

# 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 sergeant, 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 luxury 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.