

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)

"I bet you made that up by yourself"