

Stay Lo

Arsonists

Has it ever occurred to you that you wasn't meant to grab the mic
and kick a rhyme, son I think you're wastin' time
If you was light you wouldn't shine when asked to sign the dotted line
Tell 'em sorry you must decline, nah never mind
I'ma tag you with this loaded {nine}
Now see normally I wouldn't resort to but since you spit I had to abort you
Tall nigga to short you slash your vocals, stop your raps from being spoken
Crush your knuckles leavin' ya mic grabbin' hand broken
I'm out to damage you like a shiesty manager (buahahaha)
Chase you down the stairs, cut you off when I leaped over the banister
Cornered, it can be, you can't flee
Can't stand to see 'cause nigga you can't emcee
The platinum plaque recipient suffered a twisted fate like chubby checker
being lynched off the goldengate bridge over troubled water
The colonel giving orders smash the juke up for its quarters
Go unpaue ya tape recorders

Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe
Toy mic you play flow
Start a rap career, that shit is way no
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Toy mic you play flow
Don't ask 'em to say hoe, stay low

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Toy mic you play flow
Start a rap career, that shit is way no
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say HOE
Thought to start a rap career, that shit is way no

I pound the final round *ding*
Bring on the trouble clown, how you sound?
You think I'm lower than dirt? I'm double down
for whatever the case is, whatever the place is
We sever the stages, you could never come face this
Arsonist and Non-phix rollin' with convicts that want chicks
but make sure they the bomb tricks
that don't complain, about any position
Heads or tails I'ma win in any decision
The mission is impossible for you to get it
Complete, so dead it, delete it or I'ma.. set it, I'm heated
I'm must proven guilty for murder 'cause rhymes I be killin' it
If tracks I ain't feeling it than I don't wanna deal with it

Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe

Low brim shadow my eyes (code red) rockin' a steel toe show
Bold to visualize mo' live antagonize size
Most cats fall off the face then come back to be surprised (why?)
Sly Stone the mic to enterprise, true lies within you small fries
Most egos that grow to be loose change, I despise that (why?)
There two kinds that draw the fine lines between the biz and rhymes
You breed greed to try mock mine ('cause I define the true times, why?)
The records B.I. grime shit don't get the air
You fear us nothing but bare time then show signs you're not aware (why?)
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe
A million sold don't make you pro, that's why we hold it for our pyros

(Chorus)