Ya Don't Stop

Souls of Mischief

[opio]Say what,
Never under pressure,
Stress free we shock the mic,
You don't impress me.
I live the life of an mc no pretending,
Souls of mischief rock tha house.
So baby spread your wings now,
And let me come on in,
Show you right from wrong you wanna do it again.
Release all that pinned up aggression
Come caress and massage my dick, baby
It's not a maraudin' stick.
Damn right hieroglyphics for life.
Close knit while these others crews fight we write hits,
As for us settlin'
Discrepancies with other mc's, it's a breeze.
Cause I stay focused while they frustrated.
Ease off the mic,
Don't cause a ruckus
It's destructive,
Unproductive,
See us we keep in touch with the one's that bite,
Yah some write to dis,
But it's a miss match I guess
I attract the wack backstage.
We wage battles and leave em unscathed.[phesto]It's phesto, in stereo,
Souls of mischief don't stop, don't quit.
To everybody in the o, hiero...
Glyphics rollers imperially equipped to eclipse,
And overshadow the best with no stress just,
The mic conceit.
With my limits boundless,
Countless
Plus my prowess psychedelic funk
For the female folk who wanna get into some mischief,
Submissive like I got em drunk,
And I got em junked,
With they knees hyperextended, weakened,
Speaking in tongues like a ventriloquist,

Until I quit,
While these niggaz oversaturated with exaggerated nonsense,
I don't respond simp.
They just punks beyond dips.
Infatuated with they lyrics never corespondent.
I guess it never dawned on em
That they don't belong on the mic like
Germs, I like to watch them squirm,
Convincin' me they styles
Anything more then elementary, but spermacidal
Is the title they've earned.[a-plus]I'm comin' from the land of dope,
Where all of these niggaz never planned to hope.
You can either be the man to know,
But my plan was writin' hella raw.
Standing quiet cause I be the man ya like,
To hand the mic,
So I can make a dollar, and make ya holler.
I never fake a scholar
Dumpin' rappers in a lake of water.
I proceed to max,
Be pagin' leed if I need the sacs,
Get the weed relax.
In the o we knowin' where you at,
Be in the cut if you scared of them gats,
Cause oakland niggaz be prepared to jack shit.
I make my mail so I don't have to run that broke skid.
Some niggaz serve rocks at spots and get shot, over knots to clock
But yo I rock the spot.
Hah... with that soul shit,
I smoke a quarter and flow swift.[tajai]Now phuck that [queen low]? .
I'm talkin' half sips to the heads,
Lit's have a meeting of the minds
Nobodies leavin' till we all red.
Went to the jam, we caravan to see an excitin' site to see,
The music inside invitin' me
To rip the mic if need be,
But you know it's important that I pull the women with the jewels
Glistenin'... whoo
Only I can get the fly sister rumps to switch up,
With a swisher sittin' on trompe.
[?], you niggaz step in hap hazard,
To the stage was center t to the a's up in the zone solo,
Bitch niggaz should've thrown bolos,
But you mist em,
Now even your miss is listed.

I feel the jealous stares stuck at my back,
Ut don't drop the microphone until I feel I fully did that.
Damn,
Who these kids that come to every single show,
And always wanna pull they roscoes instead of hoes.
You better grow up I'm with niggaz you don't know I'm with,
So just dole out with all that dumb shit.
The souls of mischief click down with hieroglyphics.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/