

Swollen Members, Full Contact

(chorus) Its like that. No doubt we keep it live 24-7 365 and Swollen Members worldwide, this is full contact spit hard and never look back. Its like that. Thats right we keep it live, 24-7 365, this is full contact yo time to plug in and spit hard the audience is listenin'. Its like that.

My life consists of makin songs on quality controlling balancing on platforms. The space between theres an end to the means. My name on your lips my face in your dreams. Extremes, not a term just limmited to sports it also derives on how I drive with force. Private thoughts are revealed through my secret serrebral. Serimonius masters down with the users of needles. The spitters of paint, the ones who move on the brake unified from the Lions gate to the Sunshine state. Weights and measures curved and straight letters are used and fused together to deliver the devistating craving I have for making bars and notes. Step against strength for the stars in my throat. Reservation for one, plus a table for three, Ev, Prev, and MC and my Mad Child Mt.

(chorus)

Silver surfer, spiderman, mister fantastic. Swollen dialated and Jurassic. Madchild gettin his ass kicked thats a dead wish im vicious, I swim with sharks piranas and siamese fighting fishes, and restle alligators (why) cuz im a gladiator, roll deep in seven for these sports and lickin navigators. S and M rocks the spot no question your so wacked even your yes makes my suggestion. Battle axe warrior kid, what the fuck you think, step up to my crew eh yo you must have had too much to drink. Its all about length thats long jepordy. Thats why Im gonna keep rappin till im 70 ready or not. Rock steady crew rep ready to rock, knock knock your thinkin no ones upstairs but hte lights on let bygones be gygones, strength of a python. Red Dragon plus a rocket circa icon.

(chorus)

Yo revelin your colapse ear settin traps here kickin raps clear hopin you'll lap dear verbal paps smear back to smack fear till your thone piece tone piece rockin from the cradle till my bones creak no friggin microphone. No imposta's all up in your bumpa prosta lickin shots from my partners makin the heart for my brothers who got what im after, swollen members will be your disaster. I controll your laughter, a voice more powerful than past to reppin sweeter than three leaders of shatsa. Opal tones fracter, rythmes blast ya through your back run till the other verbal use cast ya. Unmast disaster gunblast past ya and crash past ya change the miuscule to the masta. Minutes till you can grasp the millions of medicles made perhaps to trap its in your heard out the pasture.

(chorus x2)