

Arsonists, Lunchroom Take-Out

Scene: talking in the lunchroom cafeteria

[Swel Boogie]

So you wanna battle me, you wanna battle me bring it
Don't talk to nobody bring it to me, if you wanna battle....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva' kid stop trying to show-off....

[Swel Boogie]

Who's you first of all?? nobody knows you up in here....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva kid, don't matter who i am....

[Swel Boogie]

I'm Swel Boogie, whos you?? yo Q give me a beat
He wanna battle me, give me a beat Q....

[GR8 Scott]

You ain't nothin' kid, you a ugly muthaf**ka, say your shit kid....

[Swel Boogie]

Come on super belly, fat man....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva' fix your teeth, see the tooth fairy....

[Swel Boogie]

Looka here we got fruitcakes in the house, yo check it, check it

beat: Q-Unique beating on the lunchroom tables

freestyling....

[Swel Boogie]

Man please, come on you just a bitch tryna flip
And I can tell your nervous, why you got a twitch in your lip
'cause you ain't got nothing for me, you corny, I know you saw me
Hitting up your moms, 'cause she was horny, and it was forny, funny

[GR8 Scott]

Shut up dummy, learn how to speak
That's why your girl and your moms told me to sperm on her cheek
Now you done did it, try to battle me and you got calm looks
You 'bout to come get burnt like all the food that your mom cooks
And then one minute later, your gonna end up on the floor dead
You gased, the only thing that's big about you is your forehead
I'm fed up with all the things about you and I just heard one tune
And you supposed to be the illest nigga that rhymes in this lunchroom

[Swel Boogie]

Like everyone in this lunchroom including you better beware i'm the best
Just from looking at you, I can tell your mom's got hair on her chest
'cause your eyebrows connect and their so long your lips will feel it
I'm on some shit that when i flipping.....

[GR8 Scott]

I got that shit that you can't deal with, see you need me to save you
You know why?? 'cause you don't have a flow, your breath smells like a platano

[Swel Boogie]

HOLD UP ASSHOLE, don't be tryna cut me off, 'cause you soft
And, that's the second time you did that, ima send yo ass to the north

Pole where its freezing, and its come on, bad for your health
Somebody pass him a tissue, he's drooling on himself
What, come and get it, your debted than somebody with aids
I'ma play you like spades, hang your ass like dreads or braids
You don't want it, if you did, then your ass be a fool
I'ma embarass you so bad, your gonna transfer to another school

[GR8 Scott]

Embarassed never that, i'm too dope, hell yeah
And you ain't going no where but the lunchline or welfare
You ain't even passing your classes, your brain is rusty, oil it
And you couldn't drop no shit, if you was sitting on the toilet
You ain't nothing, look at all the rhymes that you be hitting with
My little sister burned your freestyle, my freestyle burned your written
shit
Soon you'll be in denial, and you're not gonna recall
That I burned you, and I can tell by 21 you'll be bald
I'm off the wall, with all the off the head shit that I make up
You need one haircut, plus about 33 shape ups
So go ahead and laugh at him, and i'ma come and take props
I'm the magnificent M.C., that's why they call me GR8 Scott

[Swel Boogie]

Why's you tellin' me your name, your friendless
You ????, you gotta ??? and you call him your princess
You a ????, you cheesy like a dorito
To get higher than me, come on you gotta smoke weed yo
F**k battlin', i'ma whip yo ass you punk
To battle me, you don't need a mic, you need a asthma pump
Money grip, when i come around you seein' the bombs
You a pervert, jerking off the pornos of me and your moms
Money you wack, and umm I think its best you pray
You the type to get beat up, even if it ain't freshmen day
Come on man, ahh come on, I ain't scared a ya
You so poor the only time you eat is in the lunchroom cafeteria
You ain't even graduating, opportunity doors will slam in your face
You been in the school so long, you'll take the janitors place
Money grip, and you talking about my hair, look at your dumb curl
I'm surrounded by females, you don't even got one girl

[GR8 Scott]

You talking all that shit, and yet you still sound weak
The only reason you got any girls, 'cause they think you be around me
Every since the beginning of battle, your best best was to run paul
As this one girl told me, you went to the hospital and they cut off one ball
Matter fact, f**k that, I can tell I was wrecking
I'ma just leave and burn this muthaf**ka, eat steak um in a second

talking til fade