

Park Bench

Swollen Members

Red line, razor blade gang, I'm an outlaw
Crack jaw, you won't see it coming hit you south paw
Torch the village cause they're really very hokey
Killin' all the villagers and spit like karaoke
Used to treat me like a trophy
Then things got low key, I was dopey
Now nobody even know me
And just because I'm doing good again don't mean you know me
Trust me, I am not the old me
And I cannot remember one thing that you told me
Relationship is stale, it is moldy
I'm fresh now a classic, like great golden oldies
Not a Mack like Goldie
Never wack, I attack so boldly
Shit is crazy, life is like a blur
I could be a psycho but it's not what I prefer
New king, cinderella no glass slipper
No black leather feather wack stripper
Madchild lyrically I'm an ass kicker
Not a ass kisser, I'm a practicer
I swear a lot differ?
And I'm a lot different
Without a pot to piss in but I am not tripping
Cause see the clock and the clock's ticking
Badman, I'm a rude boy, shot lickin'
Had to leave awhile and stop doing opiates
Stop on a white boy, smash a half-breed
I don't give a fuck when I rap, I am baffling

Yo dogs are good, most people suck
I'll probably grow up to be an old evil fuck
Sitting on a park bench, cane and a cardigan
Thinkin' of the days back when Shane he was partyin'
And soon I'll be an artifact
Seemed like yesterday I was picking up a party pack (ha)
Now I'm worried about a heart-attack
Still child-like, AMAX and a starter cap
You can't cheat father time
Just be thankful I'm happy, I've had harder times
Things that I like, they are mad hard to find
I'm a snob, do my job, I'm a master of rhymes
I'm a bastard to some, to the rest shit is good
Main fear? Not to do the best that I could
Not give it all I got, but still could do better
Decade and a half, group still we're together
Still birds of a feather
Still dope beats, ill words put together
Hip-hop saved me twice, that's a true fact
I still love checkin' for fucking tough records
Used to have a pistol in my hand
Now I want blue skies, seeing crystal in the sand
I'm getting old, call me mister I'm the man
Still cold, still official as the plan motherfucker