

# Swollen Members, Crunch

## Moka Only

I'm the durable mammal, Moka Only the complete abnormality  
Fatality maker, don't you sleep  
Why? It's detrimental that you set your mental clock right  
So you can catch the prime example of those who rock right  
The top tight, my mics made of alabaster  
Castin' shadows the size of Mount Shasta beadore I smash ya  
I promise to be the bombest, I gotta say that  
You wanna die? Well you can be accommodated  
To be honest, you soft like hummus  
To be on another plateau you gotta rap pro or become sawdust  
I'll ?? ?? that ass with no exception  
Been ill since my conception, I come for the collection  
Same ol' cask respectin' bitch I can't front yo  
Bizzy D went back to the hotel an' spelled his name in dough  
I'm hella pro, a rappers work is never done  
I like necks, I think I'm bout to sevre one

## Prevail

I put my pressure on the corners and cave the box in  
There's homicide on my breath and rhyme circles of sin  
See if I don't re-animate the meat grinders grain  
In the 8 wing where grey veins protrude from my grey rings  
My collection of strange things include:  
A barreling delivery like a Winchester and a pool full of crude  
Oil in my turmoil ridden block of ill rhythm  
Where cracker cockroaches talk about class division  
See I'm not stuck in a strucked out function  
I adapt to the place I hear the bass bumpin'  
Keep every rhyme different, that's a sign of a vetran  
Keep a bag of Buc Fifties in my cabinet of medicine

## Mad Child

Make sure the door's locked and your deadbolt's fastened  
Your worst nightmare that shares no compassion  
Acid falshbacks get hacked up into fractions  
Sergeant's road kill, still missing in action  
An unaffercionate date, I'm section eight  
Let's play, you be the bride of death and decay  
Do you stay awake at night thinking of the things you should worry about?  
Follow this blood trail and hurdle through the forest of doubt, til I'm out  
In the wide open plains, hopin' to maintain  
The same yeild, but the field's littered with corpses  
Death is my departure, til then I'm explosive  
An overdose of death, spare me no thrill  
I'm rare, bare me no ill will, I'm there  
The last man standing, never call a truce  
Apologize? Nah, strength needs no excuse