Language Arts

Arsonists

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse One: Q-Unique]
Enter the bragin, Q-Leechan from the providence of hip-hop
Do bodily damage like a combination kick-chop
Teacher Sifu Herc and Sensei Bambaatasan
Since I've studied techniques just to drop the kata bomb
With Jeet Kune flow, way of the intercepting rhyme
Battle to the last breath or till my adversary declines
I've trained in weapons, mic chucks and deadly spinning vinyl
The drunk munk breathing aerosol till I'm a krylon wino
Unorthodox over traditional I may condone it
Respectfully bow but never take your eyes off your opponent
Square off as I mentally prepare in my rap stance
Defeat is a Buddah opportunity 'cause that's a fat chance
You write the white belt and flow slow like Tai Chi
I'm like Freddie Fox(xx) possessed by the dragon, y'all won't fight me
Your side kicks don't move me, and seem to have no flavor left
So I drop the flow Kashugi and have them all pray for death
Train till the sample's done. flip with weight like Samo Hung
No need to handle guns, watch and see me make this mammal run
At the end of it all, I'll retire undefeated
Live by the mountain side and write a book of Five Rings for you to read it[Chorus 2x: Q-Unique]
Training, balance
Focus, challenge
Meditate, silence
Skill, talent
Broken patterns
Have a seat and play your part
You must learn to accept defeat
"Check my language arts"[Verse Two: Q-Unique]
(Ha ha ha ha ha..)
We meet again young Choy
I will now take you down with the six steps of b-boy

There is no way you'll overcome my 1200 turning techniques
or take out my pen-fist punchlines, your beginner styles are too weak
My fat cap burner kicks'll go over your toy throw-ups
You have a lot of guts, I'm even suprised you showed up
but still.. we'll write fight to the first strike or rhyme battle to the very end
And if I am to die, my loyal students will take the revenge
Direct confrontation with Grandmaster number seven
Push past and catch a blast from my right fist of legend
In a kombat with mortals I play the part of Lui Kang
Confuse you like Manderan slang and balance out the hip-hop like Yin Yang
Chasing fallen rap monks till they run far
Have me resort to animal instincts like Hung Gar and Flung a ninja star
Aimed at the head of an A&R white belt whose fight felt unskilled
Surrounded by a class of records execs and got them killed
Taste my own blood a lash out in a rage
My 'bo staff' is the microphone stand, my 'dojo' is the stage
It's the year of the Q, mark that on your calendar
A double clap at the end of the battle means bring on the next challenger(Chorus 4x)

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