

# Swollen Members, Go For Mine

[Buc Fifty]

Yeah, from the top. I don't think they know. But as if you didnt know by now: L Brothers, Swollen M

[Buc Fifty]

Blind fanatics, attack rhymes leave damage,  
And foes to oppose, Cut Father  
Didnt manage to erase me out the game.  
SouthEast 6 1 9 battle veteran  
In a competition I victimize.  
Word spray, ghetto word play,  
Take shit back to the days of K Day.  
Ready rock, Babylon to test non-stop,  
World domination, f\*\*k curb-servin blocks.  
South Pacific, scientific cause panic,  
Spit lines terrific, no surprise, see I planned it.  
You homosexual rap cats can scratch that,  
Don't play for gays, fake thugs, fake ways.  
Thoughts i generate and never scared to stop spittin,  
Dont hear nothin but the music I'm ???.  
L Brothers: ever-evolvin, ducks fallin,  
Into rhyme re-lapse, these record tracks.  
Mad Child blaze, spittin real on top,  
In memory of Rob-1 'cause ya cant be stopped.

[Chorus - scratching the following variations of a cut]

[Cut Father]

Just get down, and go for mine,  
1 2, and run down the line.  
Just get down, and run down the line.  
Just get down... 1 2.

[Madchild]

Swingin the axe. Bringing the pain while I'm bringin the facts,  
Keep climbin 'cause I'm workin while these others relax.  
Rippin tracks from Cut Father dont bather half-steppin,  
Mad Child and Buc Fifty: thats three deadly weapons.  
Reppin the west, staplin the maple leafe to my chest,  
That sixteen bars between bars and stripes.  
Used to go to malls and fight, now I stay up all night,  
Thinking. Mappin out my future 'cause my family's tight.  
We keep it thorough. We get inside your head just like a neurosurgeon,  
To some my origin is discouragin,  
No fade in this Canadian hurricane keep flourishin.  
Doubt this? Hows this: I put my money where my mouth is,  
Joust from North to South. You dont know anything about this.  
Partner startin a label, able to rock but unstable,  
Terrifying talents of the mentally unbalanced,  
King of skull-crushing confusion that welcomes any challenge.

[Chorus]

[Buc Fifty]

I can hand-cuff lightning, throw thunder in jail,  
Hold tornadoes in the palm of both hands when thy bail.  
Full fatal and ??? bomb, I am phenominal,  
If I laid on train tracks I'd make that shit de-rail.  
Hold still, I'm so ill i make medicine sick,  
Kill a ??? my head split wild plan with this.  
Style until i feel well and done with it.  
You a broke wrist rapper with a fruit-flavoured packer.  
Jimmy on the breath sugar footed crew that backed ya.  
Gimme a reason to step, I'm drinkin booze and jack jackers,  
Back mackers, out-act actors, stack up stature,  
Textual factors, while I keep the wack wacker.

[Chorus]