

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 oranged 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