

Secret Service

Souls of Mischief

Niggas trippin' smokin' all this weed and shit man
You know when it jump we gon' need our mind and bodies ready boy
(Nigga, nigga, ain't nothin' jumpin man)
Foool, I got my Glock nigga my Calico
Boy even a little deuce-deuce
(Nigga, what that mean to po-po?)
Fool, rocket launchers, fool po-po they some zarks
They ain't runnin' up on the turf nigga
(Nigga they got planes, nigga tanks, nigga bombs)
Ah fuck them fools nigga
(Wipe out yo' whole hood)
But I'd take care of all them fools nigga
I got down motherfuckers here nigga
(Man, nigga, ain't nobody mo' down they deep nigga)
(You think you deeper than them? They deep nigga!)
Ah nigga
(They got everythang!)
What, oh shit, wait what the fuck is that?

Yeah, I clean my weapon fo' times a day
I'm with the devil-est, yes the world's mine to slay
I sipped wine with Jay-Hoover
I can make you a murder victim
Say some nigga dope server licked him (I didn't do it)
A third of income that I get is enough
To never sweat and I forget them dirty niggas I snuffed
Yeah you figure your tough, them coons be livin' trife
With they civil rights, I got yo' midas in my pistol sights
You try to loot and think you post hard
I got the Coast Guard, get ghost 'cause folks scarre'
With my flame-thrower you're lame Yoda, slaveholder
Got a brain fo' ya, leave a poseur, slave told ya
Totin glocks with laser scopes
Watch the slayer folks watch for my cops (with major doe)
Forget your vest, 'cause I'm bustin' your chest
Gettin' checks and medals sayin' Agent Plus is the best
Yeah, I do bribes, some people front and say no
They can play though, not like them Czechs in Sarajevo
I got a family but I'm still that mean
I gotta feel that green
Agent Massey, how'd you kill that King?

I did it slickly, put a knife in his kidney
And sent him to bliss made it look like some terrorists
The heir to his throne, eight years old
I left his back blown up, for that I get the FAT bonus
So the Cadillac's on once I get back home
But there's the mobile plus the fax with my target profile
Yo, I blow up a church if I gotta
Orders from the top it don't stop til I gotcha, yeah
And when I do best to believe ya through
'Cause we do not take prisoners in the good old you S of A
Too much red tape to Mas-sey
Plus the press say what they want to now-a-days
I'm gettin' medals, for smart-bombin' ghettos
Seven figure payroll, give you wings and a halo
We run things, so lay low, keepin' paid

Those attempts to uprise we blow ya spot sky high
And bury ya 'cause the lessa, you're the merrier
Comin' soon a new shoppin' mall if you don't bear
With the program cold and callous, no man
Women, or child is safe (why?) 'cause we the wildest

They got the FBI, CIA,
ATF, DEA, big guns for pay
Yeah, plus them armed forces man them fools don't play
And the coppers that you see everyday