

Dumb (feat. Everlast, Slaine & Tre Nyce)

Swollen Members

Im just too hot to touch you know Im the law
I smoke about million pounds of dutch and say what
shortie keep yakking it up and on the low
I might take em to the back to fuck, get a nut
Nyce, you cant tell me I aint came up
fast car get shot aint living with no change up
fucking right Im famous, balling like the lakers
only time I move is to go collect my papersee me on the wanted poster, Mad and La Coka

Nostra

hop out of my porche, pull my trunk and extort ya
yup we west coast and dog we stay posting
walk with two toasters louis vuitton holsters
Im a bad fucking bastard yup Im fantastic
four but Im the Silver Surfer flying through your door
heard you cryin for the war Ima try to serve you more
Madchilds a dope man leave you lying on the floor
damn chicken heads get their feathers all ruffled up
put the potato on the pound sound muffled up
we can get it on like samoans and tongans
or we can get to war like the angels and mongols
black mask over my face, I get em
four-five stuck on my waist, I hit em
beat a hater up till he dum dum diddum

Swollen and La Coka dont fuck with emso ladies and ah forget it were not gentlemen

I roll up in a stolen car come hop in with them
hand me a pill bottle I dump it and pop ten of them
hive me some booze, I sip juice like Rakim and them
I got a fuse thats too short and a noose thats too long
feeling I could do no wrong
this invincibility theyre convinced is killing me
has essentially gotten me through any pinch youll ever see
when my henchmen are with me tensions on the scene
dreams are being changed a wrench in the machine
one mention of the team leave the masses buzzing
the rebel, you thought youre on my level, you wasnt
hotter than ecuador, son brought a metaphor
p-one im ready for war Im on the frontlines
runs in my bloodline thirsty like lost boys
big money bounce my accounts keep em offshore
caribbean breeze theres ten million reasons
yall super eight like rich we four seasons

fine linen, sterling silver, bright brightlen, the lady killerI started warring bids when yall was

just kids
came to your town and jumped the fuck around
stomped out a few of you and fucked your lady
you still married her and you gave her a baby
we were young, we were crazy, we were wild and free
aint a groupie bitch alive get a child from me
and now you come to the shows and you reminisce
and while she waits for an autograph, you give her a kiss
she slips me a hug and a look thats knowing
if I say get on the bus, baby girl its on
lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
hoes keep hoeing and hoeing and just hoeing
trees get rollen smoking keep blowing
Coka and Swollen legend keep growing
fast lane living no time for slowing
gotta know where you been and watch where youre going

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