

Swollen Members, Deep End (Utah Saints Remix)

Swollen Members.

What begins with an 'a' and ends with asphyxia?
Me, prev one, the microphone cripple,
A life on the edge of the walking dead
You either talk in black or you speak in red.
I can't help you if you don't have the language down,
It's either sink or swim, and the average drown
Some of us stay afloat and respect the wave,
With your mouth full of sand, burnt by sunrays,
Five ways to sunday, a fistfull of dollars,
A barrel full of commerece, blasting the somber,
We always stand guard, over the late shift,
The cause and effect of the light and the mist.
In the world of mixtapes, and other sick breaks,
I spit like my life depends on what I make.

Working late night, not that we hate light,
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight,
Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping,
Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end.
It's the deep end, people are sleeping,
Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end.
Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light,
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight.

Hand to hand combat, gone far beyond that,
Armed to the teeth, this is a bomb threat,
Graveyard shift, way past abnoxious,
We play to win, you count your losses,
An awesome roster, original designed rhymes find time,
To make the shiver up your spine climb,
This ain't theatrics, we rock with tactics,
Smash on you plastic actresses for practice,
The fact is I'm violent by nature, don't hate ya,
Like most people about as much as they like me,
Haven't found a way to say "fuck you" politely.
These days I stick to myself, but sometimes get sick of myself,
Got my own circle, love my people, bleed for my people,
Need no replacement, Mad Child's life unfolds with bold statements.

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I'm not a vampire but I'm walking on a fine line,
Over fire-type rope, barefoot on barbed wire.

I'm not a werewolf but I force my fangs into the townfolk,
Drain a little cowpoke until the city's bloodsoaked.

I'm not a goblin, a hobbit, a ghost or ghoul,
Swollen Members ain't fuckin' with most you fools.

I'm not a phantom, a banshee, a witch, or an ogre,
But my crew's got the best chance of taking over.

Yo, I don't transform and I don't change shape,
Don't take the bus, don't shoplift tapes,

But I used to, and if you choose to,
Here's something to pop inside your walkman and cruise to,

Mamma pay dues and blues, that's the truth,
If there's one thing I've learned from life, there's much to lose,
I know, that's why we never duplicate shows,
You're just an imitation, you can die like white buffalo.

Working late night, not that we hate light,
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Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping,
Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end.
It's the deep end,
It's the deep end,
It's the deep end.
It's the deep end.

Working late night, working....

Swollen Members ain't fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking.
Ain't fucking, fucking, fucking, fucking.
Ain't fucking, fucking, fucking, fuck, fucking.
With most you fools.

My crew got the best, got the best (fuck).
My crew got the best, got the best (fuck).
My crew got the best, got the best (fuck).
My crew got the best, got the best (fuck).

It's the deep end.