

# Mysteries

Kardinal Offishall

Yo

Yo Sauks

(Yo what man, what up?)

Last night man, last night I was out by this club, yo

This man talking to me outside telling me how much he axe inside my ear

Trying to stress the F.O.S. brothers nawhatI mean?

Know what I mean, talking about a whole bunch of de nuttin'

Yo check this out man

Yo check out what this go

Check this out like this

Niggas is it what you do?

Or what I'm thinking that I can accomplish?

Either way I'mma dog your shit, because you ain't a hit

Brother up there talking loud, you're rocking a crowd ain't nothing

Freestyling and so what in the world are you think you going to do

With that wack crew, your whole damn setup

F.O.S. should get wet up 'cause those niggas don't let up

Word up, they rock every show and they think they large

Y'all niggas y'all talk to every hoe and think that how it go

Well this is how it is, I'mma teach y'all nigs the biz

While you claim to know the street when there's a barrel to your cheek

Y'all niggas crying like you're sweeter than a box full of Pot of Gold choco  
lates

Let me really tell you how it should be told

Y'all niggas couldn't last up in the real world

With real G's get shot and lyrics don't mean shit to a cop

When y'all niggas do dat, for real dat one cap peel type shit

The Nonce brothers might quit

But until that point in time, keep going with your rhyme

And I'm come to every show and make sure I drop dimes

And yell aloud freestyle, in attempt to make you plop

'Cause my shit don't stop until y'all niggas drop

Word up

You know it ain't right (right) (you know it ain't right]

Haters try to copy but they can't (right right)

(The mysteries in the night)

The mysteries in the night got me flipping, evil players got me dipping

Circle maintain outta sight (that's right)

(Saukrates)

Yo Sauks, (what up?)

Niggas think we can't kick this shit for real

But I'mma let 'em know, quite how the show go

Up inside the T-dot, oh yes the flex is genuine

Ten individuals with the style imperial

And we might pull ya gal, word up that's the Offishall style

No doubt we in this to win this, I wrote the book and drink the Guinness

And we made a stack waiting for y'all niggas to finish

Your bitching, switching up your testimony every time

Talking other shit 'cause he couldn't fuck with the line

First we couldn't rap, now we can't get strapped

Brother I don't get down like that, but Super G got my back

And Y-Look got the headline, your girl got my waistline

In time you will see the F.O.S. niggys

Down straight from excellence, your pestilence

Keeps pushing us to the top, yo brother it don't stop  
It don't stop y'all

Just because you keep calling my name, momma that you know  
The Kardinal Mr. Lu doesn't run from a crew  
Ask my man Chocclair  
If you test we'll tear your section in half to divide the aftermath  
The Circle rocks hard to maintain our title  
While you bustin' caps for nothing, we get paid for our recital  
Bitch, do not ever mess with the squad, I told u it don't stop 'til they kil  
l hip-hop  
And even then we'll still rock for the heads that still with it  
And even if it's one, we'll get the job done  
Player, better wave your hands in the air  
So your crew can get dropped, for real it don't stop  
We'll still rock for the heads that still with it  
And even if it's one we'll get the job done  
Player, better wave your hands in the air  
So your crew can get dropped, for real it don't stop  
It don't stop y'all

Yeah yeah, on the Hill, come on  
(Mysteries in the night)  
Uh huh uh huh  
Forever baby, to the year 2G, know what I'm saying  
Word up we out  
Like that and uh, like this and uh