

Death To You

Swollen Members

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to hear my sentiments
I'm hotter than a kettle and my pen's full of adrenaline
I stopped takin' that medicine, the dust is finally settlin'
Practice close to perfect, nobody is rhyming better than
Mad Child, spewing a monstrosity of anguish
Countrymen are tryin', but they're not talkin' my language
I rap to cover up the pain just like a fuckin' bandage
Emotions like the layers on a sandwich, I peel 'em like a mandarin
These young punks, I'm schoolin' em like Cambridge
Slap these appetizers, I'm the motherfuckin' main dish
First they're on my mind, but then they're fallin' off like dandruff
Now they call me 'White Devil' like Colonel Sanders
Shit, I'm the fire on both ends of a burnin' candle
I'll retire when Jesus come back in a cloak and dirty sandals
Even then, still be rappin' up in heaven beside the manger
Other rappers are in danger, I'm the motherfuckin' misguided angel

MP4, REV, I make the files wave
Classic tales of revenge, my friend, I will spit on your grave
Kids they got no styles today, gray and white and red and black
When I attack I send 'em back without their fuckin' head intact
Think about that, that's a risk, battle axes, bats and fists
Wilson Fisk, rapping kingpin, fastest engine, three man blitz
The pits and pendulums of life are barriers to break through
So barricade yourself inside your house before I take you
Welcome to Lakeview, it's a great view from the padded cell
Cannibal crush, we will prevail and the misguided angel's bad as hell
Like the bat out of hell on a motorbike
With a spike on the helmet on the road to life
Give 'em the light, little parasites, Pacific Rim, got 'em in my sights
Caught in the crosshairs, you're gonna take a loss here
There's lots of air but you can't breathe and see it, can't believe it
Your eyes are playin' tricks, amazing that you still exist
You think you're Superman? Then say my name backwards like Mxyzptlk

I spit the fire maniacal vile, we're wire proof
Die with your boots on and a gun in your hand, I approve
My uncle would too, motherfuck you
Motherfucker, motherfuck everybody in your crew
Or anybody who not ridin' with us to the fullest extent
Put you under cement in the jungle with debt
Smiles of murder and laughs of pain
When we were kids we'd act insane, now we grown considerate the rain
Brooklyn, New York, they say we sound like crooks when we talk
And they probably right, you probably get yourself juxed with a fork
If you steppin' correct, though, everything is copasetic
But most these rap though guys is so pathetic
We don't start nothin' but yo, we always down to finish it
Humble to the rumble cause we handle our business, kid
Nothin' to brag about, we just built like that
Simmer down, homie, you could get killed like that

Hold up, hold up, police are on my dick, they don't harass me
Bitches on my dick so if I'm married they don't ask me
I explode, she swallow my load, she take a taxi
Don't forget your cellphone and fix your make-up, Ashley
I'm laughing watchin' you split, talkin' your shit

Whisper underneath your breath leopard Dungarees and mesh shit
My comrades are conniving, My bad habits are violent I need a padded asylum
(I'm too far gone) Thinking of departing
My pride paid for what my ignorance was costin' me
The rep got bigger figured everyone was watching me
They looked at me, the underdog, I took this shit impossibly
Throw the fucking bottle back and toss a molotov on me
Holler back, I played this job for keeps and made a boss of me
I reek of charisma can't get it off me
I serenade the whole world and sing it off-key

You see the guns is large, the bullets hotter than suns and stars
Y'all are pussy like love songs, it's from the DeBarge
When my father died he put his fuckin' son in charge
And he was a G so that made me the son of God
And that mean nobody in my family is gonna starve
That mean nobody can trap me, have me under bars
Boxcutter Paz leave you with a hundred scars
Cops on the ave, evil as a hundred tzars
I'm a hypocrite, sendin' mixed messages
The hardest motherfucker you ever contended with
Harder than servin' 20 back-to-back sentences
As an apprentice to a life with no aggressiveness
They just make you a dead body on the precipice
Watch heavier than six necklaces
Rhyme sound effortless, even though the dialogue treacherous
Keep the hammer in the boot, behold the rhyme specialist