

Roller Coaster

Swollen Members

How many people have I already killed?
There were six of them that I knew about 'em sure
Close enough to blow their last breath in my face
But this time
I've lost track of my body count,
The amount is enormous
Dropped in sector four
Non-conformist intimidates,
Eliminating all heads of state
The punishment is banishment
Tarnishing and vanishing I'm runnin' shit
Titanic panicking, manic depressant addicted to adolescence,
At the end of the crescent
Dragon's eyes glow fluorescent
Second-guess and rest in peace
Get laced in radioactive waste that's released
Feast fit for a king then bring two servants
Words swervin' and curvin'
You'll get what you deservin',
It's urgent Mad Child slice precise like a surgeon
Emergency exit's where you're headin'
Ha, forget it
Hook:
I'm your host to the roller coaster
Stick to your guns and cling to your holster X2
As MC's slowly slip into sleep
Without bailin' with their hands up
Their homeboys act like Casey and Finnegan
Now this tends to send trends of frenzy,
In to forensics and then medics get hit
Lips spread like books of Dianetics
I'm a credit to my field of study I, I kneel to nobody
You'll be as lucky as Lucy-Ann
If you get a word in edgewise
When it comes to being word wise,
I've got an edge and a worldwide urge
To rock on more wax than Verve
I'm in a class of my own
And still throw the great curveHook:

I'm your host to the roller coaster
Stick to your guns and cling to your holster X2
The penalty is execution,
Suffer consequences
Intense as a prison riot,
Barbed wire fences Tenses,
your Excellency senses assassins in the entrance,
Disguised as my apprentice
Nonequivalent sibilance in every sentence
Send a message up by horse back to the castle,
through the forests over the hill
with no hassle scrolls scripted in gold,
Ancient enlightenment Wizardry and wisdom,
Expressive excitement handsome and lonesome,
The brand new heaviest Lunacy in unison magnificent specimen
The pinpointed path,
Through the pit and the pendulum
Hypnotic gases still whirl
On the last curl of the wind mast,
And narrows in With Apollo and Ottomans,
To cause pestilence And rid the prominence,
Of so called dominance
He and I the most decadent
With a promise of providence I'm adamant about your iris
Seeing the style I use,
When it's evident I compile a charge,
Like an alkaline pile
The concubines of pantomimes
More war chants and streamlined design In the line,
ligaments With imagined figments
The tragic and epidemic rise Of zero point five micro-pigment Can you dig it?
Hook:
I'm your host to the roller coaster
Stick to your guns and cling to your holster X2

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