

Yeah  
Souls of Mischief in the house  
Hieroglyphics turn it out  
Do it like this  
Knowmsayin  
Uh  
We just came out, you know  
But we been doin this for a while  
But I ain't really trippin, I ain't, you know...  
Man

I started writin rhymes in 1982, I was 8  
My older brother used to let me hear his Too \$hort tapes (Biatch)  
Sugarhill and Spoonie G was with me  
'Bout anything I could I get  
Was non-stop in my cassette  
Or on my phonograph  
But in 9-4 I gotta hold my laugh  
In, I be cappin  
At this wave of overnight rappin  
How dare you defy me, you're tiny  
Writin your first raps in 1990  
You're blindly behind me  
I did so many fucked up shows for no cash  
Why you wanna diss a player? Cause you slow and I'm fast  
Blast fast raps through the mass  
To surpass, movin ass  
Why diss a nigga cause he makin his cash?

Do it like that  
Since I was fresh off the tit my tact  
For wordplay unmatched  
Rappin nerd straight from back  
In the present pressin  
Only irreverent, just hatched  
Fledgling sack-peddlin  
Give me some tracks pal, I rap now  
Section of the population  
Plus the ones on the idiot box  
Showin it pays to be a buster, tittes and cocks  
Expose we all some hoes or hustlers  
Glocks ammo, no love for any other motherfucker  
Is that real or fiction?  
Made for TV reels, depictions  
Of the life you're wishin  
To lead or led before you grab the mic  
Hieroglyphics like 3 to your head  
Ignite to all  
You best to pray you stay raw

You wanna be (Fresh) (Dope)  
Tryina be (Fresh) (Dope)  
Never be (Fresh) (Do-do-dope)  
Never gon' be

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I used to envision the mic in my hand  
Rockin shows, avoidin the gold diggers  
Had it all planned out  
On a collision course to fail, no doubt  
The non-believers shout:  
Them niggas ain't makin no mail  
Now it's about pounds and peace signs  
Since we got a contract  
We track through that bullshit  
Adapted to rap and act  
Sacrificial MC's believe  
Souls of Mischief strap 'em down to receive  
They blessin  
Through the chest and out the back  
Like that, then slide with your title intact  
Hieroglyphics caused a chain reaction back then  
Y'all niggas wasn't rhymin but now it's the trend

So just blend  
With the mask galvanized  
But my style disguise you pseudo MC's  
Plastic over mastic bitin  
Molding yo tongues  
While amongst the Soul searchers sarcastic  
When you was askin was we cashin  
In on all this rappin, inquiren  
You wasn't aspirin to bein nothin  
Now desirin, opposition co-conspirin  
Switched to hip-hop, yeah  
It's funny mo' niggas know me better than ever  
More niggas see me actin like they don't know me than ever  
I never waste my time  
Tryina refresh they memories  
I'm in the breeze, controllin MC's  
Like machines cybernetic, psychokinetic  
Souls of Mischief seize the mic and shred it  
Like this

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