Secret Service

Souls of Mischief

[conversation intro - speakers uncredited]
Niggaz trippin smokin all this weed and shit man
You know when it jump we gon' need our mind and bodies ready boy
Nigga, nigga, ain't nuttin jumpin man
Foooool, I got my glock nigga my calico
Boy even a little deuce-deuce
Nigga, what that mean to po-po?
Fool, rocket launchers, fool po-po they some zarks
They ain't runnin up on the turf nigga
Nigga they got planes, nigga tanks, nigga bombs
Ahh fuck them fools nigga
Wipe out yo' whole hood
But I'd take care of all them fools nigga
I got down motherfuckers here nigga
Man, nigga, ain't nobody mo' down they deep nigga
You think you deeper than them? they deep nigga!
Ahh nigga
They got everythang!
What, oh shit, wait - what the fuck is that?
{*three big explosions*}[a-plus]
Yeah, I clean my weapon fo' times a day
I'm with the devil-est, yes the world's mine to slay
I sipped wine with jay-hoover
I can make you a murder victim
Say some nigga dope server licked him (I didn't do it)
A third of income that I get is enough
To never sweat and I forget them dirty niggaz I snuffed
Yeah you figure your tough, them coons be livin trife
With they civil rights, I got yo' midas in my pistol sights
You try to loot and think you post hard
I got the coast guard, get ghost cause folks scarre
With my flame-thrower - you're lame yoda, slaveholder
Got a brain fo' ya, leave a poseur, slave told ya
Totin glocks with laser scopes
Watch the slayer folks watch for my cops (with major doe)
Forget your vest, cause I'm bustin your chest
Gettin checks and medals sayin agent plus is the best
Yeah, I do bribes, some people front and say no
They can play though, not like them czechs in sarajevo

I got a family but I'm still that mean
I gotta feel that green - agent massey, how'd you kill that king?[tajai]
I did it slickly, put a knife in his kidney
And sent him to bliss - made it look like some terrorists
The heir to his throne, eight years old
I left his back blown up, for that I get the fat bonus
So the cadillac's on once I get back home
But there's the mobile - plus the fax with my target profile
Yo, I blow up a church if I gotta
Orders from the top it don't stop til I gotcha, yeah
And when I do best to believe ya through
Cause we do not take prisoners in the good old u s of a
Too much red tape to mas-sey
Plus the press say what they want to now-a-days
I'm gettin medals, for smart-bombin ghettos
Seven figure payroll, give you wings and a halo
We run things, so lay low, keepin paid
Those attempts to uprise we blow ya spot sky high
And bury ya - cause the lessa, you're the merrier
Comin soon a new shoppin mall if you don't bear
With the program - cold and callous, no man
Women, or child is safe (why?) cause we the wildest{chorus - repeat 2x}
They got the fbi, cia,
Atf, dea, big guns for pay
Yeah, plus them armed forces man them fools don't play
And the coppers that you see everyday

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