

Reclaim the Throne (feat. Tre Nyce & Young Kazh)

Swollen Members

Nice pistol mine is chrome
Where'd I get this wrist full of shiny stones
By writin 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 one
Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums
This is game time play mine we're number one I'm a jacked up motorhead yup
Sippin a soda pop
Trouble on my block
Not a shock we don't go to cops
We make house calls
With shotguns and loaded Glocks
Gold and platinum plaques back to back
Cuz we sold alot
Everyday I come home with more than I left with
Writing raps, settin traps
Getting cash, I'm an expert
A battleaxe attached to my necklace
Fuck around it's a death wish
I'm building with my fans to perfect this
Especially fresh to death that's what the click is
People saying Mad Child that white boy's the sickest
Meticulously particular I'm kicking up dust
I'm definitely next to blow so shut the fuck up
Back to reclaim the throne
But brought some friends along
We got the Bentley, got the Benz, we got the engines on
Bitches in bikinis studio at the crib
I'm in the hottub poppin pills and eatin ribs with a fifth
I'm drinking Pepsi watching Scarface in the theater room
Two cuties rubbing my shoulders putting me in the mood
Life's good and I ain't got no problem sharing the wealth
With my bros no point in being at the top by yourself
Nice whip yo mine is fast
Where'd I get this fat pocket full of cash
From selling yayo Mary Jane and Hash
Battleaxe is back and yo we came to smash Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums
This is game time play mine we're number one
Kingdom come, bass lines bring them drums
This is game time play mine we're number one Baby, I know you see me

Looking hard through binoculars
Young money, fat knocks, African rocks for ya
KC battleaxe cha-ching, we mop it up
Van to T dot, nobody stoppin us
Rappers talk tough, end up calling the cops on us
You rather shoot it out
You don't want to box with us
Pocket full of high notes so I call it the opera
Mobster used to eating steaks and lobster
Eh, yo my game is proper and my aim is to gwap up
But you should never throw rocks at the throne
My knights real don like Al Capone
Run up in your crib, snatch you outta your home
Split your wig and blow your mind out of your soul asshole
I only beef with those impeding my cash flow
I think things through before lettin the Mac go
But oh oh oh no, young Trizzle is not soNice pistol mine is chrome
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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