

Swollen Members, Pregnant

[Mad Child]

I make heads nod like a hot-rod with hydraulics
A beer drinkin ??? gettin plastered like alcoholics.
I smash kids that fraulic or tip-toe through the tulips
Smack a ??? then whip his ass like an orange ???.
With aggression I sanction on the mic
Til the pressure from the people frantic ??? young gun professor
Yes sir i'm fresher, i dont need to be a boaster,
But i'm the guy thats fly like the great space coaster
One tough cookie, still a rookie with the kids,
To have all the girls feelin all the pockets in my pants?
No, but I hope I can do the hokey-pokey
Turn myself around, kid, 'cause I'm still f**kin broke.

[Chorus - sample scratch]

[Mad Child]

Girls jock the way I rock this obnoxious concoction,
I'm swift with the gift to talk quick like i'm at an auction.
The angry kid about to flip, my lid and rock the cradle,
Try to battle, its suicidal, my style is fatal, so
Strap on the wrist-straps I never kiss the piss-flaps
When I rap i tap the bottle then i twist caps
??? but I be the better MC, 'cause my initials are official.
Artificial styles get me riled up and thats rough, pup
Your stuff sucks and I get wild and its tough love.
The space case facing no distortion,
I'm takin out kids on the mic like an abortion.
They're forcin these punk suckers stage ???,
But still, I'd like a real record deal.

[Q-bert]

Its the motha with the f**k and the mad master fantastic,
Makin shit fit, 'cause you knows we have to.
They call me Drescot, 'cause I got nothin to lose,
Confusin the 1s and the 2s.
Fools see me comin in the year of '94,
So let me grab another Heiny from the stow.
??? of the dragon if you're laggin on the two-step,
You slept on the J to the D E L
Guess its kinda easy when you're in the background,
But here's a new sound. Baby that I've found.
So check the linguistics 'cause I'm sweet like this,
And if the liquor's there, I'm going to get licked quick.
Bermudo, people just wanna f**k your mind,
But i just have the beat, hit me two more times.
'cause its one for the Treble, two more for the Honda Civic,
If you dont know who this is, I'ma tell you who it is.
Its the ??? Asian from the idle-most.
Make a lot of damn beats but I'm still flat broke,
So pick-up to my niggas of the B.S. crew,
Hey, crystal's in the house. I thought you knew.

[Chorus]

[Mad Child]

I'm damper, smooth over the rough like a lapper,
'86 skater later turned into a rapper. So,
Clap your hands to the beat vibe,
But my shoes are old news and i've got holes in my socks.
I rock the mic swell in this group What the Hell,
Well here's a little story I've got to tell!
About two bad b-boys with big hopes and dreams,
Who drive across the country just to step on the scene.

I signed the dotted-line but I guess i'm a bust,
Because i've been livin in my car for about 6 months.
Without a pop the ??? listen up to my story,
He didnt even think of saying sorry.
But back on track, to the fact, a record contract is usually black.
So if you got one, be prepared to get a lawyer,
'cause you'll be up shit without a paddle.
Oh yeah, its no joke, my friends and be my son,
Mama's tastin cake, I dont want you to get burned.
But me, I live on Hip-Hop so I've be climbin that stuff,
Just remember my name 'cause I'm a diamond in the rough.