Self-Righteous Spics

Arsonists

[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 phenomenan, 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"

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