

Blaze

Arsonists

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