

# Sound Burial

## Swollen Members

My stereo buries your stereo  
It's a sound burial when I talk I sound imperial  
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It's a sound burial when I talk, when I talk Then I mock  
Competition, them I drop  
They just wishin', that I'd stop  
Like a western, Deadwood shot  
My profession, they don't talk  
One condition, when I rock  
Twelve o'clock, red eye flight, dead of night  
Set my sights on the city of lights  
Give me that mic, believe in that hype  
Believe me I'm right  
A pretty young lady trying to give me advice  
Hit the mile high club, you gotta feel the height  
For real it's tight  
Right there, that's what I like  
Energy spikes, party ignites  
They wild and fight, the whole crowd out loud proudly recites  
That...:  
I'm the Mad Child to make murderous material  
Wake up in the morning and I eat my cereal  
Serial murderer, that's why I'mma murder ya  
That's right I'm a master have to ask I never heard of ya  
Bad man standing on the corner of 33rd  
Flip a couple birds because I prefer to do my dirty work  
Dangerous in solitude I will demolish you  
Dudes don't want to rendezvous when I'm not fond of you  
I've been through it, I'm into it  
You influence  
You ain't done it  
I soul stunted  
You got a small group of stupid friends who pretend  
Me? I got a big group of super men that you can't duplicate  
We worldwide, do some girl/guy cookie movers

I'm from Vancouver we move mass units and flip bricks  
Thousand keys across the boarder even when the shit's thick  
Shit I'mma buy fame kid  
Hop on my train  
Hip hop, try again  
I spit rock from fire brains  
Spike metal ball on an iron chain  
Cry in vain I was born and raised to go out on a stage  
Explode into a rage and go out in a blaze  
I was born and raised to go out on a stage  
Explode into a rage and go out in a blaze  
That's what's happenin' when Mad Child is rappin' in the place to be  
You can't fuck with me, face it G  
I'm especially fresh to death, there's no replacing me  
I'm basically the best, no escaping us I'm papered up  
If he's actin' like a stupid fuck duck, tape him up  
Life, we don't make it up  
Take, until I make enough  
God, what have I become?  
Some young dumb idiot  
Tried to step up and get up in my meridian  
And that's when I get mad  
That's when I get rid of 'em  
That's cause they was on the same same bullshit again

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