

## Groove 2 Nite

Souls of Mischief

The hieroglyphics crew mics of the round table  
Unstable mc's parade on stage  
Like we the best  
Get snatched by the dragnet  
Lyrics cascade  
Now on you can imagine this

It's mo', mo' deadly than a 64  
The same m.o., I'll kill you slow  
When you hear me for the first time  
It's like you seen 5-0 with a trunk full of dope  
You start to speak, choke like a ho doin' deep throat  
Next thing you know your kickin' my raps instead of your own  
Over your instrumental  
Create your new style, can't even think to hit the beat like  
Like that  
'Till you heard our sound on wax

Take a hit, I get into your brain like an opium stick  
Feel it deep in your blood vessels  
Experience the quickening, the light appears to be flickering  
'Cause I'm hitting you from every perspective  
No weapons or projectiles  
Just these style  
Travel miles over all terrains  
They got [?]  
I make waves like jupiter, slam into earth  
And the shit gets worse on the next verse

We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic

Steppin' to it's  
Like touching a thermonuclear conduit  
Enters my style, is the child charged  
And be with so much potential  
That you should not come close  
Death is the unknown  
And I'm not sure you ready to go

Opio, each move I make has a strategy  
Graphically describing scenarios like ken nordine  
While you were snorting coke lines  
I wrote lines thwarting all attempts to undermine hiero  
Blind to nothin', all sting like professor x  
Step in the circle it gets complex  
No sustaining the lyrical hanging  
Necks snap from the impact  
Your world turns black from the rap

Yeah, but now it's time to speak my peace  
To muthaphuckas who need more out of life than just jeeps  
And freaks who find whatever in the dope ass speech  
Havin' a smoke-out, freestylin'  
With sirens right down the street

'Cause it can't stop, won't stop like a hit and run  
I guess [?] mc's work is never done  
But that's cool  
I love to battle you sucka ass crews  
Hit 'em with the 012  
And leave with my pockets full

We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic  
We came to groove tonight, can't stop, won't stop 'till we move the mic