Bottle rocket (feat. Evidence)

Swollen Members

Yo the rhyme excursions touch minds like brain surgeons
Feel the lyric tear gas even on clean versions
No profanic goddammit hard like granite to the utmost
I'm butter on rye, always high but play the low post
I stretch to go the distance yo my lungs are mad elastic
I'm dope on plastic like Flex, and always keep it, classic
Expressions in the facial, I'm on rachel from Caribbean rhythms
I hit 'em wit' a battered flow pattern then circle Saturn twice
I'm nice on ice The line slice your dome and separate rhymes from poems
My life, ain't tryin to see no Grammy or Oscar
Best believe the styles will rub off like pastas
On people, yo check Dilated, Evidence
The influential rock rhymes in sequential format
You see the doormat if you acting dis-accordingly
Something to the effect of Fat Boys in Disorderly'sI'll take you from He-Man to She-Ra
Battle Cat to Cringer
Medieval messenger, west coast avenger
Take you to the street, battle me that's a fuckin' sin
Go one round wit Madchild, you'll be suckin' wind
Snappin' handcuffs just from deep concentration
Then I broke out the bus, the mental hospital patient
On the weekend pass, but I still come sick
Psychopathic, you're dealin' with a deranged lunatic
Soon to kick ya teeth in and then go berserk
Even Van Gogh looked at me,
And said "You're one piece of work"
So I said "Lend me an ear" 'cause I'm the state of the art
First I'll feast on your brain and rip your body apart
There's a part of your heart stuck in between my fangs
Wrap a rope 'round your neck and you still couldn't hang
'cause you're way off track you need realignment
Murdering masterpieces in solitary confinementI keep your backside open like the English Channel
I rock the sure shot, I keep it hot like flannel
I'll survey your panel, put my foot up in your anal
You think it can't happen, kid 'cause I'm rappin'
Ain't no gun clappin', cut the jaw-jackin '
Let the joints get shot and see who wear this knot
Then kick off your shoes jump off my jock
And check the new style Whitey Ford's prone to rock

'cause once upon a time, not long ago
Before hip hop was made for the radio
An MC show had to cold rock the masses
Used to wear a Kangol wit the clear Gazel glasses
So bang bang boogey, up jump the party
Someone clapped off, and scattered everybody
Drunk off Bacardi, high off the trauma
It's death from above, the livest dive bomber
In the squadron
I break formation
I get New York love like my name's King Sun
I T La Rock Bells till they break the dawn
Steady puffin L's, I fight hell like Spawn
My moves are animated, my crew's reinstated
While you cats suspensions are up in my dimensions
We can ease tensions or we can get rowdy
So I'm a keep it on the love and do my duty like HowdieDirect your short term plan, rigidalize rhyme boards wit the hoards
I'm Satan dynasty killer reveal the cause wit the sling on down
Venom spit regurgitate death scripts I sound
Cylinder never python, Prevail Madchild
Physical justice can't rush this for now
Move faker the game time set back so don't sweat that
God don't test that, too much infinite to get at
Face the fields Swollen Members got the iller drills
And if you wit the rhyme steel
Bust the revealings in my feelings of these dealings
I went to represent shield
I build three phases of death,
The illusion is the sweat that you reflect
When you feel the veil Divine Styles circum navigate nine circles of hell
You keep on you don't stop 'cause a nigga never stay still
Whatta whattta whatta whatta whattta what I'm sayin is-is that
You-you ain't ready for that chill

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