

## Dumb

## Swollen Members

I'm just too hot to touch you know I'm the law  
I smoke about million pounds of dutch and say what  
Shortie keep yakking it up and on the low  
I might take her to the back to fuck, get a nut  
Nyce, you cant tell me I aint came up  
Fastball pitcher I deliver with no change up  
Fuckin right I'm famous, balling like the lakers  
Only time I move is to go collect my paper

See me on the wanted poster, Mad and La Coka Nostra  
Hop out of my porche, pull my trunk and extort ya  
Yup we west coast and dog we stay posting  
Walk with two toasters louis vuitton holsters  
I'm a bad fucking bastard yup I'm fantastic  
Four but I'm the Silver Surfer flying through your door  
Heard you cryin' for the war Im'a try to serve you more  
Madchilds a dope man leave you lying on the floor  
Damn chicken heads get their feathers all ruffled up  
Put the potato on the pound sound muffled up  
We can get it on like Samoans and Tongans  
Or we can get to war like the angels and mongols

Black mask over my face, I get em  
Four-five stuck on my waist, I hit em  
Beat a hater up till he dum dum diddum  
Swollen and La Coka don't fuck with em

So ladies and ah forget it were not gentlemen  
I roll up in a stolen car come hop in with them  
Hand me a pill bottle I dump it and pop ten of them  
Give me some booze, I sip juice like Rakim and them  
I got a fuse that's too short and a noose that's too long  
Feeling I could do no wrong  
This invincibility they're convinced is killing me  
Has essentially gotten me through any pinch you'll ever see  
When my henchmen are with me tensions on the scene  
Dreams are being changed a wrench in the machine  
One mention of the team leave the masses buzzing  
The rebel, you thought you're on my level, you wasnt

Hotter than Ecuador, son brought a metaphor  
P-1 I'm ready for war I'm on the front lines  
Runs in my bloodline thirsty like lost boys  
Big money bounce my accounts keep em offshore  
Caribbean breeze there's ten million reasons  
Y'all super eight like rich we four seasons  
Fine linen, sterling silver, bright brightlen, the lady killer

I started war and bids when y'all was just kids  
Came to your town and jumped the fuck around  
Stomped out a few of you and fucked your lady  
You still married her and you gave her a baby  
We were young, we were crazy, we were wild and free  
Aint a groupie bitch alive get a child from me  
And now you come to the shows and you reminisce  
And while she waits for an autograph, you give her a kiss  
She slips me a hug and a look that's knowing

If I say get on the bus, baby girl its on  
Lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing  
Hoes keep hoeing and hoeing and just hoeing  
Trees get rollen smoking keep blowing  
Coka and Swollen legend keep growing  
Fast lane living no time for slowing  
Gotta know where you been and watch where you're going

[Chorus]