

## 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