

# RPM (feat. Rakaa Iriscience)

## Swollen Members

[Iriscience]

Aiyyo actions reactions, addition subtraction  
Crew split the factions, split the fractions  
E-mail celly talk two-way faxes  
Rap bold is love just ask the axis, relax  
Listen to what your ears say  
Don't believe the hear-say, or a beer say  
You fuckin' with entrepreneurs and rhyme wars  
Marked up passports and world-wide tours  
But still bangin' out of cars I'm sure  
All the heads that cop our shit romp the tour  
You kick a little something but the crowd want more  
I kick a smorgasbord, that could feed the poor  
I learn to spit raps, brace for kick back  
And drip wax, some of the illest on slip mats  
Cy Young pitchin', catch the transmission  
Swollen Membership on a Cali to Van mission.[Chorus: Iriscience]

Passport stamped up at the station  
Through customs through immigration  
The sign reads welcome to your nation  
We come to bring the celebration.[Prevail]  
The war on paper, bongs and smoke vapours  
Blowin' up and out, goin' up a belt  
Watch the formula, shadows and corridors  
We haven't slept yet, my eyes are bloodshot  
And when the drums drop, that's the fun part  
Stare and snipe you out here at the street fight  
Let the beat ride black market midnight  
Attack a stack of vamps like a pit fight  
So many bones get broken in the rib shack  
That's where I live at, yo watch the kick back  
RPMs back seats and engine blocks  
I got my tale pipe stuck up in a glove box  
All our songs rock, duck the Molotov  
Clear bottle, call the dogs off  
At the borders, and at the air ports  
We shoot straight and know exactly what to aim for.[Chorus: Iriscience (x2)][Mad Child]  
Aiyyo it's spread like a virus, Mad Prev and Iris (Iriscience)  
Never ask if you can dig it like Cyrus

Shadow boxin' got a killer silhouette  
Even when we open crowd be like they rock the illest set  
Feel us yet? You romper room rappers  
Ain't catchin' half the shit I say until the mornin' after  
This shit is evil on pars don't have to play it backwards  
This was made from stacks of cash from underneath my mattress  
But most of y'all are just a bunch of fuckin' actors  
Flexible suckin' your own dick for practice, actors  
If I can't get a chance to put my claim on it  
You smoked about a thousand pounds with my name on it  
Free medical and dental plan  
I'm on six figures bitch you drive a rental van  
Smokin' weed in coffee shops, stripper sucked for dough  
Talk to me about the border I'm like fuck you bro.[Chorus: Iriscience (x4)]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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