

## **Mercedes F/ Master P, Ms. Peaches**

### **"Soul in the Hole"**

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[Ghostface Killah]

Yo yo yo whassup where my team where my team at?  
C'mere y'all c'mere c'mere, circle around me y'all circle  
around me

Yo Timbo check it you bring the motherfuckin rock up  
Sin Dreddy y'all niggaz is forward  
Shyheim, I want you on guard  
Tekitha baby girl yo check it you play center  
Let's rip these niggaz asses, c'mon kid  
Word up, run

[Tekitha]

Hole... hole... oh oh ohhhh

[Timbo King]

We be a team, cause everybody plays a part in this  
Ain't no chuckin, we comin from the parks where the  
gun sparks  
after dark, you got your three point shooters  
Scrubs who quick to fire out cause your style is out  
We drinkin quarts on courts so how you handle it  
Shootin bricks or sellin bricks, we still scramblin  
with offense and defense, I use the bassline  
to score points frequent

Yo, yo

Yo check the mic so I can slam without a crossover  
Wack jump shot punk rock players get tossed over  
by the bleachers, I'm bringin pressure like a power  
foward

You try to walk and get away with it the ref saw it  
Your startin five couldn't get verbal live  
I penetrate across the lane, all reasons mines  
Percentage from the field is real, we hard boilin  
Swish shot in your face, your coach is callin  
for a timeout, I bomb your rhyme, with a free throw  
Fast break through the legs crush your rookie ego  
You steppin out of bounds son, now how that sound  
Dunn  
I thought we was playin ball, don't start at round one

[Ref - Dreddy Kruger]

Time the fuck out!

I got a illegal defense on the wack MC

Number four, you can't be doin that shit

Hold on God, peace God, hold on, hold on

(Killa Sin: Oh shit I'm snuffin you!)

[Tekitha]

Soul... in the hole...

Soul... in the hole...

[Shyheim]

I know niggaz liver than Allan Iverson

Take it to the hole and roll it in, triple-double in

Suicide drills get your cavs built

Crossovers ill, have you thinkin water split

With the 2-3 zone we smoke em, like bones

And with the W-I-N, we, punchy at home

Sore losers take off they jersey, cause they ain't James

Worthy

Your bitch mad cause they ain't get they hands dirty

Lame, better not open up that Gatorade

until you game sport, hit the gym and train

Do some jumping jacks and situps, then maybe you can  
get up

But as for now the scoreboard gets lit up

Take you down the middle, and throw it all day

We number one draft pick W-S-A

Nigga, you can't stop my J

How I do it everyday

[Killa Sin]

Yo, we throwin 52 blocks at outside shots to bubble up  
the snot box

No penalties or shot blocks, it's similar to Comstock kid

You catch an elbow in this hell Hole of concrete

Add a touch of Soul before we compete

You better have your Vietnam fleet my squad deep like  
Ethiopians

Peep me in the open and I'm closin in

Focus on the broken rim now, we shake a bone out your  
stand

Toss a backpass, with enough force that it'd crack  
glass

We celebratin at last for stoppin you

So take your sorry black ass, back to the lockerroom,  
yo

My team work to make your team hurt, we pullin up  
skirts

So back down, before these Wu niggaz tear the fuckin  
shot down

What what what? No doubt, no doubt  
We got the all-star lineup here  
Y'all niggaz better sign up for my team kid, for real

[Tekitha]

Soul... in the hole...

Soul... in the hole...

Soul... in the hole...

So-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-ul... in the ho-oh-le-le-le-le, Soul

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