

Rock It Like That

Souls of Mischief

First of all, for you pussies
don't take it personal
SOM is versatile
that is irreversible
I never submerge this style
I break em down
while you were still trapped in trial and error
catchin block like a cold
soundin' like the next nigga on the microphone
we ain't stole
no lyrics control
ya still starin
prepare to spit
so don't experiment
you won't know where I went
shiftn all directions
and attempt to escape
but wait the connections sensin
aware of what terrors lurk
so I'd be alert
assess the damage, after I kick a verse
it hurts... stoppin rappers dead in their tracks on wax
I cannot be broken down on fractions
the fantastic four... attach
words together like a latch
or a clasp when we pass the mic
Cast the laser lights in your
you've been spotted
everybody want it and only one crew got it {who}
me, A-Plus, Op, and Phesto
and if rappers ain't gained respect
somethin they have messed up
got damn near white to black
it's night
crowding up the jock cause I have a rock it like that
my raps is mad as a phat
that's why niggas dig em, give em big ups and burn sacks
I'm gonna peel my cap for some dap
you couldn't match one of my freestyles
if I was of that
watch out, the raps be curvin' often
comin' from Eastbound to every funk shack the hip-hop crowd is
at
leave my rhymes off ya tongue
boy, you'll bust a lung
your muscles numb, your crew cannot save you
when we up in this mode of soul
you get overpowered and that's just how it goes

Don't even think that hieroglyphics was gone
never that
take a 4 to your dome to send you back
you wack
and I could never exist in such foul circumstances
kickin' raps to serve your asses
at lasts, some MC's who never spit a style from you
nigga we the Heiro crew

mark, and betta believe we gonna rock it for life
I know it all y'all, we know it all, that's right
I'm livin' tall y'all, you livin' small, no mic(?)
well, I'm gigantic
and never trippin' of your wise antics
the plot is we gonna leave you plotless
you know we got this game with the biatches
don't give a fuck really coast you claim
a nigga like me only gives love to who I'm supposed to ma-n
..check it out...
you muthafuckas step the hell on back
from the "O"
and niggas know
that we rock it like that
It's Phes-rock clockin big time doe
witcha small-time hoe
going down like vinyl
you know
niggas try to play cool
non-stop comedys
all they ever gonna be
they never gonna see
the light... I hit em with some new
variations in stereo
inperceptively accerting every rhyme scheme
in ya mind on the dime
reconciling... that tactical approach
half these niggas wit gats
probably know it enough to shoot
hieroglyphics got ya back
through
the boys in blue with bitches
who allow us to inspect them... strictly
as objects of sex to take em down slow
I never lose control
it's all an illusion
if my aim seems mainstream
I'm a virtuoso {you's a fool}
to fake
to make
any kind of complection
we Hiero