

No Man's Land

Souls of Mischief

MC's they diss but want to be subtle
what can I say to disgruntle
hieroglyphics but then the rebuttle
that's trouble
don't want to get caught stuck on the mic
I know what it's like
I seen some niggas be victims last night
a pitiful sight
all four of them, they tight
..Disguise it between the lines, man, it'll be
aight...
write rhymes in the limelight
can't afford excitement
gotta be careful
down low when I recite it
Cause you niggas are weak
immune to freakin shit suppressed 'em
quarrenteened to malpractice
but mics you need to be arrested
bribery, for your recitals that suck
dick infested, with your misconceptions
you can duck, the mic with digress and babblin'
disestablishin' the fact ya wack ass backwards destined
unimpressive, much too lacking, you divulgin'
exposin'... ya posin'
comin from no new angles
the same flows that keep us dozin'
Got 'em terrified
let's clarify this shit, who bit
prepare to die for that
you crossed me you gets clips
sendin' 'em shockwaves
beatin his rhyme until it's concave
leavin' his nerves wracked, his eyes glazed
raisin em out the misconception
that you stepped in the right direction
Souls of Mischief is perfection
you need to miss this
cause we get down to business
MC's if you resent us when ya rock on the fenders(?)
So why resist that we the best at... what we do
when ya'll are just decoration for the recreation
fakin MC's with blatant disregard for making the bump
my patience is up
resign hieroglyphics devine, refined
you niggas need to find an assonine that's uninclined
to rhyme confined
to mindless behind
and swift about a second, if in time trying to diss
just bow and scrape
cause Souls of Mischief whippin' niggas in shape
I guess I'm good at the game of natural selectiveness
in the Wild Wild West
where the beats got wild wise
and niggas stayed down the streets from their grandmamas
hoppin with the three four fifty poppin in their cause
that's how it goes, that's how it's gonna stay, rather toasty

nuthin' like my day, you don't say
I remember me, Snupe, and Toure
all them for days
ready for the and
with anyone who test
but let me tell ya somethin though ma-n
all that funk in' got is nuthin' but lumps and no pay
now my only lumps is sums
and the funk it just hums
out ya high flying
ya system is stupid dumb
a hint of wisdom come, each second ya grow
so rememberin some shit ya wish ya didn't know
like this, don't trust your bitch
cause she's here with me
just a skip to the rarity and bust a skit
Hold up, I want to explain
you wack and shit
you lack the gift
I want to smack you kid
because the fact you did
an unforgivable crime, wanting to rhyme
against the smooth master
I move faster, my crew'll blast ya
and I bet you thought you gets no I see you
don't even entertain the thought that I'd be through slicin'
you
see a nigga like me constructs lines to buck minds
you can't corrupt minds
I'm givin these niggas tough times
I'm above crimes
with "I don't give a fuck" rhymes
niggas love mine
MC's see me as unkind
with their dumb rhymes
I can find and track black
leave them standin' frozen
people say A-Plus that man is chosen
I'm the man with hoes and cash
fast, to catch ya dozin
there's no gimmicks, no ego trippin'
no backwards flows and
there's no fuckin' whistle
Souls of Mischief is destruction
easily destruct your facial tissue
hieroglyphics, never late to diss you