

Fa Sho Fo Real

Souls of Mischief

I can't escape my thoughts,
my mind spirals until the vinyl stops,
hoot and survive the rock.
Inspired by the biters who try us on for size
disguised as rappez, but the lyrics are too massive.
My syle has elasticity,
I bounce back and take a new shape,
you can't get with me.
A true writer,
my brain has the capacity,
to outlast mc's.
They reach inside of themselves a vast empty space,
they'll never taste victory.
I'm sick of these fake ass niggaz
they all some bitches.
I kick rhymes enriching Hip-Hop, with A-plus on my back we shock the
world.

Gonna shock the world...Gonna shock the world

Whatcha say now.

Opio gonna shock the world, A-plus gonna shock the world

Watcha say,

Souls Of Mischief in tha House.

A-plus without a doubt for real,
if you without the skill to turn it out
get your ass the cuttin'.
You steady caught in your frontin'
and y'all can keep on bluffin' but I gotta little somethin'.
You ain't know what I got.
Who do you think this is,
when I rhyme I'm like like your daddy whoopin' on one of my kids.
Look at this,
another crew that's caught up in mix.
Hieroglyphics turn it out.
And now we all up in your shit.
It's
perfectly calculated,
exceptionally rated,
people be talkin' but I don't trip and I know they hated.
But I be mindin' my business
and as Ty as my witness,
we won't die before we get these meal tickets.
Now I'm a let you know how It's gonna go fo sho.
I stack doe, unveil the mack show.
And that's no problem,
you got a crew go call em
tell him withdraw cause we know that they ain't really [?],
come on y'all.

We strictly satisfaction
if they givin' up action,
ain't a minute for slack, cause time is money baby.

I can' thold it back,
word to many stacs, Jocci,
J-Biz we grippin' Martini & Rossi,
niggaz gainin' no speed,
smokin' asphalt no Ty weed,
straight Oakland style with the hash block,
cash knots in my pocket would knock to blast.
I put the e-q to ten,
reminisin' about the hoes lastnight.
Waitin' for this fool to bend a coner,
a partner hit the gas like a champ, Bumpin' this...
victory drums and that phat ass base line hummin'.
Thinkin' about comin' up before the summer hit.
Then bubblin' around my shit for doublin' shows,
so promoters sold us more then four biggies with hos.
And hourglass shapes for the souls, e-s-o-'s fine,
diamonds around my wrist is bliss,
it's like this y'all.

Punks perpetrate that rudeboy,
I roll with Hiero...glypics here to make the bump circulate.
Sous Of Mischief man you no we comin' for you with Foldger's,
keepin' flows up until they smolder and eventually crackle.
Like you mentally in the back of your mind,
you hear that fiendish cackle of mine,
I've seen it many times.
And I'm a say it again but remain unseen,
cause y'all niggaz be sweatin'
constantly remindin' me.
I live amongst thieves who will bite these,
but still they rhymes be spindly weight defficient.
I leave them shorter then Viscious,
cause them are weak,
cause I gots to pull they hem up it's also known the way I
do it just watch,
get shot.
It's all about the body rock, it don't stop y'all.