

## **Souls of Mischief**

### **"Times Ain't Fair"**

Visit "[Times Ain't Fair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Phesto:

Everybody, come and get some get up and go.  
Get rid of that no-  
Can-do attitude  
And expand and brace  
The obstacles you face.  
Ain't no time to waste.  
Rhymin' pays.  
Never was it worth doin' crime to stay  
On your record when ya try to get and point it.  
I avoid it.  
Like being exploited.  
Couldn't leave my people disappointed.  
I know you want it,  
So I'm gunna flaut it.  
It'll be here and gone just that fast.  
You better bust that ass.  
Nothing's inconcievable.  
Anything is possible.  
Never let them deceive you.

Tajai:

Life's full of dilemas.  
I contend to that.  
I be looking out my window wondering "what will I  
catch? "  
Will it be...  
A good job?  
Huh?  
Two to the head?  
Huh?  
Maybe hiv so I can join the ranks of the living dead.  
But, hey tajai gotta press on.  
I'm late for class  
As I think of the choices my life rests on.  
I could buss my gat,  
Cook some crack,  
Master calculus,  
Build houses,  
And make a stack.

Either way  
Depending on the dues I pay.  
No, you can't go,  
So stick with it.  
You won't get it  
If you lay and stall.  
Then don't be in it for the long haul.  
Yeah, you know they wrong ya'll.  
But we gots to get it on ya'll.

Chorus

"time's ain't fair  
But that's the way I play.  
No one can compare.  
And that's the way I stay.  
This is how we do it every singular day.  
So what you tryin' ta say?  
Well, let me show you the right way."

Opio:

If you're with me then you're all about making money.  
So throw your hands in the air 'cause ain't shit for free.  
Nigga, oakland california is the place to be.  
It gets hectic see.  
I just connect to free  
My mind  
And write rhymes,  
So I don't get caught up  
Or get shot up.  
Plus the fuzz think I got the product? ?  
I don't cut lines, I don't have to.  
But if you look like a playa, they harass you.  
I make cash from doing shows from state to state.  
But still task on the run that license his plate.  
I don't trip 'cause it's all in vain.  
Your daughter knows my name.  
Ask the broad the game.

A-plus:

People applaude the famous  
Never lame.  
Just rhyiming to your brain, buss.  
You're acting and that's a shame.  
'cause I set examples say in 9-tre.  
It's not a little joke.  
I gots to rhyme a little more,  
So I'm fin ta go  
And scoop a forty-o.

I'm under 21, but then my sack is known as so.  
To the show we go  
Place a big stoge on the bridge, 8-0.  
A club with foes and hoes.  
I want high class bitches  
With the ass that switches.  
When I get them, they be due soon as the ad. is  
finished.  
Make me me feel like I'm living on the wrong planet.  
Strong as granite.  
It's the souls with the song that's demanded.

Chorus

Tajai:

See  
Only the paid gets to mack and frolick.  
They got their wallets.  
So, what's your holler?  
Strive to be a scholar.  
Attract the knowledge gained.  
Whatever called itself same.  
Attract the knowledge changed.  
To get you far in this game.

Opio:

Turn the page and let the ray turn out the felt tip.  
Let the ladies melt, strip.  
To the bow, I'm slick.  
Souls of mischief coming slicker than the rest confess.  
We press on.  
How I'm livin',  
From the break, break-a dawn.

A-plus:

All ya fakes that's on ,  
The microphone, go home.  
I'm from the land, man  
Niggas make you roam with chrome  
I stay at home.  
I like ta bone, I'm grown.  
I got a flow that's known.  
In the o, I hold my own.

Phesto:

Yeah, baby come and have a seat with phes.  
Together we can defeat the stress

And chill  
If you got that sex appeal.  
I'll caress you till the morning.  
On and on, annnnnnd,

[chorus]

Visit [Souls of Mischief](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.