

# Park Bench

## Swollen Members

Red line, razor blade gang, I'm an outlaw  
Crack jaw, you won't see it coming hit you south paw  
Torch the village cause they're really very hokey  
Killin' all the villagers and spit like karaoke  
Used to treat me like a trophy  
Then things got low key, I was dopey  
Now nobody even know me  
And just because I'm doing good again don't mean you know me  
Trust me, I am not the old me  
And I cannot remember one thing that you told me  
Relationship is stale, it is moldy  
I'm fresh now a classic, like great golden oldies  
Not a Mack like Goldie  
Never wack, I attack so boldly  
Shit is crazy, life is like a blur  
I could be a psycho but it's not what I prefer  
New king, cinderella no glass slipper  
No black leather [?] feather wack stripper  
Madchild lyrically I'm an ass kicker  
Not a ass kisser, I'm a practicer  
I swear a lot differ?  
And I'm a lot different  
Without a pot to piss in but I am not tripping  
Cause see the clock and the clock's ticking  
Badman, I'm a rude boy, shot lickin'  
Had to leave awhile and stop doing opiates  
Stop on a white boy, smash a half-breed  
I don't give a fuck when I rap, I am baffling  
Yo dogs are good, most people suck  
I'll probably grow up to be an old evil fuck  
Sitting on a park bench, cane and a cardigan  
Thinkin' of the days back when Shane he was partyin'  
And soon I'll be an artifact  
Seemed like yesterday I was picking up a party pack (ha)  
Now I'm worried about a heart-attack  
Still child-like, AMAX and a starter cap  
You can't cheat father time  
Just be thankful I'm happy, I've had harder times  
Things that I like, they are mad hard to find  
I'm a snob, do my job, I'm a master of rhymes  
I'm a bastard to some, to the rest shit is good  
Main fear? Not to do the best that I could

Not give it all I got, but still could do better  
Decade and a half, group still we're together  
Still birds of a feather  
Still dope beats, ill words put together  
Hip-hop saved me twice, that's a true fact  
I still love checkin' for fucking tough records  
Used to have a pistol in my hand  
Now I want blue skies, seeing crystal in the sand  
I'm getting old, call me mister I'm the man  
Still cold, still official as the plan motherfucker

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