

I suggest you keep your distance  
my death blow's inevitable, and your susceptible to physical injury  
this music industry is full of shit  
that's why I'm flipping dipping and diving  
phoney executives to keep my wins consecutive  
we also got a lot of actors who claim they bring the drama  
the only I'm getting laid out is with your mama, commas  
couldn't stop me, semi-colons and hyphens when I freestyle  
two-hundred words a minute, shit speed typing, I'm hyping  
and I see the light at the end of the tunnel like one in the chamber  
ready to penetrate a stranger  
I love the smell of danger, hearing the word Arsonist ain't hard to figure y  
et  
got to stop smoking Emcees somebody pass me the nicorette

Put your hands together  
we about to bust your melon, crossing the map with shows, our vinyl's top  
selling, so stop telling your tales  
your acting got no character, need more practice?  
nah, you need more stamina  
the man with the intense spout, burning up the vehicle  
the battle's just me and you  
(gill), sorry, me and your crew  
there's no chance so run, so when you end up getting blazed  
keep your ashes in an urn and make sure there being save

I keep looking into the eyes of my enemy's fortress  
snorkelling deep within the outskirts  
forfeiting, calling stalling rolling behind the backburner  
stomach turner, don't test me creepy crawlers I'm yawning  
Rapper's starting to bore me  
forcing me to flee upon a carnage spree  
disease type remedy for the easy see T.N.T. powers that be feed upon our ene  
rgy  
Conceits combine our seeds here to serve a good deed  
for those who need intervene you bleed

I drop fakers like drapes after beat downs  
defeat clowns with street sounds neighbours tell me to keep the heat down in  
this cheap town where fool's slip like cool chip this ain't no school trip  
it's cruel shit like news clips crews strip Demi Moore style  
watch me rip through fakes, cripple flakes, make non-believers do the triple  
take, I bomb crews without tom cruise on the mission my pole positions got  
competitions  
mama wishing they're stuck to fishing by Ricky's lake or Richard's bay  
rhyming with Billy Ocean or Al be Sure  
won't get you play by Joan's Rivers I clean clothes, lyrical mean pros  
go against dream flows hope your team knows we get around like news vans  
giving black and blues man, so who can?  
touch the man with flavours like Toucan

Fully equipped with a mic and a spray can  
I withstand any wicked plan conjured by a wicked man, the quicker handle  
snatch up rhyme Arsonist Q spark the match up the cipher's in flames  
got nothing to lose  
but a whole lot to gain so I remain the main master of ceremonial like  
Puerto Rico remains prisoner by colonial your half verses

over shopped over curses couldn't phase, my basic rhyme patterns you have  
you all standing in a maze  
I lace the track up as if it was my Nike air butter  
the all knowing Emcees for unaware  
couldn't compare glare, I outshine radiant rhymes, bring light  
to the subject of lyrical content, the rhythm gift is god sent