

Stay Lo

Arsonists

[Verse One: Q-Unique]

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 unpause ya tape recorders[Chorus: Q-Unique]

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

Toy mic you play flow

Start a rap career, that shit is way no

Start a rap career, that shit is way no

Toy mic you play flow

Don't ask 'em to say hoe, stay low

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Toy mic you play flow

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

Thought to start a rap career, that shit is way no[Verse Two: Swel Boogie]

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[Q-Unique]
Stay low, don't ask 'em to say hoe[Verse Three: Jise One]
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)

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