

# Arsonists, Self-Righteous Spics (Anthem)

(Q) Forever united, we walkin this planet of gasses  
True to all my niggas till my life span passes  
(S) With the (shhh) sound of the pyro camp  
You's a fool if you try to get the Psycho amped  
(J) We could stomp, give it a loud clap {\*clap clap, clap\*}  
Champ chomp the competition, full back tackle  
ya quaterback  
(Q) We tight like ten virgins in a Porsche  
double parked car, Miagi's wax on technique  
couldn't block ours  
(S) Like dark scars, my fam stays on my skin  
beginning to never end  
there's many different ways I'ma win  
(J) My brain jiggle in pickled jars  
Brooknam fenomenan, Worf  
a lush in bars, black fingers splittin cigars  
(S) Shittin in bars with a crazed smell  
Lord praise Swel!  
'Cause time is 11:34 when I'ma raise hell  
and truly I'll react and you will get  
attacked world-wide  
My crew is on the map, yo Q! You got my back?  
(Q) No question, like, like.. The Roots  
without their drummer  
You step up in a relay, son you got ya'self a runner  
Targeting the government, you got ya'self a gunner  
We breakin through the surface 'cause we  
tunneled through the under

(Chorus 2x:)  
In the club, we got it locked  
We, WOOOOH!  
Only if we should, then we rock  
We, WOOOOH!  
Rollin through ya hood or ya block  
We, WOOOOH!  
Louder! WOOOOH!  
Prouder! WOOOOH!

(S) Remain calm, ladies on line because we gettin  
our game on, and anybody breakin up  
the hustle and they gone  
(Q) Like Schwarzenegger biceps, the family stay strong  
Nothin you can say wrong, we righteous  
speak the same slang  
Microphone spit unite us, love to all the fam  
and give a f\*\*k who don't like us  
(J) We thorn coated our hearts, so I rock  
invisible horns  
Sworn heat raised deceased, got niggas screaming  
"Ya dead wrong!" Snatch the hoochies ice  
she's twice the chicken I am  
You ain't a playa, trade ya foodstamps  
Tell ya baby dad to buy 'em  
(S) Rollin with us, ain't no need to keep a low profile  
We could all go wild and keep the po-po out  
We can liven up the party, drink all up the Bacardi  
Dance and move ya bodies with hotties to Ladi-dadi  
(Q) +We don't cause trouble+, 'less you want the bubble  
popped double, what you gonna drop? Zepplin kid  
We gonna rock, Arsonists fam, global relatives  
connecting world-wide, thanks for pyromaniacs  
investin  
(J) Somebody gonna fry in here tonight!

Too many niggas that like to fight,  
hang tight and that ain't right!

(Chorus 2x)

&quot;I bet you made that up by yourself&quot;