

## Arsonists

# "Whatever, Whenever"

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[Chorus: Arsonists]

Whether eyes closed or blind fold (HANDS TIED)  
Who's man enough to brawl and roll (LET'S RIDE)  
That's how it's done, you can run (RUN) run (CAN'T  
HIDE)  
We keep our pyros tight, ain't that right? (THAT'S  
RIGHT)

[Verse One: Jise One]

I seek the meek that shall inherit the surrogate means  
of life  
Degenerate intermedial, slice words, sell it for half trife  
Price sell out yourself that ain't nice (get outta here)  
Shiest heads, get on your knees! Roll over like you  
were dice  
Splice my words, saddle my conscience  
It's rich the hell with peasants  
Tenants of apprehensive board games and beast  
incentives  
Relative to the back of my hand  
Stripping my face mash with meat bleeding to death in  
war stance  
We playin hangman! (Hotdamn!)  
We soldiers to phantoms spittin these street anthems  
Quiet niggas to tantrums  
We baggy denim to fashion, live band niggas to  
Samsung  
Live ass niggas who ring but then run  
Somebody's son that die young callin himself "dunn"

(Chorus 2x)

[Verse Two: Q-Unique]

Illimination of your whole generation next  
Cover your earth span in a deep breath  
and took three easy steps  
One son in awe questionin what his man saw  
He explained; "Q-Unique, but it was like morphed into  
gigantor"  
Crowds gatherin like enquirin minds to panelist  
Pen scribblin with more thoughts than psycho analysts  
Under hand suspects check for a clear coast

I've influenced an independent movement like Pedro  
Albizu Campos  
Except to connect and lift to the next sector  
Take the light, you shine and spit it back like a bike  
reflector  
Move with the word, observe the hidden type  
phenomenom  
Plaque playas of the dark age with they designer armor  
on

[Verse Three: Swel Boogie]

Wondering murder it was, left no fingers- and  
footprints  
An intelligent mind, clever, how ever this crook thinks  
but crook is a bad word, I'm raising knives and illin  
Doing my people favors and savin lives by killin  
Consider me hero, my body resume is jam pack  
Startin a war, you either stand up or stand back  
This man's wack, out of his crane, just do what he says  
to do  
Don't want to see him hurtin or killin the rest of you  
I'm a psychopath, sickest of the psychopaths  
Tickin bomb, ready to blast, dirty man cleanin the trash  
but don't get it twisted, I'm only after a certain desease  
'cause what I'm talkin about y'all, is hurtin MCs

(Chorus 2x)

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