

# Dumb (feat. Everlast, Slaine & Tre Nyce)

## Swollen Members

Im just too hot to touch you know Im the law  
I smoke about million pounds of dutch and say what  
shortie keep yakking it up and on the low  
I might take em to the back to fuck, get a nut  
Nyce, you cant tell me I aint came up  
fast car get shot aint living with no change up  
fucking right Im famous, balling like the lakers  
only time I move is to go collect my papersee me on the wanted poster, Mad and La Coka

Nostra

hop out of my porche, pull my trunk and extort ya  
yup we west coast and dog we stay posting  
walk with two toasters louis vuitton holsters  
Im a bad fucking bastard yup Im fantastic  
four but Im the Silver Surfer flying through your door  
heard you cryin for the war Ima try to serve you more  
Madchilds a dope man leave you lying on the floor  
damn chicken heads get their feathers all ruffled up  
put the potato on the pound sound muffled up  
we can get it on like samoans and tongans  
or we can get to war like the angels and mongols  
black mask over my face, I get em  
four-five stuck on my waist, I hit em  
beat a hater up till he dum dum diddum

Swollen and La Coka dont fuck with emso ladies and ah forget it were not gentlemen

I roll up in a stolen car come hop in with them  
hand me a pill bottle I dump it and pop ten of them  
hive me some booze, I sip juice like Rakim and them  
I got a fuse thats too short and a noose thats too long  
feeling I could do no wrong  
this invincibility theyre convinced is killing me  
has essentially gotten me through any pinch youll ever see  
when my henchmen are with me tensions on the scene  
dreams are being changed a wrench in the machine  
one mention of the team leave the masses buzzing  
the rebel, you thought youre on my level, you wasnt  
hotter than ecuador, son brought a metaphor  
p-one im ready for war Im on the frontlines  
runs in my bloodline thirsty like lost boys  
big money bounce my accounts keep em offshore  
caribbean breeze theres ten million reasons  
yall super eight like rich we four seasons

fine linen, sterling silver, bright brightlen, the lady killerI started warring bids when yall was

just kids  
came to your town and jumped the fuck around  
stomped out a few of you and fucked your lady  
you still married her and you gave her a baby  
we were young, we were crazy, we were wild and free  
aint a groupie bitch alive get a child from me  
and now you come to the shows and you reminisce  
and while she waits for an autograph, you give her a kiss  
she slips me a hug and a look thats knowing  
if I say get on the bus, baby girl its on  
lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing  
hoes keep hoeing and hoeing and just hoeing  
trees get rollen smoking keep blowing  
Coka and Swollen legend keep growing  
fast lane living no time for slowing  
gotta know where you been and watch where youre going

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>