

The Coral

"Fresh Dope Dope"

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A-Plus:

I started writin' rhymes in 1982, I was 8
My only brother used to let me hear his Too-Short tapes
"Beeitch"
Sugarhill and Spoonie G was with me
'Bout anything I could I get was non-stop in my cassette
Or on my phonograph
But in 94 I gotta hold my laugh in
I be cappin' on this wave of overnight rappin'
How dare you defy me, you're tiny
Writtin' your first raps in 1990
Ya blimey behind me
I did so many phuckin' shows for no cash
Why you wanna dis a player?
'Cause you're slow and I'm fast
To blast fast raps through the mass
To surpass, you an ass
Why dis a nigga 'cause he makin' his cash

Tajai:

Do it like that
Since I was fresh off the tit my tat
For word player match rap had nourished
Straight from back and the present fressin'
On the irreverent just hatched
Fledglin' sap peddlin'
Give me some tracks pal and I'll rap now
Section of the... populations
Plus the ones on the idiot box
Showin' it pays to be a busta, tittes and cocks
Exposin' we all slows a hustlas glocks samo
No love for any muthaphucka
Is that real of fiction?
Made for TV reels, depictions
Of the life you're wishin'
To lead or led before you grab the mic
Hieroglyphics like 3 to your head
Ignite to all
You besta pray you stay on

[CHORUS:] (3X)

"You wanna be fresh, We aint tryin' to be fresh,
We aint never be fresh(dope dope)"

Opio:

I used ta envision the mic in my hand
Rockin' shows, avoidin' the gold diggas
Had it all planned out
On a collision course to fail no doubt
The non-believers said " Them niggas aint makin no
clout"
Now its about pounds and peace signs since we gotta
contract
We tracked through the bullshit
Adaptin' to rappin' and act
Sacraficial MC's believe
Souls of Mischief strap em down to recieve tey blessin'
Through the chest n' out the back
Like that, they sly with your title in tact
Hieroglyphics causin' chain reactions, back den
Y'all niggas wasn't rhymin' but now its the trend

Phesto:

So just blend
With a mask galvanised
But my style disguises pseudo MC's
Plastic over mastic bitin'
Holdin' your tongues
While amongst a soul searches
Sarcastic when you was askin'
Was we cashin' in
On all this rappin'
Inquirin' who wasn't aspirin'
To be a nothing now desirin'
Opposition 'cause conspirin'
Sitched to hip-hop YEAH
Its funny mo' niggas know me better than ever
Mo' niggas see me actin' like they don't know me than
ever
I never... waste my time
To refresh they memmories
I'm in the breeze, controlin' MC's
Like machines
Cybernetic, psychokenetic
Souls of Mischief sees the mic
Then we shred it like this

(Chorus then fade out)

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