

# Crunch

## Swollen Members

I'm the durable mammal, Moka only the complete  
Abnormality, fatality mega, don't you sleep  
It's dephtrimental that you set your mental clock right  
So you can catch the prime example of those who rock right  
I talk tight, my mic's made of alabaster  
Cast a shadow beside of mount shout before I smash ya  
I promise to be the bonus, I gotta say that  
You want to die, well, you can be accommodated  
To be honest, you sock like Homnus  
To be on another plateau you gotta rap pro or become sawdust  
I husk a bone on that ass with no exceptions  
Been ill since my conception, I've come for the collection  
Same old cash respecting bitches, I can't front yo  
Busy Bee went back to the hotel and spelt his name in dough  
I'm hella pro, a rappers work is never done  
I like necks, I think I'm about to sever one  
I put my pressure on the corner to cave the box in  
This time I sawed in my breath and rhymed circles of sin  
See, if I don't reanimate the meat-grinder's brain  
In the A-Wing, we're gray things, petrude from my gray rings  
My collection of strange things include  
A barrel delivering like a Winchester in a pool full of crude  
Oil in my turmoil, ridden block of ill rythem-wear  
Cracken cockroaches, talk about class divisions  
I'm not stuck-in-the stricken function  
I adapt to the place, I hear the bass pumping  
Keep every rhyme different, that's a sign of affection  
Keep a bag of Buc Fifty's of my cabinet of men  
Make sure the door's locked and the dead-bolts fastened  
Your worst nightmare that shares no compassion  
Acid flashbacks, get hacked up into fractions  
Sergeant Roadkill, still missing in action  
An unaffectionate day, I'm section A  
Let's play, you be the bride of death and decay  
Do you stay awake at night  
Thinking of the things you should worry about  
Follow this blood trail and hurdle through the forest of doubt  
Till I'm out in the wide open plains hoping to maintain  
The same yield, but the field's littered with corpses

Death is my departure, till then I'm explosive  
An overdose of death, spare me no grill  
I'm rare, send me on ill will, I'm there  
The last man standing, never call a truce  
Apologize, nah, strength needs no excuse

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