

# Swamp Water

## Swollen Members

(Mad Child:)

Calculated cold blooded killer  
A methodical animal of the dusk  
I'll blow the planet to dust  
Hell boy acid drenched  
Dead lift danger  
Born with horns fight it  
I'm the misguided angel  
Touched by tradgedy  
I defy gravity  
Brutal cruel and dark  
So beautifuly remarkable  
Angry Smirf  
Man I'll kill these giants  
Outnumbered, out flanked  
Yet still we triumph  
Hell's comming for breakfast  
The end has come  
You ain't a gangsta  
You ain't even friends with one  
Got your chain got your watch  
Tryin to act hard  
I'm at my house raking leaves in my backyard  
Baby venom spit flame  
Eat lightning and throw thunder  
You could feel my pain  
I'm the hurricane hunter  
Madchild's the barbarian bent on revenge  
Euphoria,  
Shatter the skulls of doomed warriors  
(Phil Da Agony:)  
Ink in the bark  
Sharks come circle your block  
Thirsty niggas off the jerky and pot  
Workin' the slots  
45 minutes to Vegas  
We got the old school tan capsules  
With the brown cap Vegas  
Sega Genesis my Xbox extra hard drive  
Fuck around and catch a fat lip  
Like the Pharcyde  
Trigger side we on the hammer side

Ya'll on the other side  
We the type of guys  
Pride will get you all fucked up  
Stuck in a ditch  
Swole up, reaching for ice  
Son of a bitch  
The more we smoke  
The higher we get  
Ya'll should retire  
Cause I'ma spit fire  
Whenever I'm lit  
Shit happens clean up your act  
The nicest  
Meanest niggas you know  
Gettin' that scratch  
Hittin' it from the back  
Chicks get they tits fixed  
Strong arm steady  
Phil Da Ag we the shit bitch  
(Planet Asia:)  
Rowdy niggas throw out bows to this  
Snow cone wrist rap independent rap cats  
Rollin' in with big straps  
And you ain't nothing but a faker  
My empire we settin' fires  
To your acres  
Now notify the cake makers  
Pagans  
Celebrate holidays of self hatred  
Controllers of the matrix  
Crack conspirators  
Cocaine distributors  
King of my chamber my language is imperial  
Stereo burials body up you karaoke ass  
Cats with certified ASCAP material  
Them old gangster spirituals is for the Gs and soldiers  
Practicing my scare tactics  
Keeps MC's in yoga  
Just like I keep a bad bitch  
Between the sheets up on me  
Boss like Tony Montana soprano  
Asiatic Black with the attitude of Italians  
My 9-5 is talent  
100% stylin'  
All violent

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

