

Souls of Mischief

"Make Your Mind Up"

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Hieroglyphics is gonna twist a kid's cerebellum
If he lives, then I tell 'im I'll leave his head swellin'
When tellin' fellas about the 5-6
Live it's me investigatin' fly chick's privates
I got a plan, I got a plan, a strategy
Adam be mad, a G mad at me 'cuz I got a fatter salary
Actually, you will be cookin' like bottom ramen
Never top 'cuz you'll never stop the atom bombin'

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, don't copy
The manuscript, man, you slipped, you're sloppy
Joe Schmo, never no more, I'm clever and you're never
gonna score
'Cuz I'm sure I'm better and pure
Like cannibus, and if it's possible I'll drop a new
Line with the lyrics, live with the spirit
And soul, I got plenty in me, eeny-meeny-miny-mo
Slo-Mo, approach with yo ho, yup

'Cuz I'm the man and you can read it in Genesis
A D A M, the A P L U S
One and the same, runnin' the game on fly chicks
Real tight, so they feel right with the 5-6
And it's like that, and that's how it is, G
The skins I cross get tossed like a Frisbee
Search and find lines of life in my scripture
Screens make me seen, so the keen get the picture

Eruptions, and rustin' when I'm thrustin'
Cuts men into microscopic particles
Molecules, atoms attack 'em, hack 'em
Never slow, never slack, I'm invincible, [unverified]
Flow is intense at fools
Who know not, flow not like this wizard
Ya play with it, riddle, widdle a hole in ya dome
And pull out ya gizzard, tracheotomy

I slaughtta the watery-weak
Ya slips, there's a slobbly geek
Niggaz tweek, when I speak, they retreat
Rethink what was spoken and then repeat my feat
Of inhuman capabilities, rape and pillage emcees

Then I kill emcees, who have no style
I file niggaz down to the cuticle
Who can feel my foot prints

Soot gets kicked in your eye, beautiful
Blinding, winding up and change-ups
Rearrange punks, when I drops, kerplunk
Rip chunks out the mic and then digest, Why test?
I'm cavin' in your chest when I express myself
Extreme confusion, you think you're losin' your mind
'Cuz my rhyme cuts holes like a nine

Tajai, two syllables, easy
With ease, we, seize thee, butt emcees be
'Cuz they come whacker than batman sound effects
I ground your text, but vertebrae wack I pound your
necks
Sally bone, I be prone to rip shit, likely
Believe it or not, believe it I got the cock-D
Cacophony, I cap the phonies, so there is no needs for
me
Your attempts deceive us and pimps know I be

Excel irate and on that scale, that's fail
The countenances of countless knit-wits
Who wish this with mis hits
But this shit is equipped with
Homin' devices that are precise as they get, kids
Target's stuck to foes who pose muchly
Fronts be fucked and punk nuts, why gets amongst
thee

Punks, we often cross when soft men
Is the image portrayed to them
Spinach is no savior when
I Popeye's, all of the guys feel my brutish
Strength, and Wimpy's see haggard futures
Don't tempt me, shrimps we skewered on the Barbie
My foot has found wit' in ya
Is there any dilemma? Yo, hardly

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