

The Coral

"Dirty D's Theme"

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Verse One: Phesto

Redirect your motivation, while we collect the dough
forsaken
Making a mockery of you MC's, we grimace malicious
parodies
you're finished, allowing you to win is just not in us
that's horrendous just replenish apprentice retract all
the wack 'fore you niggaz get blackballed, you're small
And we make a spectacle of y'all withdrawal
Punk contention bitten for attention
Souls of Mischief your worst, enemies, your energy's
wasted, disintegrated, you'll be incinerated
by the innovative when I'm stimulated come pale
To embellish I relish MC's overzealous who fail us
Time will tell us, emulating recreation is colorless
Frontin like they on some other shit
Developing discover this irrelevant to wack intact exact
Well I belittle MC's, and hold no reefer
But sho don't sleep I'm out

Verse Two: Tajai

We the fruits of rotten seeds, nowadays it's bout greed
That's the policy, get from me, so I grab all I see
And after that we out, in a trail of laughter
raps and doubtless claims of standards upheld and
maintained
This ain't no, flash in the pan shit, just sell it and fade
to nada
Or dance hits to propel, a major knot up in my billfold
One day I got up and I willed no rapper greater
They fake and still doze and act like they young as fuck
Hollerin about the niggaz they buck
Fallin out the windows made up like hoes if they get
bucked
Lesson utmost, japanitos to one broke
who have an ego, or fade you like vita largo
Damn where did he go? Sucker felt the evil I know,
word
Casino, I ant that ass like zebra skins

Fidos keepin pins and needles
Whether you tread or rest your head until ya
Succumb to the voice that's deep within, you should
know

Chorus:

It's time to let the weak shit go, no more
And if you with us, hoe hoe!!!
You should know, it's time to let that wack shit go, no
more
And if you with us, hoe hoe!!!

Verse Three: Opio

They say I'm too possessive, aggressive
I make a mess of MC's depress em, plessin em
The West eclipse the rest, suggestions, to the ones in
my profession
Testin, congestin, the mic doin impressions
Souls of Mischief make em all fall in succession
If you're pressin luck self destruct
I'm vindictive, so descriptive
Intriguing on the mic, we don't see things alike
I strike at breakneck speeds and leave you think twice
'fore I sink ice cold lyrics and you're sliced
through the mirror and it's right to the center
where it hurts, convert
Reconsider the bitter, consequences
You're defenseless against us, you go berzerk
Ingesting MC's like clockwork, when I rock
murderous rhymes one time for your mind
And drop dimes for them niggaz who don't get live

Verse Four: A-Plus

I reduce you to dust piles
Plus styles'll crush smiles, seducing women til they
bust out
of they garments, always give the crowd what they
wanted
I rock the mic and now, they don't want you on it
So I own it, I make my grip tight
It's like I'm nuttin nice when I'm writing rhymes to cut
and slice men
You wouldn't, I win every time that we clash
I will surpass ya, A-Plus a known flasher
Rhyme if you wanna, it makes no difference
cause you still gonna die, youse a goner
You shouldn't even try, why was you on the
mic in the first place

You even chose the track, see you a nigga with the
worst taste
I make you niggaz disperse with haste
My tape first with bass hurts your face we curse the
fates
I think that I should be your human idol
Makin MC's suicidal when they lose they title

Chorus: repeat 2X

Now, you should know, it's time to let that wack shit go
No mo', and if you with us, hoe hoe!!
Now you should know, you need to let that wack shit go
No mo', and if you with us, hoe hoe!!

Yeah, Souls of Mischief in the house like that
Souls of Mischief rock the house
My man big Domino, yeah yeah
Big Casual, yeah yeah

...
Pep Love
Can't forget Jay-Biz
Westbound, North side, like that

...
Hieroglyphics in the house
Let that wack shit go

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