

## **Souls of Mischief "Danglin'"**

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[intro]

Hey, yo, some niggas try to act like  
Act like they crazy but they really fake  
Fake shit they janky they shady say  
He a lady rockin' a broad y'all  
He could probably breed a baby

[a-plus]

Ay, I done seen him lately  
I don't know if you spot him  
The type of cat that run his mouth and get you shot up  
"y'all," he ain't got no partners  
He bust no slugs  
Not even a bb gun if it's beef he run

[opio]

You got caught now you breathin' from a machine  
'cause you sleepin' on how evil come back  
It's like a scene from the mack  
The way you got pimp-slapped  
Then ramshackled for your bundle  
Late night on a track  
And felt the crackle or the thunder  
Your life snatched from right up under  
Fool you trifle of a slumber  
So eternally sleep  
You wasn't learnt in the streets

[phesto dee]

You just squirm when they turn up the heat  
Turnin' your sheets  
Youse a geek  
All obsessed with your d-boy image  
Around real hitters a small joke  
Tryin' to be down you get, broke  
Stickin' your spokes  
Trappin' your coke and still got, choked up  
They play strip poker with ya spoke of tough luck  
All for what? a fast buck

[chorus]

Hey, yo, some niggas try to act like

Act like they crazy but they really fake  
Fake see they janky they shady  
Me I can't relate to this imagery  
Arrangin' and changin' (and changin') (and changin')  
Rangin' from slangin' kilos  
To gangbangin'  
But we know your name and your people  
You ain't tanglin'  
You ain't from the set that you claimin'  
You danglin'

[opio]  
Premeditatin' murder rate  
Wet up off the sherminate  
Shots hit your vertebrae  
You wishin' you could turn the page  
And start from the beginnin' back at chapter one  
You was a virgin eighth grade  
No collapsin' lung  
Livin' free as the president now it's maximum  
Security for you permanent the battle was won

[tajai]  
Is so maddenin' to see you slip in  
The same pattern and some escape  
Many make the same dumb mistakes  
Tryin' the hardest to be  
Perceived as hard  
Posted on the corners with the cheap cigars  
Pants so baggy man you can barely keep 'em on  
Speakin' on things you got no business speakin' on  
But now keep keep it on  
And be the first nigga we creep up on  
Before you peep it you gone

[phesto dee]  
Yeah, some niggas try to act like they crazy  
They shady barnum & bailey  
Clown fugazis  
You was a dweeb in the eighties  
Thinkin' bulletproof now  
But them real niggas are bangin'

[a-plus]  
Hey, this is what we tryin' to tell  
Busters, suckers and tail tuckers  
All frail hustlers and nail buffers  
Leave it to the people that be it  
Till you had seen it, but I seen it  
Cats ain't breathin' when they leave you bleedin' on the  
cement

These phoney niggas make believe it  
I hope a nine to your mind  
Ain't what it take to free, hate to see

[chorus] - 2x

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