

## 93 Til Infinity

### Souls of Mischief

Yo, what's up, this is Tajai of the mighty souls of mischief crew  
I'm chillin' with my man phesto  
My man a-plus, and my man op, you know hes dope

But right now yo, we just maxin' in the studio  
We handlin' from east Oakland, California  
And, sometimes it gets a little hectic out there  
But right now, yo, we gonna up you on how we just chill

Dial the seven digits, call up Bridget  
Her mans a midget, plus she got friends, yo, I can dig it  
Here's a forty, swig it, ya know it's frigid  
I got 'em chillin' in the cooler, break out the ruler

Damn, that's the fattest stoke I've ever seen  
But what does Keen and Cali gettin' weeded, makes her feel like maui  
Now we, feel the good vibrations  
So many females, so much inspiration

I get inspired by the blunts too, I'll front you  
If you hang with a punk crew  
I roam the strip for bones to pick when I find one, I'm done  
Take her home and quickly do this  
I need not explain this, a-plus is famous, so get the anus

Hey, miss, whose there? I'm through there, no time to do hair  
The flicks at eight so get it straight  
You look great let's grub now  
A rub down sounds flavor, later there's a theater  
We in the cut, the cinema was mediocre  
Take her to the crib so I can stroke her

Kids get broke for their skins when I'm in  
Close range, I throws game at your dip like handball  
'Cause the mans all that, all phat  
I be the chill from 93 'til

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Huh, my black timbs do me well  
When I see a fool and he says he heard me tell  
Another persons business, I cause dizziness  
Until you stop acting like a silly bitch

Yo, crews are jealous 'cause we get props  
The cops, wanna stop, our fun, but the top  
Is where were dwelling, swelling, phat, no sleep  
I work fifteen jerks get their hoes swept

Under their noses, this bro quick  
To hit blunts and flip once I'm chillin' 'cause my crews close, kid  
I boasted, most kids accept this as cool  
I exit 'cause I'm an exception to the rule

I'm steppin, to the cool spots where crews flock to stare at them  
Or see where the shit that's flam  
Bland leaking out his pocket  
So, I got tons of Endo and go to the ho ins, basement

My ace spun, phat and enough tracks  
Time to get prolific with the whiz kid  
Greenbacks and stacks don't even ask  
Who got the fat sacks, we can max, pumpin' phat tracks

Exachangin' facts about impacts  
'Cause in facts, my freestyle talent overpowers  
Brothers can't hack it, they lack wit, we got the mack shit  
93 to Infinity, kill all that wack shit

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I be coolin', schools in session but I'm fresh and  
Rappin' so I take time off to never rhyme soft  
I'm off on my own shit with my own click  
For many bad bros with their fat stoke gettin' blunted

Folding blunts, holding stunts captive  
With my persona, plus, I bomba  
Testin', niggas is testin'  
My patience but I stay fresh and

Restin' at the mall, attendance on low  
But I am shopping for my winter  
Exploits, some new fits, come new kicks  
I often do this 'cause it's the pits not being dipped

Flip, the flier attire, females desire  
Baby, you can step to this if you admire  
The extraordinary dapper rapper  
Keep tabs on your main squeeze before I tap her

I'll mack her, attack her with the smoothness  
I do this, even when my crew gets  
Loot, props, respect and blunts to pass  
Crews talk shit, but in my face they kiss my ass

They bite flows but we make up new ones  
If you're really dope, why ain't ya signed yet?  
But I get, my loot from jive, zomba I'ma bomb ya  
You will see from now to Infinity

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Hah-hah, just coolin' out, ya know what I'm sayin'

But, but whos chillin' around the land?

You know? Yo, who's chillin'? I think I know who's

Chillin', tell me who's chillin' toda

Casual, you know hes chillin'

Yo pep love, he gotta be chillin'

Jay biz, ya know he's chillin'

Ay yo, my man, my man Snoop is chillin', man

Yo Mike G, you know hes here chillin'

Yeah, my man Mike P, he know he gotta chill

'Del the funky homosapien' is chillin'

Hey, my man Domino, yo he's chillin'