

Still Kill

Swollen Members

I used to be about that life
Now I can really give a flyin' fuck about that life
Lyrically these rappers are inferior athletes
Cause I'm superior, I'm lyrically baffling
Built for this shit with interior scaffolding
I'm imperial, beware of my mysterious tackling
I hit the mic and rap like I am in a beastly state
We got an army, something they appreciate
These rappers make me fall asleep
I'm short as fuck but rapper as if no rapper's tall as me
Yeah, that's my fuckin' policy
Goin' down in history for the ones that do it flawlessly
We the real deal, we that true school
Ain't a bunch of dickheads trying to be too cool
Cause we the real deal, we that true school
We don't follow new rules, everybody you lose
Cause we have been there and done that and still here
Rappers that you still fear, rappers that you still hear
Cause we that true school, we the real deal
Decade and a half motherfuckers, we can still killValkyrize, take flight, concrete gargoyles
Spit oil, hot lead, meltin' off finger tips
Givin' it's original form and I swarm firstly
So many words spit in this game and I'm gettin' thirsty
And hunger is a game and dungeon's never tamed
My dragons are too fully grown, we sully you with flames
Whether slowly cap or snap back with full attack we'll reign
I maim, I murder, a word, a verb, a
Noun, alert em now, we came to shut em down
It's an all power outage, straight blackouts allowed
Fall face first into deeper depths of the crowd
Call crowd control loud or roll over them like clouds
We don't get old, dawg we get better
It's Rocky 7, you don't want to start a vendetta
I'll do a fuckin' drive-by on the Lambretta
I'm a red Lamborghini, you're a tan Jetta
Hit so many times now I land better
Prev still by my side saying "Come on man, get up."
I'm on a fuckin' band stand in a grand getup
People still don't understand, gettin' damn fed up

Get yourself a dictionary, we are visionaries
Fucked so many rappers up they call me Mr. MissionaryIt's like Area 51, full of intelligent life
With blacklights spinnin', glowin' red and green and then white
What a night to have to right the wrongs of pressurized domes
Leave competitors without the molecules to phone home
This is the misguided cannonball, viking express
With the tangible command of all the thoughts I compress
Let me confess my darkest secret which is why I've arrived
And see if anyone has seen P-one, I'm born to survive
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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