

## Fucked...

## Souls of Mischief

Master of emcee slave trade  
Pullin' chief executive chains on his muppets  
The prime minister of shattered dreams  
For these young black kids  
Itchin' for this rap status  
But he never could add up these be -boy mathematics  
His pragmatic toys made him money magnetic  
The abrasive weight of his unevasive vendettas  
Made him keep two barrettas with his industry contingents  
Ninjas, paid protection and fringe benefits  
He rolls from the stretch Benz Limited Edition  
Caught between a sinister smoke screen and henchmen  
Straightened his lapel ignited his cigarette  
And shoved the knot of his tie and awaited his death wish  
Reckless manslaughter left him breathless  
mashed his chest it's a crash in the intersection  
A fraction of a second  
Spun out on the sidewalk  
He couldn't pull his gun out  
'cause instantly  
He was fucked in the industry  
Is it real or imagery?  
Senseless acts of savagery  
Could it be you got fucked in the industry?  
See it  
You got fucked in the industry  
Cause niggas get off in this business  
Tryin' to come up  
Awestruck, starstruck  
But you know how they end up  
See it  
You got fucked in the industry  
You know how they end up  
Video queen type for whom you's feen  
Appeared in many scenes  
Fulfilling her childhood dreams  
Got involved with this hardcore MC  
Said she like to kick it and hang 'cause he  
Kept her clean  
Expensive thangs, European names  
Ice embedded amidst, ruby red flames she  
Stayed in his mix, figured it was all a game  
Swearin' that this nigga was her ticket to fame  
But little did she know there was truth to what he's sayin'  
'Bout how he made his livin' sellin' crack cocaine  
'Bout how he put caps in all his enemies brains  
I guess he missed the two that came checkin' for change  
Didn't hear his pits squeal necks broke on choke chains  
Baskin' in the glow of fuck faces they just exchange  
Maxin' in his home, coolin' out just relaxin'  
Niggas busted and cappin' while she was in between his  
Satins and intravenous  
Drip her failing heart rate blip  
and the bloody mattress  
The sole legacy of this budding actress  
Coroner lights and cops cameras followed the action  
I wasn't surprise but rather saddened when it happened

Cause niggas get off in this business tryin' to come up  
Awestruck, start struck  
But you now how they end up  
The devious life you get touched  
See it  
But you know how they end up  
Down in San Diego at the Gavin  
I seen a hip-hop journalist get stabbed  
That shit was savage  
Caught him in the stomach with about four inches  
Slapped him in his face relentless  
And pulled out some big shit  
He said look homie, you don't know me  
Put the gat to his head calm and slowly  
The journalist screamin' and cryin' scared of dyin'  
Dude mashed him in his jaw with the barrel  
Told him STOP LYIN'  
Picked him up off his knees with ease  
I thought he might squeeze  
'Til I heard the police yellin' FREEZE!  
He reached for the heavens  
Eleven cops put his head in a (shuminumaki?)  
Blood on the concrete  
That's when I peeped dude that shanked him was a rapper  
Hot cause his name got slandered  
Locked in a metal case for over a decade  
He thought he was invincible  
But now he wish that day never happened  
Askin' his God for forgiveness  
Purgin' is harder than vengeance tryin' to end this nightmare  
The industry clockwork orange'd his whole shit  
And warped his brain until he flipped out  
Is that what is about  
You talk too much you got a gun in your mouth  
Talkin' big when you little man they called you out  
Shoulda kept your shit shut  
Cause you know how they end up