

Burn It Out

Arsonists

[Bridge: Swel Boogie]

Not it's about that time

It's time to wild out, it's time to wild out

Nigga is you out your mine?

Comin' up in my house, runnin' up in my house

I'm about to stop and go

and if you want beef, come on, we knockin' out teeth

I'm about to drop my flow

and if you want beef, come on, we knockin' out teeth [Verse One: Swel Boogie]

Arsonists' next shit, ya gots to accept it

Wannabes get hit and get thrown out the exit

with a kick in the ass, rugged Timberland boots

In this game you won't last, you ask veteran troops

They got stories to tell, the battle legends of Swel

Climbin' to the top, never made it and FELLLL

Oh well, not a happy ending, what you was expectin'?

Every man for themselves so it's my own that I'm protectin'

"Get lost bro!" the boss told, you, if you cross roads

you end up at the +crossroad+ with Bone Thugs

You bone thugs heard you flame on

That's the closest you gettin' to fire just to stay warm

Hot shot but not so hot, ayo Money, (this is me) and you ain't claimin' no spots

I'm holdin' it down and I know exactly what to give 'em

Dope beats, dope rhymes, dope cuts and dope rhythm [Chorus 2x: Swel Boogie]

Now when you put us in your system, we goin' burn it out

Now when we get up on the stage, we goin' turn it out

Now what we want y'all to do is just scream and shout

First you scream "WHAT!", the you shout "PYRO!" [Verse Two: Swel Boogie]

I ain't tryin' to hear the third that and this, catchin' fits

Shakin' breakin' backs-n-ribs, now choose one, smack or fist

You soft, snap your wrist (Swel you fool), nah understand I'm amped and

pissed

So place your bets 'cause them garbage kids ain't passin' me

And I don't make threats or promises, I'm guaranteed

or your album's back and watch my styles attack

I got new friends, some of the old pals was wack

They didn't know how to act, they sayin' shit that's uncalled for

And gettin' gased up, knocked and opened the wrong door

Unlike my crew and I on top bookin' them strong tours

You underhand sort of like pitchin' them softballs
Get outta here with your baby league and watch me blaze the beat
My sense of reflex is at a crazy speed, even fast for light time
Blast raw of them hype rhymes
cause these short 16 bars will last more than a lifetime

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