

Nice pistol mine is chrome  
Where'd I get this wrist full of shiny stones  
By writing these live hooks, rhymes, and poems  
Swollen is back to reclaim the throne  
Kingdom come, bass lines, and bring them drums  
This is game time, play mine, we're number 1  
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I'm a jacked up motorhead yep sippin a soda pop  
Trouble on my block, not a shot, we don't go to cops  
We make house calls with shotguns and loaded glocks  
Gold and platinum plaques back to back cause we sold a lot  
Everyday I come home with more than I left with  
Writin raps, settin traps, gettin cash I'm an expert  
Battlelaxe attached to my necklace  
Fuck around that's a death wish  
I'm buildin with my fans to perfect this  
Especially [?] that's what the clique is  
People say yo madchild, that white boy the sickest  
Ridiculously particular, kickin dust up  
We're definitely the next to blow so shut the fuck up  
Back to reclaim the throne but brought some friends along  
We got the bently, tot he benz we got the engines on  
Bitches in bikinis, studio in the crib,  
I'm in the hot tub poppin pills and eating ribs with a bib  
I'm drinking pepsi watchin scarface in the theatre room  
Two cuties rubbin my shoulders putting me in the mood  
Lifes good, and I got no problem sharing the wealth  
With my bros, no point in being at the top by yourself