

Go For Mine

Swollen Members

Yeah, from the top. I don't think they know. But as if you didnt know by now : L Brothers, Swollen Members, Buc Fifty, T to Be Fam. It never stops. There 's too many ducks in the game now. its about time we evaporate all you mothe rfuckers for real. No doubt, we love to spit the real. We love to spit the real.

Blind fanatics, attack rhymes leave damage,
And foes to oppose, Cut Father
Didnt manage to erase me out the game.
SouthEast 6 1 9 battle veteran
In a competition I victimize.
Word spray, ghetto word play,
Take shit back to the days of K Day.
Ready rock, Babylon to test non-stop,
World domination, fuck curb-servin blocks.
South Pacific, scientific cause panic,
Spit lines terrific, no surprise, see I planned it.
You homosexual rap cats can scratch that,
Don't play for gays, fake thugs, fake ways.
Thoughts i generate and never scared to stop spittin,
Dont hear nothin but the music I'm ???.
L Brothers: ever-evolvin, ducks fallin,
Into rhyme re-lapse, these record tracks.
Mad Child blaze, spittin real on top,
In memory of Rob-1 'cause ya cant be stopped.

Just get down, and go for mine,
1 2, and run down the line.
Just get down, and run down the line.
Just get down... 1 2.

Swingin the axe. Bringing the pain while I'm bringin the facts,
Keep climbin 'cause I'm workin while these others relax.
Rippin tracks from Cut Father dont bather half-steppin,
Mad Child and Buc Fifty: thats three deadly weapons.
Reppin the west, staplin the maple leafe to my chest,
That sixteen bars between bars and stripes.
Used to go to malls and fight, now I stay up all night,
Thinking. Mappin out my future 'cause my family's tight.
We keep it thorough. We get inside your head just like a neurosurgeon,
To some my origin is discouragin,
No fade in this Canadian hurricane keep flourishin.
Doubt this? Hows this: I put my money where my mouth is,
Joust from North to South. You dont know anything about this.
Partner startin a label, able to rock but unstable,
Terrifying talents of the mentally unbalanced,
King of skull-crushing confusion that welcomes any challenge.

I can hand-cuff lightning, throw thunder in jail,
Hold tornadoes in the palm of both hands when thy bail.
Full fatal and ??? bomb, I am phenominal,
If I laid on train tracks I'd make that shit de-rail.
Hold still, I'm so ill i make medicine sick,
Kill a ??? my head split wild plan with this.
Style until i feel well and done with it.
You a broke wrist rapper with a fruit-flavoured packer.
Jimmy on the breath sugar footed crew that backed ya.

Gimme a reason to step, I'm drinkin booze and jack jackers,
Back mackers, out-act actors, stack up stature,
Textual factors, while I keep the wack wacker.

[Chorus]