

Arsonists, Blaze

[Freestyle]

I suggest you keep your distance my death blow's inevitable,
And your susceptible to physical injury this music industry
Is full of shit that's why I'm flipping, dipping and diving
Phoney executives to keep my wins consecutive
We also got a lot of actors who claim they bring the drama
The only I'm getting laid out is with your mama, commas
Couldn't stop me, semi-colons and hyphens
When I freestyle two-hundred words a minute, shit speed typing, I'm hyping
And I see the light at the end of the tunnel like one in the chamber
Ready to penetrate a stranger, I love the smell of danger,
Hearing the word Arsonist ain't hard to figure yet
Got to stop smoking Emcees somebody pass me the nicorette

ladies and gentleman

[Swel]

Put your hands together we about to bust your melon,
Crossing the map with shows, our vinyl's top selling,
So stop telling your tales your acting got no character,
Need more practice? nah, you need more stamina
The man with the intense spout, burning up the vehicle
The battle's just me and you (gill), sorry, me and your crew
There's no chance so run, so when you end up getting blazed
Keep your ashes in an urn and make sure there being save

[Jise one]

I keep looking into the eyes of my enemy's fortress, snorkelling
Deep within the outskirts forfeiting, calling stalling
Rolling behind the backburner stomach turner, don't test me
Creepy crawlers yawning, rapper's really starting to bore me
Forcing me to flee upon a carnage spree disease
Type remedy for the easy see T.N.T. powers that be
Feed upon the energy conceits, combine our seeds
Here to serve a good deed for those who need intervene you bleed

[missing verse]

[D-Story]

I drop fakers like drapes after beat downs defeat clowns
With street sounds neighbours tell me to keep the heat down
In this cheap town where fool's slip like cool chip
This ain't no school trip it's some cruel shit like news clips
Crews strip Demi Moore style, watch me rip through fakes,
Cripple flakes, make non-believers do the triple take,
I bomb crews without Tom Cruise on the mission
My pole positions got competitions, mama wishing
They're stuck to fishing by Ricky's lake or Richard's bay
Rhyming with Billy Ocean or Al B Sure won't get you play
By Joan's Rivers I clean clothes, lyrical mean pros
Go against dream flows, hope your team knows
We get around like news vans, giving black and blues man,
So who can touch the man with flavours like Toucan?

Blaze in a maze (scratching)

[Q-Unique]

Fully equipped with a mic and a spray can I withstand
Any wicked plan conjured by a wicked man, the quicker handle
Snatch up rhyme Arsonist Q spark the match up
The cipher's in flames got nothing to lose but a whole lot to gain
So I remain the main master of ceremonial
Like Puerto Rico remains prisoner by colonial
Your half verses over shopped over curses couldn't phase,

My basic rhyme patterns you have you all standing in a maze
I lace the track up as if it was my Nike air butter
The all knowing Emcees for unaware couldn't compare glare,
I outshine radiant rhymes, bring light
To the subject of lyrical content, the rhythm gift is god sent

Blaze in a maze (scratching)