Meltdown

Burhenn, Laura

Nice pistol mine is chrome
Where'd I get this wrist full of shiny stones
By writing these live hooks, rhymes, and poems
Swollen is back to reclaim the throne
Kingdom come, bass lines, and bring them drums
This is game time, play mine, we're number 1
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This is game time, play mine, we're number 1
I'm a jacked up motorhead yep sippin a soda pop
Trouble on my block, not a shot, we don't go to cops
We make house calls with shotguns and loaded glocks
Gold and platinum plaques back to back cause we sold a lot
Everyday I come home with more than I left with
Writin raps, settin traps, gettin cash I'm an expert

Battlelaxe attached to my necklace
Fuck around that's a death wish
I'm buildin with my fans to perfect this
Especially ?? that's what the clique is
People say yo madchild, that white boy the sickest
Ridiculously particular, kickin dust up
We're definitly the next to blow so shut the fuck up
Back to reclaim the throne but brought some friends along
We got the bently , tot he benz we got the engines on
Bitches in bikinis, studio in the crib,
I'm in the hot tub poppin pills and eating ribs with a bib
I'm drinking pepsi watchin scarface in the theatre room
Two cuties rubbin my shoulders putting me in the mood
Lifes good, and I got no problem sharing the wealth
With my bros, no point in being at the top by yourself

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