

Endangered Species

Swollen Members

The original west coast rhyme riders
The original west coast rhyme riders
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The original west coast rhyme riders[Mad Child]
It's really just elementary ugh!
The turn of the century
Focal point, with forced entry
Force not to be reckoned with
Second wind sets in
Jolt of electricity
Sting with synchronicity
Scorpions' tail snaps
Crippling simplicity
Walk through the desert
Warm breath
Creates a sandstorm
Transform
Rattle Snake Strike
Smell your hands warm
Fangs puncture palms, venom
Seeps through your veins
Pain you shouldn't intervene
See me on the center screen
Kaleidoscope
Aqua blue, turquoise and winter green
Sunshine blasting
Bright beams of ultraviolet, ugh!
Violence sentenced, stylist
Causes silenceThe original west coast rhyme riders
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The original west coast rhyme riders[Prevail]
Temperature very low
Icicle hell storm
Bellows a row
Between the channel of the cable
And the cross bow
Comes an elevation
Of pressure

In regards
Compel a high water
When all hell freezes over
And breaks loose in a hand basket
Idle hands
Mastered my mix down
Instead of slinging tools in
Fallen Angel's workshop
Burning the once lifted
Whip in the place of galley
A quick trip through the gallery
And I'll see all that I need
Death on a pale steed
Heads on a steel blade
Treads on a shallow grave
Ball on a hollow acrylic frame
The future flashes redundancy
Do what you can to fuck the industry
The original west coast rhyme riders
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The original west coast rhyme riders [Mad Child]
A captain can't abandon his ship
Stranded I randomly rip
Rap with a strangling grip
I'm mangling quick
Prevails a hard rocker
You're just a dangling dick
That's about 3 inches
At first it kind pinches
Then it burns like
You wouldn't believe
When I get in you
Any venue
Mad Childs flaming
You're on the menu
Let's Continue
First I'll send you to
The fiery depths
With molten core
Is molding
Hey, don't suck my dick just hold it
I took and shook the house first
We rocked it
Then we rolled it
I told you I was holding

Four aces, you shoulda folded[Prevail]
I dig what I rip
With greater expectations
And heavy way
Loaded to the teeth
The dull steel hull of
My fully war equipped skull
Shoots down the sand bags
Cancel the streak able
Award winning costumes and makeup
Big tops and wild villains
Break up the chameleon
It's to blend and devise the fabric
Hybrids of natural schematics
Plastic coated human
Form makes them easy targets
For rifle practiceThe original west coast rhyme riders
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The original west coast, coast, coast, coast

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