

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