

# Fresh Air

## Swollen Members

[Intro]

My name is [rewinds] my name is  
And we've made a wild and wonderful record for you  
We will tell you all kinds of things to do and be  
and you can let your imagination go with us  
Open up to what we say; this is where the magic starts[Mad Child]

Yeah!

Underground rapper with the firearm  
Sick dialogue, words stick like iron-ons  
Crowd surfin and wrestlin with fans  
to a burnt out desolate man - guess who I am  
Flippin bricks from a brick phone, to a flip phone  
Thought I had it made, switched zip codes  
Used to get high cause I'd get bored  
Felt like I was, felt like I was  
felt like I was fallin from a plane, no rip cord  
Now I'm back and I got nothin to lose  
Mad Child, I tear it up in the booth  
Fuck material objects I got serious props  
Same shit, now I'm dealin with delirious goblins  
Thought I wanted to be king so I wore a crown  
Started from the bottom, built an empire and torn it down  
Not Rockefeller, more like Mr. Cinderella  
And I'm standin in the rain with a ripped umbrella  
That's the, that's the  
That's the nature and the danger of the streets  
Angel with the piece and the anger of a beast  
I was goin one way but runnin out of luck  
So I'm back and I'm grindin like an independent truck  
I thought of flyin the coop  
But I'ma stay put and spit fire while I try and recoup[Prevail]  
Red seed to evergreen, oak tree sequoia  
Black back peace chief, Battle Axe Warrior  
(Dagger) in the (Mouth) like a pirate ship  
and a highly classified nanobyte microchip  
Scanners fiber light from my eyes guide ships to the passage  
My mind shifts gears to the literary classics  
Follow orders, protect the Battle Axe borders, defend the headquarters  
Beware of sharks who can only swim in shallow waters

A beacon of lumins', speak the language of humans  
A spice trade of words mixed like fresh herbs and cumen  
You don't want to see my (Boys) get (Beastie) Rick Rubin  
The spite be comin to me real natural like Truman  
Capote, peyote, coyotes and jackals  
My team is real (Predatory) but we ain't from (Nashville)  
You callin for us, we are Battle Axe Warriors, defend the fortress  
Beware of darkness or forever live in shallow coffins[Mad Child]  
Mad Child steppin on the scene like Batman  
Gold wings comin out my supreme backpack  
I'm old school, hardcore like Black Flag  
Chasin rappers down, I chomp 'em up like Pac-Man  
Break you off bitch, I ain't got an off switch  
Started off underground, head like an ostrich  
Then I became obnoxious  
and started sellin records then I started poppin oxys  
Shit I was flossin, I can't believe I lost it  
and everything we stand for  
Fans felt lost, arms crossed they demand more  
which left me at a standstill  
Guilt weighin heavy on my mind like an anvil  
I can't remember a day that I didn't have pills  
Quit painkillers now I'm only takin Advil (Advil.. Advil..)

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