We Be About

Arsonists

You can't handle what I'm about
I'm smoked out in Amsterdam
With two fans, I'm all about my fam
Who's the boss? I used to love Sam
My slang is mostly homemade
Shoelace to hold my sweat pants
They sag to have my balls right
Rock chants carry ya weak stand
Eat cans of ravioli
Ghetto tours flyin on pan am
I'm too busy being a man to sucking on any soundscan
(Ayo, I bought a land!)
Not me, I'm walking these rough lands
that you reciting in your jams
I observed with sharper image scans
Slamdance give it a chance type talk
Hailstorm across the face
Human thesaurus, rhyme DNA, too many strands!
I dare you to try to cram this whole verse walkin on hot sand
Covered in coal with no hands
Swallow your soul and shitted burnt spam (damn!)
It's pretty easy to understand
But you don't know this man
Lt. doing his thang! (thang!)
Manhandle the track to bang! (bang!)
Nigga we got swang!
Swank mag' beneath my sink
I hold rank doing this thang! (thang!)

What you be about? - sunshine I try to prosper
What you be about? - females and lookin proper
What you be about? - spit rhymes that gotta rock yo
We be about - math
We be about - sex
We be about - love
We be about - life
What you be about? - my fam we tryin to live well
What you be about? - I'm just Swel, just tryin to be Swel
What you be about? - pourin out for those who fell
We be about - math
We be about - sex
We be about - love
We be about - life

I'm about lights, cameras, action
Status, mackin, Paris, relaxin
Waxin oooh, the hood what's up, representin, who Brooklyn what
Yeah that's me keep movin, never stay boaring
I rather ride a bike with a walkman instead of walking
and roll up to some freak chicks and start playing
and rollin with my peeps to the flicks without paying
A hook up is a hook up
Dressin dip, that's my lookup
And going to the clubs to do the blookup blookup
from dusk to dawn
then sleep till 4:30 in the afternoon
And get ready for more

The best time's the summer time,
that's cruisin part
by the end I done
Went to every amusement park
and I'm about tellin you to just let Swel be
I have my fun and still get to hand in my next LP
I be about...

(Hook)

I'm about grabin mics, wearin Nikes
I was built to go through the rough shit
head on like mountain bikes
I'm about bookin world tours and showin up
I'm about givin my seed the things I ain't have
when I was growin up
I'm about 5'9" with a rhyme
that'll stand the test of any timeline
out the fan base in to shine mine
I'm about Puertorican women who make progress
with a mind of a college professor and body of a goddess
I'm about Krs, Miles Davis, Pearl Jam, and Rakim,
Albizu Campos, mayor Guilli.. nah not him!
I'm about doing away with trash
I'm about two seconds away
from puttin my foot dead in a record execs ass
I'm about platinum plaques for underground acts
Shit, I'll spit on anything from Rocafella to Battle Axe
I'm about tellin you what it's about
before it's about to happen
So be about ya biz 'fore this title 'bout starts to slappin

(Hook)

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