

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 intrumental
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
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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

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