

## Fire

## Swollen Members

M starin in a mirror but mostly I laugh  
I'm lookin at the picture of a sociopath  
Hope to get first, now hopefully last  
Dope rap, I'm known for doin dope in the past  
Like floatin down the river on a opium boat  
But I'm a wild animal I go for the throat  
I'm a big bad wolf with a big black Glock  
And some real dark thoughts yellin, "Open the door!"  
I punch people in the face comin down the staircase  
Wander down the hall with the can of bear mace  
AY! I've been a killer since the Wu-Tang Clan  
Personality is colorful like Toucan Sam  
I'm a crazy cat, Sylvester damn  
I got two big guns Yosemite Sam  
I used to work birds like Tweety  
Speedy, Gonzales livin in a palace  
Tripped and fell down the rabbit hole and met Alice  
5 years later now I'm back for the challenge  
Still rip up shows like Tasmanian Devil  
If some punk jump up I'm blastin my heavy metal  
And I still live in Van' but I'm movin soon  
All my homies on the streets fuckin Loonie Tunes  
But I'll be back, back and forth with no error  
Enforcin terror in a Porsche Carrera  
Through Vancouver to Los Angeles archangels  
Dark strangers, blacks and caucasians  
(Man we crack skulls, make deep lacerations  
Crack a Red Bull and drag 'em back to my basement)

We fly through the air like Iron Man  
Crack you in the head with a fryin pan  
Can't fuck with my team, we are iron clad  
I'm on fire man, call the fireman  
Whether crawlin up the wall like Spider-Man  
Or lyin on the floor poppin vitamins  
Yup, real hip-hop we supplyin fans  
We on fire man, call the fireman

All right, I keep my knife in the black leather sheath  
Real sharp, blade (Dagger Mouth), (Armed to the Teeth)  
I can't draw but I'm raw when I'm drawn to the beat  
It's like Saw Part 1, I'll make you saw off your feet  
What the fuck is defeat? I'm undefeated like a shoe store  
Runway, one way street, take a detour  
Robot, C-3P0, R2-D2  
Plastic bag over your face hard to breathe through  
Preview attract and download the album  
X marks the spot like my first name was Malcolm  
Make you sing the blues like a prison in Folsom  
Spit a burnin ring of fire, watch the flames engulf em  
My theory very logical but we use ProTools  
Fuck with us you'll be a dead man, a corpse in the soundbooth  
And ain't nobody hear you, close the door make it soundproof  
My pattern very classical like Herringbone and Houndstooth  
ICP, R.E.P., bright evil clown suit  
Ice cold water in a bottle when I drowned you  
Beat side, homicide unit try to find you

Burnin sound turn around my dude's right behind you

[Chorus]