

# 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