

Total Package

Swollen Members

About to drill ya with a killer combo
King Kong, Godzilla and Rambo
Marker author, ain't no bitch I'm down to die for
Rifle in your mouth, peace to Poco on a 14 year bid
For jackin' mad kids, respect all my gangsta's doin' bad shit
An' that's it, Mad Child does nitroglycerin and acid
Warlock, focused on witch craft
You're listening to classic plastic explosives
Forceful courses of action,
Internationally we ration out portions of passion, insane
Cuz mental gain, like rock cocaine to brain
Hard to kick habit, when addict
Leather face, the devil spits silver saliva
TransCanada highway robbery, drunk getaway driver
This here's a bad combination
Like Mad Child with an AK-47, a bottle of Jack and a home invasion
Make you knock, laughin' as you strapped to the mattress
A can of gasoline, a pack of matches, for the total package
Bitch

Break out your tape recorders, make sure you document this
Apocalypse, infinitely adjacent, we stylin' with aquaness
Unorthodox, knock shit, neon crushin' ask us
Just advance me, rushin' up the beat, an' pass me the blunt
Eh yo, I'm here to set it on you cats from the moment I entered
Moldin' the center on it, adventure, performin' the scripture
A mad child prevailin' like a swollen member, so remember me
As obesely, intelligence with diplomatic immunity
A trained killer that's trained to kill ya
I make the frontiers have bad dreams like a mad scene
From a hardcore thriller, throwin' fits in your sleep
We got heat, mission complete is when the record sound crisp in the jeep
Some say I think ill, and tranquilize rappers like pills
Ink deals and rap underground where the street feels- blast
But the fact is you don't know the half,
Closin' the caskets on your sound an' takin' over with a total package
Bolted and welded, I know that you felt it
Scrap yard, iron arms, swingin' hectic
Imperial metric, superior complex
We make seriously powerful records
Battleaxe vengeance, attendance grows at every show
Doin' songs with Planet Asia, smashin' stereos
Hi-fidelity, pride in my energy
It's 3 the hard way, queens in Bombay
My regional army throws explosive parties
We've rose in the hierarchy
Hose in the fire escape, world wide
Connected by hands that wave
Double edged-sharp
Take part and start the flow of the colour red
Old man Prev, an omen, a legend
Beats are produced by my brothers in Venice
10 + 2 gauge, total package of razor blades