

Souls of Mischief

"Tell Me Who Profits"

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I can give a damn about you and your crew
Everybody's frontin'
Ain't nobody bein' true to
The things they say, they say
Man, I understand
And I got a plan for improvement

But you gets the finger
And I bring a attitude with me
'Cause brothas that I know be acting shifty
Let me be me and I'll let you, be you
But why talk about me
If it's not me that you're talkin' to

Let's make it clear
You do not know, me
So skip how ya livin', how ya feel, bro G
To me that's phony, asking if my shits dropping
The kids stop when
They start to get they lips popped, and

They say I forgot 'em
But I ain't seen 'em in four years
You always had my number so step with your poor
tears
And what about, plus is my man, you need to stop it
Screw the doers of rumors
'Cause you nerds never profit

Tell me who profits?
You got beat
'Cause you like to gossip
Tell me who profits?
You got beat
'Cause you like to gossip

In school I never used to raise my hand in class
I always knew the teachers hand
A passing grade to me
In the back, relax
'Cause they wasn't kickin' facts
In facts I never learned nuttin'

I can fool with the school system
They take facts and twist 'em
Into knots, right up the blocks
A spot to get a 40
Around the corner get craps
Perhaps these is traps to keep us tapped

Saps, can buy gats
With flat-tipped bullet caps
In the locker room with no hassle
And assholes sell cracks in sacks
To class-foes and friends
'Cause the mass goes with the trend

My friend, the niggas makin' ends is livin' illegal
That's the way they get [Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
That's the way to go, I'm out to get dough

Dough? The education, to get you further
Than murder and drugs with thugs
You're better off being a nerd
That's absurd
Life don't mean nuthin' without phat pockets
That's the only way to get paid, you tell me who profits

Tell me who profits?
I'll have Gs
But you'll get shot, kid
(Dick)
Tell me who profits?
I'll have Gs
But you'll get shot, kid
(Dick)

Huh
Ya gotta wonder
Why niggas plunder, kill
Have ya torn a sunder
'Cause I'ma build
And fill a glass pipe full of crack
And black mens pockets be phat a little

Let's whittle the way to the core now
Ya packin' a glock, mackin' the block, fight with the
cops
Well, who ya takin' the risk for?
A kingpin' swingin' with the president
Greasin' 'em up and givin' 'em papers
For drugs in the states

Have ya dodgin' niggas and caps
He's with George and Clarence
Digging golf balls out of sand traps
He's never seen Frisco or Oakland
He got a glimpse of New York
When he went to see the Opera

He's seventy-six, getting senile
If we live past 2-4 were due
For a stay in the penile
So see now, we polish our birettas
But there's no boats or Caine fields
Nowhere in the ghetto, yo

Tell me who profits?
DC got schemes
And we ain't got spit
Tell me who profits?
DC got schemes
And we ain't got spit, yo

Tell me who profits?
DC got schemes
And we ain't got spit
Tell me who profits?
DC got schemes
And we ain't got spit
Damn

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