

Tell Me Who Profits

Souls of Mischief

Hmmmmmm

I could give a damn about you and your crew
everybody's frontin'
ain't nobody bein' true to
the things they say
they say...

Tajai:

Man, I understand,

A-Plus: And,

I got a plan for improvement. . .

A-Plus:

But you gets the finger
and I bring a
attitude with me
cause brothas that I know be acting shifty
let me be me
and I'll let you be you
but why talk about me if it's not me that you're talkin' to
lets make it clear
you do not know, me
so skip 'How ya livin', 'How ya feel, bro G'
to me that's phony
asking if my shit's dropping
the kids stop when
they start to get they lips popped, and
they say I forgot 'em
but I ain't seen 'em in four years,

Tajai:

You always had my number,
So step with your poor tears
and what about,

Opio: Plus is my man!

A0Plus: You need to stop it
screw the doers
of rumors

cause you nerds never profit.

"Tell me who profits? You got beat, cause you like to gossip."

Phesto:

In school I never used to raise my hand in class
I always knew the teacher's hand
a passing grade to me
in the back, relax
cause they wasn't kickin' facts
in facts

I never learned nuttin',

Opio:

I can fool with the school system
they take facts and twist 'em
into knots, right up the block's
a spot

to get a 40

around the corner get craps,

Phesto:

Perhaps these is traps
to keep us tapped
saps, can buy gats

with flat-tipped bullet caps
in the locker room with no hassle
and assholes sell cracks in sacks
to class-foes & friends
cause the mass goes with the trend.

My friend
the niggas makin' ends is livin' illegal
that's the way to go
I'm out to get dough.

Phesto:

Dough?

The education, to get you further
than murder and drugs with thugs
you're better off being a nerd.

Opio:

That's absurd
life don't mean nuthin' without phat pockets
that's the only way to get paid
you tell me who profits.

"O&P: Tell me who profits?

O: I'll have G's,

P: But you'll get shot, kid (dick)!"

Tajai:

Huh!

ya gotta wonder
why niggas plunder, kill
have ya torn a sunder
'cause I'ma build
and fill
a glass pipe full of crack
and black men's pockets be phat
a little
lets whittle the way to the core now
ya packin' a Glock
mackin' the block
fight with the cops
well, who ya takin' the risk for?
A kingpin swingin'
with the president
greasin' 'em up & givin' 'em papes
for drugs in the States
have ya dodgin' niggas and caps
he's with George & Clarence
digging golf balls out of sand traps
he's never seen Frisco or Oakland
he got a glimpse of New York
when he went to see the opera ("ahhhhhh!"
He's seventy-six, getting senile
if we live past 2-4 we're due for a stay in the penile
so see now, we polish our Berettas
but there's no boats or caine fields nowhere in the ghetto
Yo...

"Tajai: Tell me who profits?

DC got schemes, and we ain't got spit...damn."