

## **Souls of Mischief**

# **"Get The Girl, Grab The Money & Run"**

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It goes one, two, three  
That's the count of the immaster mount that's got  
scrilla  
We got the killa Taj  
And willa young lady looking sensuous to socialize

I sense she is down so she lie  
Back with me  
'Cuz it's a natural thing, so act quickly  
'Cuz it's like that we gunna be

Out the dope stack and my pockets relax  
Calm, collecting my scratch  
And the girlies attracted  
I snatched

Women, make them collapse on their back side, that's  
right  
When I'm finished, vanish into the night  
Like the caped crusader don't say, "Hi", to the trick  
Can't appreciate them 'cuz they just be riding the dick

See, we too fly to be weak, telling hoes to step aside  
Be like, "I ain't the one"  
But get them sprung when I'm erectified  
I betcha tried to get my dope but nope

Always cautious with my cash 'cuz my dad told me so  
My rhyme will blow your foe away  
I know the way to freak it  
So hoes know the 'A'

Today's just another day for me to get paid  
Invade the stage and retreat for the shade  
Find me a top bread freak to get laid  
Back when I'm masquerade

I get basquerade [unverified]  
Direct from my spectrum  
To select from, sex them, neglect them  
Then I'm on the the next one.

Yeah, grab the money and run  
You gotta, get the girl, grab the money and run  
You gotta, get the girl, grab the money and run  
You gotta, get the girl, grab the money

We dissin' rappers 'cuz I think I need to  
We chillin' drinkin' 80 proof

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