

Fresh Air

Swollen Members

[Intro]

My name is [rewinds] my name is
And we've made a wild and wonderful record for you
We will tell you all kinds of things to do and be
and you can let your imagination go with us
Open up to what we say; this is where the magic starts[Mad Child]

Yeah!

Underground rapper with the firearm
Sick dialogue, words stick like iron-ons
Crowd surfin and wrestlin with fans
to a burnt out desolate man - guess who I am
Flippin bricks from a brick phone, to a flip phone
Thought I had it made, switched zip codes
Used to get high cause I'd get bored
Felt like I was, felt like I was
felt like I was fallin from a plane, no rip cord
Now I'm back and I got nothin to lose
Mad Child, I tear it up in the booth
Fuck material objects I got serious props
Same shit, now I'm dealin with delirious goblins
Thought I wanted to be king so I wore a crown
Started from the bottom, built an empire and torn it down
Not Rockefeller, more like Mr. Cinderella
And I'm standin in the rain with a ripped umbrella
That's the, that's the
That's the nature and the danger of the streets
Angel with the piece and the anger of a beast
I was goin one way but runnin out of luck
So I'm back and I'm grindin like an independent truck
I thought of flyin the coop
But I'ma stay put and spit fire while I try and recoup[Prevail]
Red seed to evergreen, oak tree sequoia
Black back peace chief, Battle Axe Warrior
(Dagger) in the (Mouth) like a pirate ship
and a highly classified nanobyte microchip
Scanners fiber light from my eyes guide ships to the passage
My mind shifts gears to the literary classics
Follow orders, protect the Battle Axe borders, defend the headquarters
Beware of sharks who can only swim in shallow waters

A beacon of lumins', speak the language of humans
A spice trade of words mixed like fresh herbs and cumen
You don't want to see my (Boys) get (Beastie) Rick Rubin
The spite be comin to me real natural like Truman
Capote, peyote, coyotes and jackals
My team is real (Predatory) but we ain't from (Nashville)
You callin for us, we are Battle Axe Warriors, defend the fortress
Beware of darkness or forever live in shallow coffins[Mad Child]
Mad Child steppin on the scene like Batman
Gold wings comin out my supreme backpack
I'm old school, hardcore like Black Flag
Chasin rappers down, I chomp 'em up like Pac-Man
Break you off bitch, I ain't got an off switch
Started off underground, head like an ostrich
Then I became obnoxious
and started sellin records then I started poppin oxys
Shit I was flossin, I can't believe I lost it
and everything we stand for
Fans felt lost, arms crossed they demand more
which left me at a standstill
Guilt weighin heavy on my mind like an anvil
I can't remember a day that I didn't have pills
Quit painkillers now I'm only takin Advil (Advil.. Advil..)

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