

# The Interrogation

Souls of Mischief

Hieroglyphics baby  
Yeah, yeah!

Yo, we delicate precision I erect the prison  
Make you respect the wisdom  
Man I'm chillin' with these checks I'm gettin'  
Cashola when I raps over tracks, yo I mack  
Just to break a ho back, we spin that ass over  
Stop hatin' before my dogs mash on ya  
Niggas claimin' they ballers they can't even sack dosia  
No model chicks, just a trick, some wack (bova? )  
No range rover just a moped and a crashed nova  
Y'all speak hard but then you leave scarred  
When you see my deep squad it mean you fi'n to meet god  
Is you a retard, it get heavy when pleas start  
Snatch your weak broad then we playin' leapfrog

Yeah we sometimes explicit  
Never complicit, bust it  
I gets busy usin' the arts of mystics  
Break the shit down then I start to twist it  
Blow it, into the wind  
When I touch the microphone it's a win-win, situation  
You placed in I'm goin' for the ball  
It's all about concentration and placement  
Boxin' niggas out rockin' any house  
Any time, any where, any how, nigga feel me now?  
Phenomenon, for the mash on the feminine  
Off the sour mash cobwebs in my calabash  
Blast on you scalawags  
Then I'll blow up some power plants  
Don't have to ask you yo how was that

Yeah we inter-continental  
Multiple mentals, possessive of all essentials  
Movin' on you minstrels  
Man this what we off in to  
This what we was meant to do  
Uh yeah we inter-continental  
Ballistic missile  
Melt bones, flesh and gristle  
Put away your pistol  
Cause you gon' feel us when we hit you  
Nigga we the hiero crew, marks

Ay,  
They ain't got the heart to battle us  
Our challengers stay talentless  
I'm imbalanced f\*\*kin' (funabulous? )  
No need to counteract you counter-attack us you're kinda wack  
Engaged in static with the lymphatic pimp at it  
Large and the thought you was still swift at it rhythmic  
With hard shit  
Wordsmith versatile while jewel of the Nile style  
'll get you buried  
They see your picture when they get your obituary  
You scary-ass low-class ho-ass nigga

Broke-ass nigga you don't know cash, nigga

Aw yeah

I'm like side street high speedin'

Sharp turnin'

Rack and pinion steering veerin' towards the curb &

Police runnin', machine-gunnin'

Gasoline mark fuhrman, start burnin', leave nothin'

No evidence just dead presidents

The fed's nemesis treacherous evil residents

Who got weapons with scopes on 'em op' squash it

They deep as the exorcist tryin' to cause a closed coffin

Man I'm on a mic show stoppin'

Like a loaned shotgun

The rest are so monotonous

Pseudo-scientific but you know hiero's infinite

Fuck a diamond I dominate concentrate

Yeah we inter-continental

Meditated mind state balanced mental

Movin' on you minstrels

Mashin' on the instrumental

Man that's what we meant to do

Uh, yeah we inter-continental

Ballistic missile

Melt bones, flesh and gristle

You ain't fi'n to feel shit when we hit you

We into you, this is the hiero crew, marks

Yeah it's metal gear for the track layer

Sword blaze your vertebrae up

Swing my laser like a space-age sensei

The suckers sashe

Backfire on the messiah

It's quick draw

Rapid fire through your rap attire

I side-saddle ya

Sciatica straddle your automatics

Dazzled 'em with fabulous force that's haphazardous

Third-rail ya taggers with flow, hell daggers

I nailed raymond, you frail baggage

A stale package

Sharp hatchet here's johnny

Lyrics (rally? )

Draw down like salvador dali

Out the drawer to the hollies

Snatchin' bodies clowns get cracked up at the colli

Like niggas tryin' to 720 wind mill into our alley

It was written in the stone tablets

Hieroglyphics ripplin' microphones savage

Puttin' imperium on the map bitch

Niggas be lettin' they lips flap

Speakin' on my crew in front the hoes

Dude, what kinda shit's that?

You bound to get slapped

Car-jacked and pistol smacked

And get your bitch kidnapped

And I don't even get down like that

But word get around quick

Guess you wanna hear me spit some town shit

Nah I got a different style, in the 99th percentile

While you tryin' to get down I been down with real niggas

That will make you wig-wiggle  
While I'm gigglin' stickin' ya chick with the dill pickle,  
You feel that?

We inter-continental  
You corny niggas always tracin' usin' stencils  
Mash you mentals  
I hope you got full-dental  
Nigga this the hiero crew, marks  
Yeah we inter-continental  
Ballistic missile  
Melt bones, flesh and gristle  
Movin' on you minstrels  
Mashin' on the instrumental  
Nigga this the hiero crew, marks!