

# No Man's Land

## Souls of Mischief

MC's they diss but want to be subtle  
what can I say to disgruntle  
hieroglyphics but then the rebuttle  
that's trouble  
don't want to get caught stuck on the mic  
I know what it's like  
I seen some niggas be victims last night  
a pitiful sight  
all four of them, they tight  
..Disguise it between the lines, man, it'll be  
aight...  
write rhymes in the limelight  
can't afford excitement  
gotta be careful  
down low when I recite it  
Cause you niggas are weak  
immune to freakin shit suppressed 'em  
quarrenteened to malpractice  
but mics you need to be arrested  
bribery, for your recitals that suck  
dick infested, with your misconceptions  
you can duck, the mic with digress and babblin'  
disestablishin' the fact ya wack ass backwards destined  
unimpressive, much too lacking, you divulgin'  
exposin'... ya posin'  
comin from no new angles  
the same flows that keep us dozin'  
Got 'em terrified  
let's clarify this shit, who bit  
prepare to die for that  
you crossed me you gets clips  
sendin' 'em shockwaves  
beatin his rhyme until it's concave  
leavin' his nerves wracked, his eyes glazed  
raisin em out the misconception  
that you stepped in the right direction  
Souls of Mischief is perfection  
you need to miss this  
cause we get down to business  
MC's if you resent us when ya rock on the fenders(?)  
So why resist that we the best at... what we do  
when ya'll are just decoration for the recreation  
fakin MC's with blatant disregard for making the bump  
my patience is up  
resign hieroglyphics devine, refined  
you niggas need to find an assonine that's uninclined  
to rhyme confined  
to mindless behind  
and swift about a second, if in time trying to diss  
just bow and scrape  
cause Souls of Mischief whippin' niggas in shape  
I guess I'm good at the game of natural selectiveness  
in the Wild Wild West  
where the beats got wild wise  
and niggas stayed down the streets from their grandmamas  
hoppin with the three four fifty poppin in their cause  
that's how it goes, that's how it's gonna stay, rather toasty

nuthin' like my day, you don't say  
I remember me, Snupe, and Toure  
all them for days  
ready for the and  
with anyone who test  
but let me tell ya somethin though ma-n  
all that funk' got is nuthin' but lumps and no pay  
now my only lumps is sums  
and the funk it just hums  
out ya high flying  
ya system is stupid dumb  
a hint of wisdom come, each second ya grow  
so rememberin some shit ya wish ya didn't know  
like this, don't trust your bitch  
cause she's here with me  
just a skip to the rarity and bust a skit  
Hold up, I want to explain  
you wack and shit  
you lack the gift  
I want to smack you kid  
because the fact you did  
an unforgivable crime, wanting to rhyme  
against the smooth master  
I move faster, my crew'll blast ya  
and I bet you thought you gets no I see you  
don't even entertain the thought that I'd be through slicin'  
you  
see a nigga like me constructs lines to buck minds  
you can't corrupt minds  
I'm givin these niggas tough times  
I'm above crimes  
with "I don't give a fuck" rhymes  
niggas love mine  
MC's see me as unkind  
with their dumb rhymes  
I can find and track black  
leave them standin' frozen  
people say A-Plus that man is chosen  
I'm the man with hoes and cash  
fast, to catch ya dozin  
there's no gimmicks, no ego trippin'  
no backwards flows and  
there's no fuckin' whistle  
Souls of Mischief is destruction  
easily destruct your facial tissue  
hieroglyphics, never late to diss you