

# Arsonists, Burn It Out

[Bridge: Swel Boogie]

Not it's about that time  
It's time to wild out, it's time to wild out  
Nigga is you out your mine?  
Comin' up in my house, runnin' up in my house  
I'm about to stop and go  
and if you want beef, come on, we knockin' out teeth  
I'm about to drop my flow  
and if you want beef, come on, we knockin' out teeth

[Verse One: Swel Boogie]

Arsonists' next shit, ya gots to accept it  
Wannabes get hit and get thrown out the exit  
with a kick in the ass, rugged Timberland boots  
In this game you won't last, you ask veteran troops  
They got stories to tell, the battle legends of Swel  
Climbin' to the top, never made it and FELLLL  
Oh well, not a happy ending, what you was expectin'?  
Every man for themself so it's my own that I'm protectin'  
"Get lost bro!" the boss told, you, if you cross roads  
you end up at the +crossroad+ with Bone Thugs  
You bone thugs heard you flame on  
That's the closest you gettin' to fire just to stay warm  
Hot shot but not so hot, ayo Money, (this is me) and you ain't claimin' no spots  
I'm holdin' it down and I know exactly what to give 'em  
Dope beats, dope rhymes, dope cuts and dope rhythm

[Chorus 2x: Swel Boogie]

Now when you put us in your system, we goin' burn it out  
Now when we get up on the stage, we goin' turn it out  
Now what we want y'all to do is just scream and shout  
First you scream "WHAT!", the you shout "PYRO!"

[Verse Two: Swel Boogie]

I ain't tryin' to hear the third that and this, catchin' fits  
Shakin' breakin' backs-n-ribs, now choose one, smack or fist  
You soft, snap your wrist (Swel you fool), nah understand I'm amped and  
pissed  
So place your bets 'cause them garbage kids ain't passin' me  
And I don't make threats or promises, I'm guaranteed  
or your album's back and watch my styles attack  
I got new friends, some of the old pals was wack  
They didn't know how to act, they sayin' shit that's uncalled for  
And gettin' gased up, knocked and opened the wrong door  
Unlike my crew and I on top bookin' them strong tours  
You underhand sort of like pitchin' them softballs  
Get outta here with your baby league and watch me blaze the beat  
My sense of reflex is at a crazy speed, even fast for light time  
Blast raw of them hype rhymes  
cause these short 16 bars will last more than a lifetime

(Chorus 2x)