

## Cross Fire

## Swollen Members

SMAS You already know:  
You ain't gotta a right to be talking outside of your mouth  
You ain't tight and shouldn't utter a word  
Your arts absolutely absurd  
I'm precise and you can't compare to me and shine dead right  
Get ready to be turned you into food for fishes  
And leave behind upset crying senior citizens  
Crying on the shit again  
Shotgun Charlemagne  
The boss still open souled drink with a steady hand  
It's all free  
No need for membership  
Premium businessmen believe me it's blacksmith  
Talk smack and I'll castrate you with a battle axe  
Swell up your membrane  
Then kick a battle rap

You lost your voice and  
Come down with battleaxe  
That ain't real rap  
You're broke back with your saddle axe  
SAS klack-klack-klack  
Bodies in a black bag  
Thinking about the punk rock shit like Black Flag  
Operation Ivy with the poison in the ink well  
Punchline screw your face up like a steak smell  
Plots so funky  
Got your nose runny like blow junkie  
Blacksmith people never go hungry  
Rappers flow so crummy  
I get the sisters and the snow bunnies buyin' up the tickets  
Give us your money  
Oh for sure money  
It's the gentlemen  
Charm rapping rotten pieces like an attack on Eminem  
Star wars steady its a classic  
Light up backward and then  
Ash it before you pass it  
You know how to hash get  
On the side where the greener grass is  
Gotta up on the shape glasses  
Niggas get blasted  
Handing out cash's  
And caskets gotta bake bread like the basket  
Bastards!  
Rappers can't outlast the masters  
Press it up and spin up the waxes  
Put the needle on the plastic  
Blacksmith  
Roll another blunt for these actors  
Cuz imma put fear in the factor  
Clack ya  
Agony!  
Niggas gotta pay for the ecstasy  
Especially when I cook it up with the cocaine  
  
Battleaxe heavy

We stack Betty on rapid  
So much coke on my track remind of Aspen  
2 white bitches they alkalaseltzer and aspirin  
Rolls rolls outlastin'  
KC niggas slash and mister murder every tray  
Not a rap democrat  
More like rapublican  
Rap rap como sta?  
Money keep comin in  
Only time I had my back was who had love for em  
You ain't no love for em  
You ain't no love for em  
I'm running up and dumpin' em  
Poppin' em and truckin' em  
Only gets em mad  
I'm younger than Donald Trumpin' em  
Getting em made  
In a sense ridiculous and not really stoppin' em  
Basically from LA  
We take game like really  
Do a show and grab some hoes and take em to tele  
Young Tre nice I'm the youngest in charge  
Nigga violate our squad you meeting the law

Check my battleaxe  
Just like a Wu-Tang sword  
I run the blade against your throat like you was Harrison Ford  
You girl got'em, worldwide  
I've been to Paris on tour  
From the Eifel tower my rifle power make you contort  
This is a contact sport  
No coaches or referees  
Im hotter than Cali's death valley bolders and bleach  
My posse cut up I chop it up like I was a butcher and beef  
Boondocks ain't my boombox  
Beats like a priest