

# Arsonists, What You Want?

[Swel Boogie + Q-Unique]

We are the world, you claiming territory  
That's our land so fix it  
I don't wanna hear the bitching and ah..  
Damn holdin back the water flow that'll food up your high plains  
High percifitation make me wanna go and cry rain  
Your rhymes can't find the track like a f\*\*kin blind train  
Unique individual, you can go read it in my name  
Lives through out the map, chew out your rap  
My crew 'bout to snap  
Snap, snap, snap at any given moment I can snap like thumb middle index  
I'm shinin ultra violet gamma and zap off all your insects  
They buggin, they ain't well-known, don't call me on my cell phone  
just to ask me how many heffers did Swel done  
No comment, the mo' questions the less answers  
And some of you thugs win Awards for..  
Best actors win Academy Awards for fantastic fakin  
I'm spitting solid, you Hollow Man Kevin Bacon  
I'ma quake the earth up, making your zone shake  
Diggin up a dead b-boy and watch him as bones break  
Like skaters slippin of poles on Real TV  
So see me for real CDs and DVDs  
Cassettes, vinyl, tailor made to permanent press my thoughts  
Like ironing my scalp, ideas of..  
All sorts of pretty choch be stressing on my live wire  
Across the stage we shock the crowd and spit fire

[Hook: both]

That's right, we 'bout to flaunt  
All day and all night  
Give you what you want  
Got you thinkin that we stinkin  
'cause we got the funk  
We got it all so (so what you, what you, what you want?)

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[Swel Boogie]

See now first off I don't brag I just do what I gotta  
So if you ask me I'ma say that I rhyme and yada yada  
I got lotta things on my mind to explain the business  
So I'ma keep the story short like a book that's read by midgets  
Borinkins on the map, 130 pounds, go weight it  
'swel it's Borinqieun so let me say it the way I wanna say it  
Dirty, ghetto, grimy, runnin wih a bunch of misfits  
Self-righteous Spics, yeah we deep and we keep it biscuits  
Mean cresant moon on the left to rep the darkness  
Ain't nothing clean on the walls, we hit'em with cans and markers  
My arches are ready to fire the fire arrows  
The battles, you better retire or hide in shadows

[Q-Unique]

All I see is superb female specimens that'll make trouble to get me in  
If I was born a woman I'd be a lesbian  
Off to Dexters lab to write the Johnny Bravo  
Grab my dragon ball-z's make Powerpuff Girls swallow  
Smash cats, steam roll to a flat disaster  
"Where my dogs at?" Now sit, rollover, obey your master  
Y'all bullshit, up in different places

Annoying like the asshole behind the newsreporter makin funny faces  
I come from the other side like London city traffic  
Make boiler room cash and act as if I'm Ben Affleck  
Commercial? Underground?  
Get this through your head people;  
Commercials plastic, underground is where they put dead people

(Hook 2x)