

# Arsonists, Space Junk

"Invasion by creatures from space confirmed  
New York City may be the next objective"

(Jise One)

It's the four season apparel stand guard double a triscar  
Bi-charred inferno by far the weapon used to spar  
Too many SQUADS to boil my temper's soul  
Console my wretched side every time my lyrics' exposed  
I lived the life of moles, underground in sync with Earth  
The birth of my asylum exploit divert my excerpt  
for what it's worth, I can't stand this ball of dirt  
Insert flirt to rhythm juggs, booty bangin the word surf  
Buji tanning berserk nerf, echo hollow the pocket hirsch  
Nurse the purse from singin in thirst, searching the outskirts  
The shit hurt when my tears burst for late rent, bent curse  
It lurks turf, broke, ain't trying to get worst

(Kinetic NRG)

Militant mercenary chief mechanic antics manage navigating falcons in the Y2K  
Han Solo toucher laugh it up dickface  
Took ol' girl on a joy ride faded off Obi Won and crashed into the Death Star's remains  
Tapped the right side of my heart twice entering the faculties  
State of the Art SS Enterprise coordinates North Star  
Last wednesday Worf traded a communicator for a blaster laser  
While palming the ass of you wife Leah talking dirty alpha-beta  
Teamed up and double penetrated her, she called my Shlong Vader  
Swallow for daddy baby I'm a proud father  
Twisted her bubble yum flooded her gums with cum that dripped down to her garter  
Data filming from the closet made her come harder  
Sold a million copies to Jabba  
Discussing business over Java  
Ended up moving each unit for 80 dollars  
Drove off in a space Impala  
Watching EPs of Buck Rogers  
Chewbacca knocka rocks for the brolic hip-hoppas  
Facin their dramas follow these orders

(Chorus: Jise One)

We on express trains to funk  
Here something that you should bump  
Space junk  
I got ya ears crunk up (Makin 'em jump jump!)  
Got ladies shaking they ass  
My niggas gettin 'em drunk you brick game  
We ASF, we shoot dunks (Makin 'em jump jump!)

(Jise One)

I stand in the ring, archangels me and myself  
Stealth vocal local legitimize word melt, the way that I felt  
Shelf the agonizing bad half, you trash  
Wrath taking over the world, but I'm glad  
Sit back and laugh (haaah)  
I bleed smoke through my nostril, rugged apostle  
Make it impossible for you to return, rhymes are obstacles  
I piss icicles, sub-zero blood in my veins  
Raising caine sprinkled with novacaine heartaches and pains

(Kinetic NRG)

I fried my brain smoking klingon strange with Worf and Bubba Fett  
Engage in danger room sequence forty eight sparrin' in holodecks  
When bored I download dirty holographic porn from the Internet  
Dot com slippery when wet it's the biggest threat to real live sex  
My cryptic axe left a bloody sketch on the walls of her vortex  
Robo snatch chips attached emulate plasma splash

Tap that ass with a force of a backdraft so do the math  
Rather be disease free chewy than loaded with ticks and fleas  
Wookie please, I'm on jacks with C3PO's speaking Japanese  
Moshie mosh travel talk, which galaxy smokes the best trees?  
Between you and me, I could care less about wack MCs  
Rather be part of dynasties, snatching titles of New York Kings

(Chorus 2x)