

Therapy

Swollen Members

I'ma pull out my knife or rifle, I'm a polite psycho
It's a full out cycle of a trifle life
Cops can suck my cock if they don't like us
I hang around prospects, strikers, bikers
Cruel in a duel, a bull fueled with nitrous oxide
Thoughts fly by like a rock slide
Not a far cry from a glorified barfly
Horried when you hear this warrior's war cry
Four out of five dentists recommend
That you support Swollen Members on their second win
Get it? People get their teeth knocked in
But some of them will get dentures, don't keep talkin'
While they sleep walkin', I'm always on their mind
Stressed 'cause I'm successful and on the grind
Look no ones secretly behind or under this
It's independent bitch, I funded it
Does that answer your fucking question?
No one owns our shit but us
This is independant man
Don't worry about who I hang out with man
Just mind your own fucking business
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth, mind your business
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth, mind your business
I'm a juggernaut, you're not, you don't want it
And you don't want us to rock your knot
You don't call us if you got some thoughts
You just call us to rock the spot, demolish and pop your top
So whassup? I don't do shit to mock you dawg
You doin' that by yourself 'cause you not too hot
Matter fact cats run around and copy each other
Like CD-R's, we don't 'cause we be stars
See these scars? They didn't appear by themselves on my knuckles
'Cause motherfuckers wouldn't keep to themselves
When I was young always havin' to defend myself
I was out there doin' it with nobody else
Until I met a couple cats, set a couple raps
Got a plan together how to get a couple snaps
Flashback to now, we got a whole operation
But wouldn't if we didn't have a whole lot of patience
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth, mind your business
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Shut your mouth, mind your business
Well, you trippin' if you think I'm gonna sit on this couch
And tell this shrink what my deeply rooted problems' about

The words out my mouth like 'acts of vengeance'
From the blackest dungeons in a mass abundance
We move together like shadows and figures
We strike when we like with a mind like the Gravediggaz
Painted pictures and still photography
Movin' images, reverse psychology
You should hear what they call me when I leave the cypher
A nut case, a coo coo, loo or cypher
When I talk on the beat, hot, hot, heat
Shotgun, track meet, please come compete
One lap to go before the cartridge blow
Hot headed and dreaded with an incredible arsenal
I kick back and win it in record time and who'd have thought
I had a lot of this shit locked in my mind?
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth, mind your business
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