

Therapy (Prod. By Rob The Viking)

Swollen Members

I'ma pull out my knife or rifle
I'm a polite psycho, it's a full out cycle
Of a trifle life, cops can suck my cock if they don't like us
I hang around prospects strikers bikers
Cruel in a duel, a bull fueled with nitrous
Oxide thoughts fly by like a rock slide
Not a far cry from a glorified barfly
Horried when you hear this warrior's war cry
Four out of five dentists recommend that you support Swollen Members
Get it? People get their teeth knocked in
But some of them will get dentures don't keep talkin'
While they sleep walkin', I'm always on their mind
Stressed 'cause I'm successful and on the grind
Look no one's secretly behind or under this
Its independent bitch I funded it
Does that answer your fucking question? No one owns our shit but us
This is independent man, don't worry who I hang out with man
Just mind your own fucking business You can't even control what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth mind your business
You can't even control what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth mind your business I'm a juggernaut, you're not, you don't want it
And you don't want us to rock your knot
You don't call us if you got some thoughts
You just call us to rock the spot, demolish and pop your top
So whassup? I don't do shit to mock you dawg
You doin' that by yourself cause you not too hot
Now the fat cats run around and copy each other like CD-R's
We don't, 'cause we be stars
See these scars? They didn't appear by themselves
On my knuckles cause motherfuckers wouldn't keep to themselves
When I was younger always havin' to defend myself
I was out there doin' it with nobody else
Until I met a couple cats, set a couple raps
Got a plan together how to get a couple snaps
Flashback to now, we got a whole operation
But wouldn't if we didn't have a whole lot of patience [Repeat: x4]
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth mind your business Well you trippin' if you think I'm gonna sit on this couch
And tell this shrink what my deeply rooted problems about

The words out my mouth like acts of vengeance
From the blackest dungeons in a mass abundance
We move together like shadows and figures
We strike when we like, with a mind like the Gravediggaz
Painted pictures and still photography
Movin' images, reverse psychology
You should hear what they call me when I leave the cypher
A nut case, a coo coo, a loo or cypher
When I talk on the beat, hot hot heat
Shotgun track meet please come compete
One lap to go before the cartridge blow
Hot headed and dreaded with an incredible arsenal
I kick back and witted in record time
And who'd a thought I'd have a lot of this shit locked in my mind[Repeat: x4]
You can't even absorb what's really on my mind
Shut your mouth mind your business

Songwriters

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