

Finally Back

Souls of Mischief

Finally back
No time to relax
We gotta think fast
Get on the attack
This won't be the last
No need to be lagging
We should react
They'll be blasting when they smashing in your front door
Asking, "What you frontin' for?"
Nothing but impure unadulterated hatred tryna crush your face
When nobody's safe you running in place
You could get erased
Deleted from the planet, closed casket
I wanna bring some heat straight to these bastards!

Give, or don't give
Until you fulfill
Your dreams of finding
And rhyming
Mischievous souls

Check it
We all gotta leave one day
And I know it's gonna happen to me one day
But this situation needs com play
Put it up to his temple and he gone pray
What would my people say
If they knew I was caught up in this evil game
People forgetting that we the same
Look at the devil cause he's to blame
Maybe we too cocky, self indulgent, and egotism
Not to mention that if I stoop down to their level then it'll be me in prison
The other side of me is fighting me, telling me "We should kill em"
It's seeping into my soul I need to behold a deeper vision

Hold on, plea breathe for a minute
Let's think before we bring the reaper in it
Man I barely seein' them niggas
And the last thing that I wanna be is sitting
Off in a 6 by 8

You know you trippin', Tajai

But they did try to kill you

Man look at my leg!
Fuck it, headshots, smacked with a cannon
Smash a nigga nuts with a hammer
Burn all the mutts in the kennel
Nobody getting to the spittle
Leave no clue to the riddle
But fuck it, let's get em, gone
How many thumpers we sittin' on
Call Black Ice for the Black Ops
All black knights finna blackout
Shady this, shady this, lives at dawn

Then we burn the evidence on the black block

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Word to mom

I feel my brothers in arms, I'm ready to purchase armor
Better believe the voice for reasons ask Phes if he ever heard of karma
Gotta be smarter, transponder, new jerk reaction is liable
To leave all four of us martyrs, at the coroners office but the odor is toxic
Can't be overly cautious, food for the soul, we'll end up either
Headed for hell, dead or in jail, devil prevails, who's in control?
Us or them? Crash in the barrel, two to the dome, using the scope
Noose to the throat, a generation wasted, but I ain't losing hope