

## **South Circle f/ Eightball, Tela**

### **"Unsolved Mysteries"**

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(Children? Children Please be quiet children and listen to what I have to say) [ Eightball ] 1-2, nigga 1-2, nigga Yeah nigga Mic check, nigga Suave click in the motherfuckin house Eightball the Fat Mack finna start this shit off for the nine-fizzive Nahmsayin? Pump that shit up, let's do this [ VERSE 1: Eightball ] 1-2-3, Mister BIG, pull a rhyme out of my mind And shoot it like a Glock-9 17 times Like Rakim I ain't no joke, here's the deal on the real Nigga, watch out for that banana peel Slip and catch the same thing I put into the clip Out the other end Understand or should I come again? See, like Mac Mall I be sick wid this, so picture this My pockets spittin out much green shit like The Exorcist I smoke so many trees Smokey the Bear is out to get me Ice cold soul drippin from my asshole And I can't wipe it away cause this kinda funk is here to stay Just like an AK when I spray off all that's in my way Call me the Glock of Rap, now could this mean that I'm the best? Or would you rather wait to feel that hot shit in yo chest? I pray to God hopin I won't be on the receiving end Cause them young puppies packin straps like ( ? ) Now if I said I was Macbeth I'd be a lyin man But where I'm from if I'm not strapped I be a dyin man Cause niggas snort that shit like Superfly and get so high And when they ass out that shit will make 'em do or die But me, I'm on that green sticky and that Hennessy 350 pounds of pimp nigga from Tennessee Eightball uncut from your ears to yo gut Peace to MJ fucking G And now here's T [ VERSE 2: Tela ] ( ? ) hit that lobby, man, dead bodies, man Mr. Mike musta took his dick out, any shotty, man I see my nigga big Ball off that wall Like that Michael Jackson, what the fuck, nigga happened? He says I'm late for the job, Suave Handle it, shit candle lit was involved, nod My head up and down with no hesitation, God I'm seein clowns hangin from that gravition, I'm Thinkin niggas ain't playin in Texas Snap off these motherfuckin necks like on The Exorcist Young and the Restless type of unsolved shit South Circle's the clique, fuckin Suave's the shit Bitch, and now I'm rollin with them Draper boys Tela makin paper, boy 5-0 beater, ain't nothin like sweeter, boy Slow

down, damn, I'm askin them in a Maximum Hittin  
corners shakin, breakin down marijuana Eightball, you  
got them papers, make 'em take us to a cloud nine Six  
shots from a Tec-9 I'm fuckin up, damn, here we go ( ? )  
stereo I think I'm ( ? ) cold as Siberio But Mr. Mike had  
his Mr. Mic, so And SuperMike flashed with kryptonite, I  
know It's lookin kinda shady But I got yo back, baby,  
with my .380 [ VERSE 3: Mr. Mike ] Now... I'm creepin  
around the backway Peepin the scenery, because these  
niggas can't be seein me He packs a Glock with an  
extra clip It's mass hysteria, I'm darin ya to step when I  
drop my shit As I annoint niggas to make my point,  
nigga Me gives a fuck as I rock dis funky joint, nigga So  
bow yo head to the mastermind Cause everytime I  
recline some nigga's always after mine (Peace treaties)  
Naw, fuck that (Why?) Cause niggas don't wanna act  
how they know they ought to act Back in the days when  
we used to sling ki's by the d-o-z's e-n-s, ooh, what a  
mess Best to leave me alone And I ain't Kane but bitch,  
Big Daddy's Home 24 hours a day I slay Pronounced  
dead, two to his head, he bled from an AK Unsolved  
mysteries, could it be Me and you, you and me gettin  
caught up in some fuckery? Luckily the switch didn't  
click and niggas didn't panic Now I'm stuffin white shit  
in my attic Had it not been for the chip on my shoulder  
Niggas that I communicated with would be older But it  
seems they all died And now the streets wanna fuck  
and get stuck with that nigga Mike

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