

# Swollen Members, Claustrophobic

[Madchild]

My condition is critical.

Twice as nice as the price is

When I select a electronic device to make a sequence.

Frequent blows of rejection in my section

No action, no satisfaction

I'm takin a walk in the wrong direction

Is Mad Child blocked ??? marked don't even ask it

I'm like E.T. with the blanket in a bycycle basket.

Rapped so tight like a vice-grip

Don't trip, feel the tension.

??? who drops like a ??? its beyond comprehension.

Claustrophobic, i've founded that i'm surrounded

With a no-win situation afraid its too complicated.

Technical combination ??? skeptical and dubs

And fears with sharks and tears will come out empty-handed.

Branded ??? I f\*\*kin hate it.

I rock with a box and cock my cap so its crooked.

Look at theres no gimmick to mimick i'm just twisted.

[Chorus x2]

Lack of blood to the brain, leaves me insane

I'm twisted!

[Madchild]

Unpractical tactical techniques when I speak,

Weak minded MCs freezin wack tracks posin frozen.

I spread my tight butt cheecks and stick the nose in.

Bulldozin over duck MCs, suck on these!

??? what's really goin on, you better recognize,

No second tries I despise ass kids and busters.

I couldn't trust her, that topic is microscopic.

Compared to the whole spectrum of things,

Hot like tropical storms, warm and rapid,

Capitating twelve heads.

Well fed, if you eat my food for thought, its edible bulk,

I bust into a rage like the Incredible Hulk.

Don't sulk, just hide inside the closet as I deposit

Data into the memory bank

You spank over the texture of my constructure.

Rough like stucco

I rock Pumas, fat laces, ??? and B-Boy belt buckles.

Suckas, chuckle, f\*\*kle them wack MCs

I flow like the breeze ???

The keys to ??? is what I am.

Scram, scoot-skedadle, you shouldn't try to battle

Tight rappers you're running circles around

Just like a satelite, not bad, aight?

Naw, west coast rocks the most!

And the ??? rascal ??? open a map and you can't come close.

[Chorus x2]

[Madchild]

Lack of blood to the brain, no simulation

Pacing back and forth, I can't function

My concentration is gone!

Omission wishin to pick up the pieces

To make ???

Tension increases at a rapid rate.

Birds of a feather flock together

So the Mad Child's alone prone to zodiac dimension

All I've got is my reflection, even then i'm shadow boxin.

Tryin to make mends with God but the devil always walks in.

Lets see you f\*\*kin bastard: the master of deception and persuasion.  
Rushin to my soul like an invasion  
And the Dark Angel's clutches as much as I try to fight for whats right  
He's in control, the strangle-hold is too tight.

[Chorus x2]