

Fall Out Boy "Arms Race (remix)"

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[Travis]

Travie! (Uh-oh)

Pete, thought I told you

What up, Hemmy? I see you!

I've had the world at arm's length from the get-go
This ain't an arms race, it's Apocalypto
The industry's a target, I suggest these labels get low
On top of that, this track is cracked like burnt brillo
(damn)
Consider me the beast of Easter leavened
VIP, all day, AK47
If words is weapons, then get to stepping
My arsenal's enough to send Hell's angels to Heaven
I'm cool as the Fonz, and deadly as Charles Bronson
I'm Gonzo, you can call me Travie S. Thompson
Go ahead, and you can choose a similar path
But don't cast yourself up like Sylvia Plath, geeze
Watch Travie take the title with ease
You want a verse, please
I wouldn't bless you if you sneezed (achoo!)
Pardon me, I'm allergic to bullshit
Got a god complex with a full clip (pow!)

[Tyga]

The leader man, Tyga-man make you leave your man
Ladies' man take your mate

Im sayin' this song got me thinkin' out my range
With no piff involved, my swag flyer than a plane
With the ruly attitude, ignorant, arrogant dude
Excuse me, I'm only seventeen (that's my age)

You're excused, I like your honesty

Honestly, you're more mature than the average teen
And though your label family, you must have a team
Decaydance, preferrably, that'll be next for me (hint
hint)

The rest'll be history

Plat i um until they stop listenin'

Then your baby's back like ribs

I know you been missin' me, I almost forgot to mention
it

Ever hear a sound like this? (wow!)

[Patrick]

This ain't a scene, it's god-damn arms race (sing it out loud)

This ain't a scene, it's god-damn arms race
I'm not a shoulder to cry on, but I digress
I'm the leadin' man and the lies I weave are
Oh so intricate, oh so intricate

I'm the leadin' man and the lies I weave are
Oh so intricate, oh so intricate

[Kanye West]

Now I don't know what the hell
This song is talkin' 'bout, do you?
She said: "Yeah, I been spendin' all day
Tryin' to figure that out." You too?
The arms race made 'em raise they arms
And race straight to the top, who knew?
Right now they got that number one spot
Do you want that? (want that) Me too
One thing I gotta call out, boy, take a look at Fall Out
Boy
Since they ain't black, when they get money
They don't ball out, boy
They just buy tight jeans till their nuts hang all out, boy
They figure 'Ye dress tight so we gon dress tighter
He dress white so we gon dress whiter
So in spite 'r anything you might've seen or heard
This scene occurred, word

[Patrick]

I'm the leadin' man and the lies I weave are

Oh so intricate, oh so intricate

I'm the leadin' man and the lies I weave are
Oh so intricate, oh so intricate

[Paul Wall]

Uh, expensive taste
We up in the arms race

Big money, big crib, big Cadillac
Big daddy, boy, I cup big dro sack (that's right)
Paper stack, big rain, big bling-bling
Try to take big chain, big baybay

[Skinhead Rob]

I'm goin', I'm goin', I'm mothafuckin' gone
Ain't no signs that I'm stowin',

Though I'm knowin' that I'm wrong, bring it on
Out to get it, I need cash by the stacks
Need a new pair of stacies and a dash for 'Lac, Shaq

[Paul Wall]

Hear that? Top back with woman and grill
Comin' down on the spiderweb chrome wheels
First place in the stuntin' race, top-notch paint
drip drop, flip flop, strap witta glock

[Skinhead Rob]

Live everyday like it's my last one, maybe it is
aint no morrows in my world of sorrow, maybe it his
I break ribs, break jaws, break laws at most
Still stick to the coast, hold up and reload

[Lupe Fiasco]

There's an arms race, like I'm runnin' on my hands
A dance marathon on my napalms and
Drop mine's first so that they bombs can't
and glocks, lasers, missles beat rocks, paper, scissors
I built mine's big, better build yours bigger
Built mine's quick so I could kill yours quicker
The number one supplier, the world's largest equipper
The second smallest dyer, best non-coexister
I pledge allegiance to gasoline and bulletproof
limousines
And leans on the property of the poor and
Svery night, I pray to the Lords of War, every man and
mac eleven
that all good child rebel soldiers go to AK47 heaven
and a landmine in every playground that they step in
and you took the footage from the camera on the tips
of our bullets
and record like former darfur [push it]

[chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Yeah, it's Weezy, baby!
I am your arms dealer
I'm more like an armed dealer, literally
Really, I don't get this song neither
but I'ma figure it out like a palm reader and
Since I be on TV, I turn it on to see me!
Hey, I'm so cool, even I wanna be me
That was totally off the subject
But for me, every song is like pussy
So fuck it, like Fresh we dougie
[we dougie, we dougie]

[Pete laughing]

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