

## Dirty D's Theme

### Souls of Mischief

Redirect your motivation, while we collect the dough forsaken  
Making a mockery of you mc's, we grimace malicious parodies  
You're finished, allowing you to win is just not in us  
That's horrendous just replenish apprentice retract all  
The wack 'fore you niggaz get blackballed, you're small  
And we make a spectacle of y'all withdrawal  
Punk contention bitten for attention  
Souls of mischief your worst, enemies, your energy's  
Wasted, disintegrated, you'll be incinerated  
By the innovative when I'm stimulated come pale  
To embellish I relish mc's overzealous who fail us  
Time will tell us, emulating recreation is colorless  
Frontin like they on some other shit  
Developing discover this irrelevant to wack intact exact  
Well I belittle mc's, and hold no reefer  
But sho don't sleep I'm out

We the fruits of rotten seeds, nowadays it's bout greed  
That's the policy, get from me, so I grab all I see  
And after that we out, in a trail of laughter  
Raps and doubtless claims of standards upheld and maintained  
This ain't no, flash in the pan shit, just sell it and fade to nada  
Or dance hits to propel, a major knot up in my billfold  
One day I got up and I willed no rapper greater  
They fake and still doze and act like they young as fuck  
Hollerin about the niggaz they buck  
Fallin out the windows made up like hoes if they get bucked  
Lesson utmost, japanitos to one broke  
Who have an ego, or fade you like vita largo  
Damn where did he go? sucker felt the evil I know, word  
Casino, I ant that ass like zebra skins  
Fidos keepin pins and needles  
Whether you tread or rest your head until ya  
Succumb to the voice that's deep within, you should know

It's time to let the weak shit go, no more  
And if you with us, hoe hoe!!!  
You should know, it's time to let that wack shit go, no more  
And if you with us, hoe hoe!!!

They say I'm too possessive, aggressive  
I make a mess of mc's depress em, plessin em  
The west eclipse the rest, suggestions, to the ones in my profession  
Testin, congestin, the mic doin impressions  
Souls of mischief make em all fall in succession  
If you're pressin luck self destruct  
I'm vindictive, so descriptive  
Intriguing on the mic, we don't see things alike  
I strike at breakneck speeds and leave you think twice  
'fore I sink ice cold lyrics and you're sliced  
Through the mirror and it's right to the center  
Where it hurts, convert  
Reconsider the bitter, consequences  
You're defenseless against us, you go berzerk  
Ingesting mc's like clockwork, when I rock  
Murderous rhymes one time for your mind  
And drop dimes for them niggaz who don't get live

I reduce you to dust piles  
Plus styles'll crush smiles, seducing women til they bust out  
Of they garments, always give the crowd what they wanted  
I rock the mic and now, they don't want you on it  
So I own it, I make my grip tight  
It's like I'm nuttin nice when I'm writing rhymes to cut and slice men  
You wouldn't, I win every time that we clash  
I will surpass ya, a-plus a known flasher  
Rhyme if you wanna, it makes no difference  
Cause you still gonna die, youse a goner  
You shouldn't even try, why was you on the  
Mic in the first place  
You even chose tbe track, see yousa nigga with the worst taste  
I make you niggaz disperse with haste  
My tape first with bass hurts your face we curse the fates  
I think that I should be your human idol  
Makin mc's suicidal when they lose they title

Now, you should know, it's time to let that wack shit go  
No mo', and if you with us, hoe hoe!!  
Now you should know, you need to let that wack shit go  
No mo', and if you with us, hoe hoe!!

Yeah, souls of mischief in the house like that  
Souls of mischief rock the house  
My man big domino, yeah yeah  
Big casual, yeah yeah

Pep love  
Can't forget jay-biz  
Westbound, north side, like that

Hieroglyphics in the house  
Let that wack shit go