

Adrian Furby Trio**"We Be About"**

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[Verse One: Jise One]

You can't handle what I'm about
I'm smoked out in Amsterdam
With two fans, I'm all about my fam
Who's the boss? I used to love Sam
My slang is mostly homemade
Shoelace to hold my sweat pants
They sag to have my balls right
Rock chants carry ya weak stand
Eat cans of ravioli
Ghetto tours flyin on pan am
I'm too busy being a man to sucking on any soundscan
(Ayo, I bought a land!)

Not me, I'm walking these rough lands
that you reciting in your jams
I observed with sharper image scans
Slamdance give it a chance type talk
Hailstorm across the face
Human thesaurus, rhyme DNA, too many strands
I dare you to try to cram this whole verse walkin on hot
sand
Covered in coal with no hands
Swallow your soul and shitted burnt spam (damn!)

It's pretty easy to understand
But you don't know this man
Lt. doing his thang (thang!)

Manhandle the track to bang (bang!)

Nigga we got swang
Swank mag' beneath my sink
I hold rank doing this thang (thang!)

[Hook: Arsonists]

What you be about? - Sunshine, I try to prosper
What you be about? - Females and lookin proper
What you be about? - Spit rhymes that gotta rock yo
We be about - math
We be about - sex
We be about - love
We be about - life
What you be about? - My fam, we tryin to live well
What you be about? - I'm just Swel who's tryin to be

swel

What you be about? - Pourin out for those who fell

We be about - math

We be about - sex

We be about - love

We be about - life

[Verse Two: Swel Boogie]

I'm about lights, cameras, action

Status, mackin, Paris, relaxin

Waxin, oooh the hood what's up, representin who

Brooklyn what

Yeah that's me, keep movin, never stay boarin

I rather ride a bike with a walkman instead of walkin

and roll up to some freaky chicks and start playin

and rollin with my peeps to the flicks without payin

A hook up is a hook up

Dressin dip, that's my lookup

And going to the clubs to do the blookup blookup

from dusk to dawn

then sleep till 4:30 in the afternoon

and get ready for more

The best time's the summer time,

that's cruisin part

by the end I done

Went to every amusement park

and I'm about tellin you to just let Swel be

I have my fun and still get to hand in my next LP

I be about...

(Hook)

[Verse Three: Q-Unique]

I'm about grabin mics, wearin Nikes

I was built to go through the rough shit

head on like mountain bikes

I'm about bookin world tours and showin up

I'm about givin my seed the things I ain't have

when I was growin up

I'm about 5'9" with a rhyme

that'll stand the test of any timeline

out the fan base in to shine mine

I'm about Puerto Rican women who make progress

with a mind of a college professor and body of a

goddess

I'm about KRS, Miles Davis, Pearl Jam, and Rakim,

Albizu Campos, mayor Giuli.. nah not him!

I'm about doin away with trash

I'm about two seconds away

from puttin my foot dead in a record execs ass

I'm about platinum plaques for underground acts

Shit, I'll spit on anything from Roc-A-Fella to Battle Axe
I'm about tellin you what it's about
before it's about to happen
So be about ya biz 'fore this title 'bout starts to slappin

(Hook)

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