

Deep End

Swollen Members

[Prevail]

What begins with an 'a' and ends with asphyxia?

Me, Prev One, the microphone cripple

A life on the edge of the walking dead

You either talk in black or you speak in red

I can't help you if you don't have the language down

It's either sink or swim and the average drown

Some of us stay afloat and respect the wave

With your mouth full of sand, burnt by sunrays

Five Ways to Sunday, A Fistfull of Dollars

A barrel full of commerece, blasting the somber

We always stand guard over the late shift

The cause and effect of the light and the mist

In the world of mixtapes and other sick breaks,

I spit like my life depends on what I make[CHORUS:]

Working late night, not that we hate light

Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight

Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping

Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end

It's the deep end, people are sleeping

Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end

Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light

Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight[Mad Child]

Hand to hand combat, gone far beyond that

Armed to the teeth, this is a bomb threat

Graveyard shift, way past abnoxious

We play to win, you count your losses

An awesome roster, original designed rhymes find time

To make the shiver up your spine climb

This ain't theatrics, we rock with tactics

Smash on you plastic actresses for practice

The fact is I'm violent by nature, don't hate ya

Like most people about as much as they like me

Haven't found a way to say "fuck you" politely

These days I stick to myself, but sometimes get sick of myself

Got my own circle, love my people, bleed for my people

Need no replacement, Mad Child's life unfolds with bold statements[CHORUS:]

Working late night, not that we hate light

Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight

Thoughts start creeping, people are sleeping
Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end
It's the deep end, people are sleeping
Pull words out of the dreams, it's the deep end
Keep in mind, it's not that we hate light
Just feels right, that's when tracks come out tight[Mad Child]
I'm not a vampire but I'm walking on a fine line
over fire-type rope, barefoot on barbed wire[Prevail]
I'm not a werewolf but I force my fangs into the townfolk
Drain a little cowpoke until the city's bloodsoaked[Mad Child]
I'm not a hoblin, a goblin, a ghost, or ghoul
Swollen Members ain't fuckin' with most you fools[Prevail]
I'm not a phantom, a banshee, a witch, or an ogre
But my crew's got the best chance of taking over[Mad Child]
Yo, I don't transform and I don't change shape
Don't take the bus, don't shoplift tapes
But I used to, and if you choose to,
Here's something to pop inside your walkman and cruise to[Prevail]
I'mma pay dues and blues, that's the truth
If there's one thing I've learned from life, there's much to lose
I know, that's why we never duplicate shows
You're just an imitation, you can die like white buffalo[CHORUS:]
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