

## Burns And Scars

## Swollen Members

Yo, try not to often speak on subject  
Unusual suspect, revenge I must get  
Vengeance is mine which make me heartless  
Department of justice would love to bust us  
Bang hard, get jacked by gang squad  
So we keep it on the low, make us untouchable  
Hard hittin when my man start spittin  
We walk off through gettin, dont take orders  
Try harder, cause I got friends down for murder  
Roll deep, walk in restaurant, pull you out your seat  
Take you out back, crack back, till task complete  
Beat to death, assassins disguised as waiters  
Madchild, Darth Vader, and the caped crusader  
Top that, barracuda, black panther, and bobcat  
Anger management and unlimited guns  
Natural born killers of the primitive one

Cause the spot's that hot  
A lot of shots bust but I can't get got  
And niggas wanna pop up forget me not  
Yo I bust two shots  
See y'all can't stop swollen members

Yo duck down, hop up now  
I don't give a fuck now  
Whats up now, the ruck sound  
I'm up in the club now  
Touchdown, I bust out rocks, with my rough style  
Run around and fuck around get lost in my funhouse  
Any member, I dismember, remember  
For writer's book yo I be the cut expert  
Your head jerk, my network thick like double decker  
Enter surrender raps select swollen members  
Lone defenders, send bullets through contenders  
Tempers red hot like red fox fuckin with esther  
Deck the saint jock I stallone like sylvester  
Funk molester, impress all semester  
Aggressor, protector, successor sub forever  
Uncle Fester cut back the Winchester  
Record like ill connect son like Caressa  
Send an x to wounds, fuck a bitch forever  
Like Salt-n-Peppa, Vanessa Del held whatever  
Defender of the D-cup, the mad sex offender

If they could run they would  
There aint no safe place to hide in this world  
Change will change the term hurt  
First in line to decline held by a set to burn  
Red alert, nines at work, less lives on the earth  
Unless we stress knives from crooks, universe  
One in the hearse from two in the heart  
You and your crew got too much to talk  
Its a curse, a plague, an urgent thing  
An ancient slang that's not only spoke in gangs  
Human nature, doomed in danger, ropes and hangers  
West side stranglers banned to Los Angeles  
You got your hands full of savages now

Anchors is down and you still gettin thrown around  
Hard ocean, hearts and chests are blown open  
To be smokin sunrise go home broke and no survivors  
Walkin' bombs with no timers  
Drunk out my mind on harm a side cider  
A note to my girl, I promised I'd write her  
Tonight's my night the bite of the black viper

[Chorus 2X]