

# Arsonists, Language Arts

[Verse One: Q-Unique]

Enter the bragin, Q-Leechan from the providence of hip-hop  
Do bodily damage like a combination kick-chop  
Teacher Sifu Herc and Sensei Bambaatasan  
Since I've studied techniques just to drop the kata bomb  
With Jeet Kune flow, way of the intercepting rhyme  
Battle to the last breath or till my adversary declines  
I've trained in weapons, mic chucks and deadly spinning vinyl  
The drunk monk breathing aerosol till I'm a krylon wino  
Unorthodox over traditional I may condone it  
Respectfully bow but never take your eyes off your opponent  
Square off as I mentally prepare in my rap stance  
Defeat is a Buddah opportunity 'cause that's a fat chance  
You write the white belt and flow slow like Tai Chi  
I'm like Freddie Fox(xx) possessed by the dragon, y'all won't fight me  
Your side kicks don't move me, and seem to have no flavor left  
So I drop the flow Kashugi and have them all pray for death  
Train till the sample's done. flip with weight like Samo Hung  
No need to handle guns, watch and see me make this mammal run  
At the end of it all, I'll retire undefeated  
Live by the mountain side and write a book of Five Rings for you to read it

[Chorus 2x: Q-Unique]

Training, balance  
Focus, challenge  
Meditate, silence  
Skill, talent  
Broken patterns  
Have a seat and play your part  
You must learn to accept defeat  
"Check my language arts"

[Verse Two: Q-Unique]

(Ha ha ha ha ha..)

We meet again young Choy  
I will now take you down with the six steps of b-boy  
There is no way you'll overcome my 1200 turning techniques  
or take out my pen-fist punchlines, your beginner styles are too weak  
My fat cap burner kicks'll go over your toy throw-ups  
You have a lot of guts, I'm even suprised you showed up  
but still.. we'll write fight to the first strike or rhyme battle to the very end  
And if I am to die, my loyal students will take the revenge  
Direct confrontation with Grandmaster number seven  
Push past and catch a blast from my right fist of legend  
In a kombat with mortals I play the part of Lui Kang  
Confuse you like Manderan slang and balance out the hip-hop like Yin Yang  
Chasing fallen rap monks till they run far  
Have me resort to animal instincts like Hung Gar and Flung a ninja star  
Aimed at the head of an A&R white belt whose fight felt unskilled  
Surrounded by a class of records execs and got them killed  
Taste my own blood a lash out in a rage  
My 'bo staff' is the microphone stand, my 'dojo' is the stage  
It's the year of the Q, mark that on your calendar  
A double clap at the end of the battle means bring on the next challenger

(Chorus 4x)