

Arsonists "Lunchroom Take-Out"

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Scene: talking in the lunchroom cafeteria

[Swel Boogie]

So you wanna battle me, you wanna battle me bring it
Don't talk to nobody bring it to me, if you wanna
battle....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva' kid stop trying to show-off....

[Swel Boogie]

Who's you first of all?? nobody knows you up in here....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva kid, don't matter who i am....

[Swel Boogie]

I'm Swel Boogie, whos you?? yo Q give me a beat
He wanna battle me, give me a beat Q....

[GR8 Scott]

You ain't nothin' kid, you a ugly muthafucka, say your
shit kid....

[Swel Boogie]

Come on super belly, fat man....

[GR8 Scott]

Whateva' fix your teeth, see the tooth fairy....

[Swel Boogie]

Looka here we got fruitcakes in the house, yo check it,
check it

beat: Q-Unique beating on the lunchroom tables

freestyling....

[Swel Boogie]

Man please, come on you just a bitch tryna flip
And I can tell your nervous, why you got a twitch in your
lip

'cause you ain't got nothing for me, you corny, I know
you saw me
Hitting up your moms, 'cause she was horny, and it was
forny, funny

[GR8 Scott]

Shut up dummy, learn how to speak
That's why your girl and your moms told me to sperm
on her cheek
Now you done did it, try to battle me and you got calm
looks
You 'bout to come get burnt like all the food that your
mom cooks
And then one minute later, your gonna end up on the
floor dead
You gased, the only thing that's big about you is your
forehead
I'm fed up with all the things about you and I just heard
one tune
And you supposed to be the illest nigga that rhymes in
this lunchroom

[Swel Boogie]

Like everyone in this lunchroom including you better
beware i'm the best
Just from looking at you, I can tell your mom's got hair
on her chest
'cause your eyebrows connect and their so long your
lips will feel it
I'm on some shit that when i flipping.....

[GR8 Scott]

I got that shit that you can't deal with, see you need me
to save you
You know why?? 'cause you don't have a flow, your
breath smells like a platano

[Swel Boogie]

HOLD UP ASSHOLE, don't be tryna cut me off, 'cause
you soft
And, that's the second time you did that, ima send yo
ass to the north
Pole where its freezing, and its come on, bad for your
health
Somebody pass him a tissue, he's drooling on himself
What, come and get it, your debted than somebody
with aids
I'ma play you like spades, hang your ass like dreads or
braids
You don't want it, if you did, then your ass be a fool
I'ma embarass you so bad, your gonna transfer to

another school

[GR8 Scott]

Embarassed never that, i'm too dope, hell yeah
And you ain't going no where but the lunchline or
welfare
You ain't even passing your classes, your brain is rusty,
oil it
And you couldn't drop no shit, if you was sitting on the
toilet
You ain't nothing, look at all the rhymes that you be
hitting with
My little sister burned your freestyle, my freestyle
burned your written
shit
Soon you'll be in denial, and you're not gonna recall
That I burned you, and I can tell by 21 you'll be bald
I'm off the wall, with all the off the head shit that I make
up
You need one haircut, plus about 33 shape ups
So go ahead and laugh at him, and i'ma come and take
props
I'm the magnificent M.C., that's why they call me GR8
Scott

[Swel Boogie]

Why's you tellin' me your name, your friendless
You ?????, you gotta ???? and you call him your princess
You a ?????, you cheesy like a dorito
To get higher than me, come on you gotta smoke weed
yo
Fuck battlin', i'ma whip yo ass you punk
To battle me, you don't need a mic, you need a asthma
pump
Money grip, when i come around you seein' the bombs
You a pervert, jerking off the pornos of me and your
moms
Money you wack, and umm I think its best you pray
You the type to get beat up, even if it ain't freshmen
day
Come on man, ahh come on, I ain't scared a ya
You so poor the only time you eat is in the lunchroom
cafeteria
You ain't even graduating, opportunity doors will slam
in your face
You been in the school so long, you'll take the janitors
place
Money grip, and you talking about my hair, look at your
dumb curl
I'm surrounded by females, you don't even got one girl

[GR8 Scott]

You talking all that shit, and yet you still sound weak
The only reason you got any girls, 'cause they think you
be around me

Every since the beginning of battle, your best best was
to run paul

As this one girl told me, you went to the hospital and
they cut off one ball

Matter fact, fuck that, I can tell I was wrecking

I'ma just leave and burn this muthafucka, eat steak um
in a second

talking til fade

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