

Pyromaniax

Arsonists

Phone ringing....

Little girl Monkey, where you at monkey

And what, rappers wanna bring it to me

Oh, you the nicest M.C. (so so so so so)

And what, yeah we known to blow up the spot

Pyromaniax burning, blazing hot

Why would you wanna challenge a guy like me, if you not clever (come on)

Dirtier than prostitutes sweating in hot weather

Load the spot better, than you ever will in your life

Wanna kill and get trife, go ahead I'm just gone chill with your wife

The only one that'll get you in a cyph and flex style

So the next child that try to front then, I'ma pull your x-files

That been, hidden for years, and released when I came

Mics burn when I flame, forever remain with my name

Deliver high pain like migraine headaches and all

You got the nerve to stand before me, pretend you were bald

Must be pathetic to brawl, with a M.C. lord, holding a sword

I'm a a human microphone and my lyrics the vocal cord

You's a fisher price king only eligible to battle

Saddle

Who are you to hassle, the epidemy of master tackle

Buck forty nine plus tax to the max, corrision shample

Atista Gamble, don't tangle with hard to handle

Beats lyrical warfare up the river paddle your tackle

Gotta a neon shadow, but still confusing like a pharoah

split through travels I unravel

And what, rappers wanna bring it to me

Oh, you the nicest M.C. (so so so so so)

And what, yeah we known to blow up the spot

Pyromaniax burning, blazing hot

Now has led you would have it, my microphone grab habit

Excels over the plab attics, have 'em like (dag nam it)

They pissed off, like missing the toilet

They plans are foiled, like there wrapped in tin paper

Burned like skin scrapper, the top kid I'll take ya

I'm type nice, so think twice, before you hold the device

Lyrics shot are precise, had you blind like three mice

Me shise, must of had me mistaken for the wrong stick

That kids cut short, I'm the one with the long cord and the track one

I smack one rhyme at a time like kids acting up

Wild like the fight in a club, heads is backing up

In the meantime, disinfect your filth club, filled with clean rhyme

Gleam like sheam shine, take you ass home to better dream mine

Be out of town from sundown, this block ain't big enough for the both of us

No chance of redemption like broken trust

Who tops the bottle cap and seal the whole three liter bottle

Rap and let it go flat

Off duty officers in brooklyn better go strap...

Don't knock me cuz you can't rock me
Lyrically I'm cocky, you sloppy, refer to me as copy
Malaki, of your style, I make a mockery of, cuz you choppy
You should specialize in copies like kinkos

Don't ass think yo, you beat me (hahahahaha) I don't think so
Not even mulitiplied by cinco, you blink bro
Now catch your career going down the sink yo
My hits rock you dicks nots so run and get cops

I rip shops and flip hot fat like hitchcock
Outta space I roll with spock, lyrically kill herbs,
When I spill verbs, direct actors like speilberg,
Run with ill hearse (son whose the arsonists) hit me off yo

I slice nerds and melt icebergs in the north pole
You soft so, really awful, I rock the grand flow
You need magic like Orlando, or must be rambo, multiplied by commando
Tell your whole crew, I told you I wreck those too

Make you vocal, I'm express you local, call and sick, you saw my click
Your chances are steal it and straws and sticks

And what, rappers wanna bring it to me
Oh, you the nicest M.C. (so so so so so)
And what, yeah we known to blow up the spot
Pyromaniax burning, blazing hot