

Swollen Members, Killing Spree

MadChild:

i'm the extreme case of fire and anger
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the misguided angel with ice in his veins
my thought pattern is scattered playing russian roulette
cause i'm a rotweiler, excaliber, rock like metallica
gone i'm the sergant, charging with my beloved corps
don't interrupt me, i'll errupt to fuck the
heavy metal makeover mad child warns the
hard to get a four by four pick up truck to kick up dust while it's down there
vanity knows no boundaries
you can't fuck with this commando, rambo rap while in the jungle
kung fu kicks that crack helmets
love is over-rated fuck freaks for fulfillment
keep it in the family yo my friends go feel me
overwhelming
shane spits flames not the same
not identical not synical far from my pinnacle
renegade rap, white water rapids, river rapids
living in a life of luxery laughing
you catch a dirtnap when i start reacting
are you feeling me? i'm on a killing spree

Prevail

my belief, to finalize the movement of the freaks
in a fantastic place where you are what you eat
(what's up) news of the new world chump
forced when i'm sober, forced when i'm drunk
cerebrialic sorcerer
give em time to jump to the orchestra
battle axe warriors
throw you around like raggady dolls
no one answers when the majesty of tragedy calls
rhyme assault is easy to spot
check the weight of the victim and the type of knot
tackle your whole crew with the talon of a hawk
drink in my hand, probably gin on the rocks
i'm the centre of the universe kill a verse if i'm hot
yo, to tell you the truth, i'm the duke of the dark
double sided mirrors and frosted breath
my reputation for rocking sets is darker than death
armor on my left arm, armor on my chest
are you feeling me? i'm on a killing spree.