

Souls of Mischief

"Bump Shit"

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[chorus]

"its the--
Ill plusta phesto d.,
O. lindsey,
T. massey so whatchyou wanna be? ?
Us!!
Just peep the bump and thump,
You ain't got no choice
So throw your hands up!"

Opio:

You're stuck,
Crucified you'll lose don't try your luck,
I'll cut 'em up
Run through and ruin mc's they can suck my dick
The hieroglyphic kingdom bring em down to earth
They're worthless worse since the beginning
And I'm winning
Offending mc's they can't accept it
Inside he hide his fear of theory that shit was weary
And I hear he don't be coming off the top
He better drop and give me fifty
Cause if he don't shape up I take what's mine
And at your title, what you write I'll demolish
Polish up your skills just forget all this
Call it quits it's overwhelming
You keep failing to impress
You're sluggish, I'll put a fake mc to rest
I got pages for the courageous amazes
Fazes my opponent leave the microphone bic
You're flow is basic, youll get erased quick
Stick to fantasizing
You're wack and deny the fact that I win
Ease the pain, I still remain the king
I sing a lullaby to nullify the lazy ass lame
Famous mc
Even a nameless mc gets unfriendly
So we out to check em
Direct from o. lindsey

A-plus:

Why you gotta to do the kind of shit that I hate?
I find your shit to be fake,
Your mind ain't fit to create
Cease see you later, mack
Accidents waitin to happen
Trying to fade the adam
They bags is broke when they attack him
Cause I play the mack,
See that's an everyday thing
You can peep these hoes jocking in whenever we hang
I gets game from 'em, see hieroglyphics came from
the
East side of o.
Getting jocked when we try to go
To these funk missions
With a grudge written overnight
Rappers come wishin
But plus hold the mic and slap you with the bump shit
Them hoes jock me the most,
Wish I was there
When them cowards jumped donnie and los
We own all mics in the solar system
You gets dropped when the souls come repossessing
props
With the older wisdom
And the beat it just drops and I hold the rhythm
Souls of mischief is the coldest

[chorus]

To all you crews thinkin we was weak as you
Well would you listen to a doozy,
You're lucky that we dissapprove and frown
At that candy coated cartoon clown shit
We don't allow it, (naw that would make us some
hypocrites)
You scared yourself into popping lip and jest
Suckers saving face but catch it in the chest
So just abate your haste
To activate your _____
Cause he eat the best rhymer
Stop your crew up with jemima
I got the tool just ___ of the drama
Yo but that's madness, my shit's the bump
If I didn't have hits, I'd persist to pump
My mind to capacity till the shit just dump out on the
sidewalk
And only then would I sqawk
And babble nonsense
Ripping this shit long as I'm conscious

And even in your dreams you'll fiend and follow it
No paths you better quit 'for y'all and get with the
Vocabulary lunchmeats
Suckers smoke pads
Of something lack the gumption get smacked when we
up in the house
Niggas are fake
They gettin baked trying to penetrate the inferno
I surround the microphone wit
Cause to the highest degrees mc's marvel over me
I never reconsider getting rid of them
They perishing embarassing as the air gets thin
I stare em in the eyes before I wear them in
Its no comparison to the immaculate
You get ramshackled with the mic
Lanced with the javelin for rattling off at the lip
(get off my dick)
But you can think what'f I stigmatized if you tried
It's circumstantial
You niggas are unadvanced with the mic
In avalanche you don't have a chance just dance to
The beat I'm notorious for bics
Niggas trying to come to grips but its
Inevitable you'll never know
Execution is your only resoultion
So retrace your steps or face your death

[chorus]

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