

'94 Via Satellite

Souls of Mischief

Yeah

Yeah, y'all niggaz don't know nothin about this

What that nigga say? enrich oakland funk

Hah, gonna take that shit serious

[verse one: tajai]

Man f**k an mc

I got a tip that's fat and lengthy like a 40 pistol

For your missus, baby she'll do me 'fore you miss this

Sporty shit whips your man senseless

Them obese hits, with thick wrists, so spin them ten bits

And come up, like these sucker punks won't even run up

And speak, we the reason that your shit is called weak

And y'all our liveliehood, as long as it's understood

The crew be rippin this, and you be strippin this

Like it was hubs, why? because we cuttin them dubs

So f**kin fat, that you gotta bite that, we got it like that

I'm not no type actor hoopster singer or nuttin

We'll hook the track up, and I'll become the, decisive factor

Yeah!! .. y'all niggaz can't dream to think about this shit

You can bite it

But by that time it'll be too late 'cause it's already been recited

Come rip this shit

[verse two: del]

Ha ha ha ha!!

I try not to be, too tempermental

Everything I do yes it's true it's meant for mental renovation

With innovation laced it, embalmin fluid

Flew it through your speaker do it make you want to seek your soul

Like nat king cole, my shit is gold

I hold a pole of polarity, like a wand and fondle phrases

Ages, before you ever heard a lion roar

My minions were preparing for my birth to unearth the black core

The pearl of persistance to keep your interest

Keep evildoers outside with fences

I make my rhymes audible and portable and sort it for

The burst of energy 'cause it's affordable of course

There's more to throw, to the sharks, and modify the marks

Perhaps I use a parable of rosa parks, on the front of the bus

I don't discuss coming less than us

Dirty devils never ques-tion us!!

Yeah, hieroglyphics in the house, souls of mischief

Yeah check it out

[verse three: a-plus]

It's the grill buster, the ill plus-ter

My skills must abominate, niggaz who ain't rhymin great I debate

The situation's critical; the shit you say is pitiful

Your skill tank is empty and my shit is full

Went to school unleaded

No one in this world ever said it

Get beheaded by the crew dreaded, mc dicer, i'sa

Little bit wiser, but yo my shit is nicer

The ill price you pay is this, I slice mc's with my greatest hits

We take no shit in rap, that's it, you wack

So get your ass on, nigga bomb
Be in the cut 'fore I get my blast on
Nigga earl's how you're comin at me, so i'ma brandish mc's
Until they vanish with ease, causin damage with these
Yeah!!

Souls of mischief in the house
Hieroglyphics, opio come rip this shit for the crew

[verse four: opio]

Yeah, one two one two
Who me? ? yeah see I'm only out for one thing
Domination, encasin mc's chasing they dreams
Evaded and slipped clean through the system
Mauled shaken-up and touchy 'cause we dissed em
Bitch you need to listen to this one
The tension thickens, your heart rate quickens
Damn near beatin out your chest, ya can't predict what's next
I bet conviction is stressful, mc's that bite they wrestle
With the mic, all night, hopin to recite
Excite, captivate the crowd, make my momma proud, now
And forever will I drain, souls of mischief supreme
The crown tipped, to the side, you don't wanna collide
A landslide victory for the team they all died
Nigga, yeah, it's like that and-uh, it's like that and-uh
It's like that and-uh

[verse five: phesto]

A hieroglyphics yeah
Clearly distinguished from these incompetent niggaz
Playin possum with the mic, suckin peanuts
Tryin to be phes, freak it with a twist
But missed, by a long shot, I hope they all flop
I manipulate the mic as a concussive force
No remorse for, preluckin mc's
I couldn't be cut with, the keenest of blades
Holstering the limits of pressing in it, projecting my image
Like a hologram, reanimatin mc's
Shamrock deceased, base phes jus dissipated the rest
A waiting antihistamine is distressed and jaded
Phes escalated as the mack of all trades

Yeah, uh-huh
Souls of mischief, hieroglyphics, throw your hands in the air c'mon!
Yeah, you know we don't stop
Oakland california, hah

Lettin niggaz know!!