

Swollen Members, Ambush / Sensational Breed

Ambush

(Intro)

Ok, listen up! I think we're being setup for an ambush.
I think there may be strong enemy forces over in these buildings over here.
(Hey, I hope they're just fucking with us.)
I've requested tank support.
(I ain't ready for this shit.)
Now sit back and listen to 'em, but keep your eyes open..

1,2,3,4!

Verse 1: (Moka Only)

I'm psycho-sematic, you might know the static,
that automatically comes when we hit these drums,
All of the underworld saying,
"Here he comes, to snatch back the crown.",
And that's passed around.
In my fleet we beat the odds, meet the godfathers.
We keep the crowd hotter.. You speakin'? Why bother?
I auto-modify my style, I got a monicker thats volitile,
It's Flowtorch.
No force the sport knows more resourceful, than us,
send us more rewards and parcels.
I'm not the type to sit around on bar stools,
Me and the mic, we been around since car pools.
And now with the 90's behind me,
I've finally designed the epitomy of grimy.
You can find me where the sun shine,
Be tryin' me and I'll have you all cryin.. "Why me?"

(Chorus)

Ambush,
Taking it back to the place we made the name known,
and there's no survival.

Ambush,
You never seen this shit comin,
and we want y'all to know we still hold the title.

Ambush,
We still hold the title, theres no survival,
y'all should get live.

Ambush,
We strike without warnin', show no remorse, we run the dark side.

Verse 2: (Madchild)

Dangerous and uncivilized,
Balls, brains, jaws, chains, that's how I'm livin' life.
Role reversal, I go commercial,
Then go back to underground with no rehearsal.
Roads are closed cause boulders rolled in?
I'm a bulldozer, my shoulder's frozen!
Cold-blooded and cold-hearted, I'm cut-throat.
I'm gonna' finish what I started, what's up though?
Redeem, my team raps capital regime,
Captain of the making and happen machine.
Boss of all bosses, you cut your losses,
Catch what you're tossin', I'm fuckin' awesome!
My luck, I'll profit..
Of course I'm on my own dick, it's attached, can't get off it.
Jack move, hiding under the staircase!
Army fatigues, strapped gas mask, and bear mace.

(Chorus)

Verse 3: (Prevail)

Rediscover the brotherhood of the wolves.
Way we cut 'em, couldn't feed 'em to the dog.
I'm involved, mystery's unsolved,
The opening group's on?
Cool, tell me when its ours.
I'm gonna treat it like a gymnasium,
Going two-times-platinum, we only play to win.
I cant hold it in, I'm spinning out of orbit,
I'm comin for your fuckin' planet like I fought for it.
Metamorphic, something metal in my pocket,
Turn it from my mic to knife and slice an eyesocket.
Got advice like Crockett and Tubbs,
Got you higher than the drugs that they make in bathtubs.
Ambush and push through with muscle,
Push come to shove, I got you seein' double.
Pure shock value, my core's c4,
It's like crawlin' through a trench in the second World War.

(Chorus)

(Outro)

That's what's up.
I'll go double platinum and come back for my true fans, man.
I had this shit planned out the whole fuckin' time.
This shit is for you.
Your little sisters might not get this shit.
We made this for our fans, man.
The people who fuckin' discovered us, supported us from the beginning.
Word up.

(Roger, Out!)