

# Bottle Rocket

## Swollen Members

Yo the rhyme excursions touch minds like brain surgeons  
Feel the lyric tear gas even on clean versions  
No profanic goddammit  
Hard like granite to the utmost  
I'm butter on rye, always high but play the low post  
I stretch to go the distance yo my lungs are mad elastic  
I'm dope on plastic like Flex, and always keep it....classic  
Expressions in the facial, I'm on ?racial?  
>From Caribbean rhythms I hit em wit a battered flow pattern  
The circle Saturn twice  
I'm nice on ice  
The line slice your dome and separate rhymes from poems  
My life, ain't tryin to see no Grammy or Oscar  
Best believe the styles will rub off like ?pastas?  
On people, yo check Dilated, Evidence  
The influential rock rhymes in sequential format  
You see the doormat if you acting disaccordingly  
Something to the effect of Fat Boys in Disorderly's

I'll take you from He-Man to She-Ra  
Battle Cat to Kringa  
Medieval messenger, west coast avenger  
Take you to the street, battle me that's a fuckin sin  
Go one round wit Madchild, you'll be suckin wind  
Snappin handcuffs just from deconcentration  
Then I broke out the bus, the mental hospital patients  
On the weekend pass, but I still come sick  
Psychopathic, you're dealin wit a deranged lunatic (right)  
Soon to kick ya teeth in and then go bezerk  
Even Van Gogh looked at me, and said "You're one piece of work"  
So I said "Lend me an ear" cuz I'm the state of the art  
First I'll feast on your brain and rip your body apart  
There's a part of your heart stuck in between my fangs  
Wrap a rope 'round your neck and you still couldn't hang  
Cuz you're way off track you need realignment  
Murdering masterpieces in solitary confinement

I keep your backside open like the English Channel  
I rock the sure shot, I keep it hot like flannel  
I'll survey your panel, put my foot up in your anal  
You think it can't happen, kid cuz I'm rappin?  
Ain't no gun clappin, cut the jaw-jackin  
Let the joints get shot and see who wear this knot  
Then kick off your shoes jump off my jock  
And check the new style Whitey Ford's prune to rock  
Cuz once upon a time, not long ago  
Before hip hop was made for the radio  
An MC show had to cold rock the masses  
Used to wear a Kangol wit the clear Gazel glasses  
So bang bang boogey, up jump the party  
Someone clapped off, and scattered everybody  
Drunk off Bacardi, high off the trauma  
It's death from above, the livest dive bomber  
In the squadron, I break formation  
I get New York love like my name's King Sun  
I T La Rock Bells till they break the dawn  
Steady puff L's, I fight hell like Spawn

My moves are animated, my crew's reinstated  
While you cats suspensions are up in my deminsions  
We can ease tensions or we can get rowdy  
So I'ma keep it on the love and do my Duty like Howdie

Direct your short term plan, rigidalize rhyme boards wit the hoards  
I'm satan dynasty killer  
Reveal the cause wit the sling on down  
Venom spit regurgitate death scripts I sound  
Cylinder never python, Prevail Madchild  
Physical justice can't rush this for now  
Move faker the game time set back so don't sweat that  
God don't test that, too much infinite to get at  
Face the fields  
Swollen Members got the iller drills  
And if you wit the rhyme steel  
Bust the revealings in my feelings of these dealings  
I went to represent shield  
I build three phases of death, the illsuion  
Is the sweat that you reflect  
When you feel the veil  
Divine Styles circum navigate nine circles of hell  
You keep on you don't stop cuz a nigga never stay still  
Whatta whattta whatta whatta whattta what I'm sayin is-is that  
You-you ain't ready for that chill