

# Shooting Stars (feat. Opio)

## Souls of Mischief

It's always gotta be a knucklehead who starts controversy.

Puttin' on this make-up to take first in the inquired word.

While the entrepreneurinese fools start fireworks.

Causin' scams. Using music gimmicks. That's why they're jerks!

No originality. No classic material.

I be hearing flows sounding so much like the souls.

It's delirium! When I sit back don't interfere with 'em.

Stay focused and centered, energized like a pyramid.

Peak 'em out, whie they disappear and quit.

In a blaze with pyrotechnicality, so exquisite!

The souls of mischief crew, came torpedoing through.

Left a crater in the desert with a 4 mile radius.

Others maybe just part of the media shower.

Heat it up for a minute, than dissolve in a towering inferno!

Every evening, you can see them.

In the black of the night. Spectacular sparks of light!

Man I'm seeing hella shooting stars like astronomers!

While I'm attacking the mic, I watch them all flaming.

The searing heat, brakes the fake rappers to molecules.

Now all of these fools getting dynamite and they can't move or breathe.

Shining light, eternally extinguished.

Didn't learn them fiendish ways, make them diligent.

Fragile as they last. I put it down so eloquent.

Platinum selling shit still scorch ya, but we're everlasting! Shooting stars! Burning up in flames,

When they hit the souls of mischief atmosphere chasing fame.

See they came and went in a millisecond. If you didn't catch it man, they running the same. It's so mundane.

They start off really flashy, but soon they axed with the Apache tomahawk slammed to the map!

Super-fly stuffer another nucka trying to rap like that. Pick the microphone up, so we can scrap, uh.

Shooting stars! Burning up in flames,

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They start off really flashy, but soon they axed with the Apache tomahawk slammed to the map!

Super-fly stuffer another nucka trying to rap like that. Pick the microphone up, so we can scrap, uh. You can fit with the buzz or your mind sizzles and bubbles, uh-oh it's trouble.

To his mother trying to pin a hole in the o-zone layer.

Player, you're just another flare in the dark.

Fired up like the dragon slayer.

You get slain! You're not the slayer.

Dissolving into thin air. Nowhere to be found because we're in here.

Take it from rappers who dare to compare.  
Sell it like a share in the pacific exchange, but we rip it the same.  
So prepare to slang them things through your earphones.  
You're walking tightropes trying to engage the fearsome.  
Unbalancing advancements. A lead to your last dance with death.  
Can I hear somethin'? Cause you know,  
She was sayin' nothin' was like freedom of expression by Pete though.  
He was like "That was freestyle? Than you're my hero!"  
The mic was on him, and he got shaky and pale.  
Talkin' about man, how I can't come off the top cause we're prevailin'!  
But the dope-fiend scanner-brain antics.  
Mechanic and robotic like a sentinel! Man, we unconventional!  
Coming so immaculate. Taking niggas gaffe and shit.  
You couldn't panic these with a gat and a clip.  
Stay in a pinch you losers. You ain't equipped!  
Astro-projecting poetics. Quick silver fast!  
Split your asses to smithereens.  
You're withering in a ring of explosions engulfing your whole scene, he's a...A shooting star! Burning up in  
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