

Adrian Furby Trio

"Self-Righteous Spics"

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[Q] Forever united, we walkin this planet of gasses

True to all my niggas till my life span passes

[S] With the (shhh) sound of the pyro camp

You's a fool if you try to get the Psycho amped

[J] We could stomp, give it a loud clap {*clap clap, clap*}

Champ chomp the competition, full back tackle
ya quaterback

[Q] We tight like ten virgins in a Porsche
double parked car, Miagi's wax on technique
couldn't block ours

[S] Like dark scars, my fam stays on my skin
beginning to never end

there's many different ways I'ma win

[J] My brain jiggle in pickled jars

Brooknam fenomenan, Worf

a lush in bars, black fingers splittin cigars

[S] Shittin in bars with a crazed smell

Lord praise Swell!

'Cause time is 11:34 when I'ma raise hell

and truly I'll react and you will get

attacked world-wide

My crew is on the map, yo Q! You got my back?

[Q] No question, like, like.. The Roots

without their drummer

You step up in a relay, son you got ya'self a runner

Targeting the government, you got ya'self a gunner

We breakin through the surface 'cause we

tunneled through the under

[Chorus 2x:]

In the club, we got it locked

We, WOOOOH!

Only if we should, then we rock

We, WOOOOH!

Rollin through ya hood or ya block

We, WOOOOH!

Louder! WOOOOH!

Prouder! WOOOOH!

[S] Remain calm, ladies on line because we gettin

our game on, and anybody breakin up
the hustle and they gone
[Q] Like Schwarzenegger biceps, the family stay strong
Nothin you can say wrong, we righteous
speak the same slang
Microphone spit unite us, love to all the fam
and give a fuck who don't like us
[J] We thorn coated our hearts, so I rock
invisible horns
Sworn heat raised deceased, got niggas screaming
"Ya dead wrong!" Snatch the hoochies ice
she's twice the chicken I am
You ain't a playa, trade ya foodstamps
Tell ya baby dad to buy 'em
[S] Rollin with us, ain't no need to keep a low profile
We could all go wild and keep the po-po out
We can liven up the party, drink all up the Bacardi
Dance and move ya bodies with hotties to Ladi-dadi
[Q] +We don't cause trouble+, 'less you want the
bubble
popped double, what you gonna drop? Zepplin kid
We gonna rock, Arsonists fam, global relatives
connecting world-wide, thanks for pyromaniacs
investin
[J] Somebody gonna fry in here tonight!
Too many niggas that like to fight,
hang tight and that ain't right!

(Chorus 2x)

"I bet you made that up by yourself"

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