

Adrian Furby Trio

"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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