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 celibration.[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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