

Club 33

Madchild

Everyone wants to go
No one can get in...
There's this thing called Club 33
It's a really big deal
You can't get in no matter what
The only way to go there is if you pay this ridiculous fee
Where, I mean it's a thousand dollars
Like, like a hundred years and all this fucking shit
And eventually you gain access, 2K to get in

Ay
I'm a caterpillar turning into a butterfly
Crazy baby with the butter knife singing lullabies
Still holding on, hanging tough, writing all the time
Hanging on like a koala bear that's overqualified
About to go postal, kill everyone like Columbine
Almost lost my fucking mind, had to fall in line
I'm a member of a secret society
But frequently I'm still a freak with anxiety
Misguided angel just stays home
'Cause good MCs are hard to find like pagers and payphones
Mind's a lethal environment
I've got tunnel vision
Now that the sun has risen, I have broken out of prison
King Kong, rhyme spine tingling, make your skin crawl
'Cause words keep bouncing 'round my head just like a pinball
Multiples like when I hit multi-bolt, unassaultable
Cuffing up a half a half a dozen, that's the cult involved
Carrier of art from the heart with no barriers
Libra-Scorpio, a Scorpio, a Sagittarius
Went from agitated scorpion in a solarium
Anonymous piranhas adopting to new aquariums

Yeah
Mercy me
OG like Percee P
The beat's a grip but I might drop a verse for free
That's a gift I got from me, swift, so dinner on me (swift)
Roll it up in a spliff and meet at Club 33
Another K, I don't play another bat tigon
Touring like a bag of bomb
Tag but I don't tagalong
Another day, what's a goon to a goblin?
A king to a God, nah, a human to an atom bomb
No yellow lines, that's a road I could travel on
I spit it clear, ain't no track that I babble on
I watch for Jake not Jake One the babble-on
And ride the horse into the sun without a saddle on
I never fell above hell with the scavengers
Choke a rapper 'til he blue mixed with lavender (sad)
I always try to be up front like collateral
While motherfucker try to play the back and act radical

That I prefer to spit at the judge and the jury
Unleash the fury
I splash Jewry from out the window of the Jimmy'Z wagon
I'll flex a muscle on hating ash, bury

Bang the metal like a crash derby
The pen is my blade
To sharpen it I cut flesh to the bone
So chemical my stones is arsenic
The face carver
Sit on a throne like Arthur
Pulling strings, no archer
Leaving bums out in the cold without a North Face Sparker
I take vengeance, rev the race engines
Diamonds dancing on dinner plated pendants
Cut through the yellow ribbon and made an entrance
I played the benches
So many lines my code name is great adventures
Yo, Six Flags, use your Versace shirt as a dish rag
Magic man, I'm digging in my trick bag

Do you know what I have for you?
..To enter Club 33, a guest must press the buzzer on an intercom
Concealed by a hidden panel at the doorway

(Club 33! Air Horn)