Deep End

Coucheron

[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:]
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/