

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(There's no time to waste)
We move with grace,
(One life to embrace)
Though it feels like a race,
(Nameless faces in a dangerous place)
The strange and great,
(Rearrange your taste)
(From almost nothing,
To almost something)
From noone listening,
(To everybody jumpin)
(Kings on the mic, we got kings on production, fuck fallin off, this is just
and introduction)

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