

Therapy

Swollen Members

I'ma pull out my knife or rifle
I'm a polite psycho,
its 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
Crueler then a dual bull fuelled with nitrous
Oxide thoughts fly by like a rockslide
How the fuck cry from a glorified barfly
Horrorified when you hear this warriors war cry
Four out of five dentists recommend that you support swollen members
On the second wing, 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 ones secretly behind or under this
Its independant bitch I funded it
Does that answer your fucking question? No one owns our shit but us
This is independant man, don't worry who I hang out with man
Just mind your own fucking business

you can't even control whats really on my mind
shut your mouth mind your business
I'm a juggernaut your not, you don't want it
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 the top so whasup?
I don't do shit to mock you dawg
You doin that by yourself cause your not too hot
Now the fat cats run around and copy each other like CD-R's
We dont, cause we be stars, see these scars they didnt appear by themselves
On my knuckles cause motherfuckers wouldnt 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

you can't even absorb what's really on my mind
shut your mouth mind your business
Well you're 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 an mass abundance
We move together like shadows and figures
We strike when we like, with the mind like the grave diggers
Painted pictures and still photography, moving images
Reverse psychology, you should here what they call me when I leave the cyphe
r
A nut case, a coo coo, a loo or cypher, when I talk on the beat
Hot hot heat, shotgun trackmeat please come compete
One lap to go before the cartridge blow, hot headed and dreaded
With an incredible arsonal, I kick back and witted in record time
And who'da thought Id have alot of this shit locked in my mind

you can't even absorb what's really on my mind
shut your mouth mind your business [scratching end X4 times]