

Steppin Thru

Swollen Members

Talking you, what y'all want to do just don't let
We're doing it the way you want to do
Rocking you, just watch how your shit gets blown back
I know you wish you could do it too
People think that they can do it like Swollen do
The members do it like you never knew
Getting it by the grip, that's the way we rolling
You better move it when we're steppin' thru I'm the first thing to burst a verse of Street Stalker
Off my rocker of Red Bull and vodka
Provocatively, walking like you're talking to me
Branded outlandish, triple decker stress sandwich
It's an ambush, turn out back to canvas
Ain't it the art words, painted with pain in my heart
New York to L.A., Yonge Street to Robson
We get the job done and rob with tracks on Live in effect to such, graze the edge of the metal
Raise taste, game face, first place, the rebel
In the cage with the lions, engage with the giants
Stars with temper, Red October, Prev the Cobra
I coil the sunset, oil my drumset
Spitting grease out my grill, y'all I'm Formula One
Crack a hole in your helmet, your bucket, your pail
Moka, Mad Child, Kemo, Prevail
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You better move it when we're steppin' thru You feel me as if I was a part of you
If you really feeling what you want to do
If you see how Moka only gets it done
Swollen men, get it off, never sweat it none
Jump in the air, hands in the air, put them up
Girls shake it down, girls shake it down, line it up
Come to your town, come to your town, tear it up
Once y'all get down, y'all staying down, pressing love Yo, we shocked we made it, Mad Child rocks the greatest
When I'm intoxicated, got locked, we waited
And invaded and stated the tactics activated
Can't hate it, you play the track and tax infatuated

Fatal attraction, won't stop till I'm Platinum
Bam-bam gonna flatten them, I'm baseball batting them
Quick draw McGraw, rap assault rifle
Go blind when you look into the mind of a psycho We're the main attraction boy, you're just a sideshow
My bubble tonic glows in the glass, don't try to hide bro
They spin the bottle from the Beat Junkie to the Sonar
The curb to the club, heavy hitting like a crowbar
No stars, no bruises, no cuts or bumps
Those are signs of a veteran, how'd you come up, chump?
Through the back door, this is a brand new rap war
Blow the speaker, throw the mic stand and brand the dance floor Talking you, what y'all want to do just don't let
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