

House of Sin

Swollen Members

[Intro:]

I'm a Tasmanian Devil, Prevail's the Roadrunner

Rob the Viking[Verse 1:]

I love beats by the Viking and the Alchemist

People get inside my head like John Malkovich

My life is getting complicated like calculus

I feel like jumping off a bridge or a balcony

So sometimes I sit around, might sulk a bit

But still I'm holding on tight like a Vulcan grip

Instead I think about the suicide that I'll commit

I'm pulling killer crazy words from the alphabet

Cooped up, sometimes I gotta leave the house and shit

Otherwise my life will turn into the House of Sin

I'm running into old friends asking, "How've you been? "

I lost three million dollars dog, how've you been?

My teeth are falling out my head so my mouth all red

My teeth are rotten and there's holes in my couch and shit

Yeah every day reminders the truth it hurts

Cause I got cigarette burns in my Gucci shirts

Yo Mad Child I never write a goofy verse

I still I stare into the mirror thinking, "You've been cursed."

Listen to your song, I have to pop a roofie first

Cause I am nuclear, when I walk in a booth it's church[Interlude:]

I'm on some Bruce Lee Enter the Dragon shit

Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon shit

We are warriors, Red Dragon kid

There's warmth under the wing of the dragon bitch I'm on my kung-fu hustle

My black '69 Mustang, it got muscle

Mad samurais don't hide, we just rush em

You want me street now we gonna crush em[Verse 2:]

I'm the Swollen Army general, we gonna swarm on you

My performance quite like me, I'm Moulin Rouge

I'm a cut into your crew like some Cordon Bleu

I'm sipping on some Grand Dame, you drinking?

I make your heart skip a beat like it's new Beirut

And if you don't know what to do then you should stay on your stoop

People always ask me what part do I play in the?

What do I say? I'm just a dude in a Tom Ford suit

Space face erase cartoon, you dudes is Betty Boop

Make a tune and break bread and then get jetty with the loot
Play around the Greyhound and squeeze the juice out your grapefruit
Prev-one Ketel One, Belvedere, or Grey Goose
Major league beat down, a homerun, a base?
Major labels always wonder when we gonna break loose
Can't stop the profit motherfucker, I'm like Jeru
S&M it's us again, people know we stay true
I'm on some Apocalypse Now
Behind enemy lines like black hawk down
The Shining, the Crazies, the Happening, the Town
Keep your eyes wide shut when the crows come around[Outro:]
I'm on my kung-fu hustle
A black '69 Mustang it got muscle
Mad samurais don't hide, we just rush em
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