Let 'Em Know

Souls of Mischief

You're irresponsible, no focus
I hold this advice script
I ripped it to shreds I was headed
With sound waves and frequencies
Frequently I'm freakin the flows like hoes
And assholes so rub-a-dub those
Shattering Glass Joes with decibels
To break spectacles, you can't see
You're feelin' queezy and uneasy
Steppin cautious because you're nauseous
I squashes emcees like I was Colossus
Flippin on Magneto, never metal, without my bending
Ending all existance, my rhymes blending
Niggas up and liquifying, punks are crying
Crews are dying while the mack keeps shining
Gleaming, girls are screaming, cuz I'm arousing
My styles bring, ___ kids, so how you look? Ya drowning
And drained. Refrain from being slain
By my slang, once again I wreck brainsYo, shit occurs when I shift my words
I dip a Swisher, to my kisser
And get spliffed-a, I riff the
Be the Mista, the abyss the
Widen, cuz I slide in
Like a titan, mythical
When I grip or pull
Spliff, it will manipulate my brain
In ways to plot or gain
And raises
Tajai is the brand that
Keep it jam-packed
Frankly- pretty damn phat
It's over me, I am enough to rip it flat, and pass
The mic to me and see emcees sadden fast
You're ratty, match my tip, you pips
And Gladyss Knight gets darkness
Is where we best start, kids
If ours gets bootlegged and sold in the market
Then mark this
Them stands plan to be targets

And I'll stand grand
Then peace to Richmond and
Of course the Land
I'm lettin ya know cuz I can"Yeah, I'mma let ya know
Yeah, I'mma let ya know
Yeah, I let you know
Yo, I'm lettin niggas know"I say that nigga A
That nigga A-K
Can make a nigga day
In a very special nigga way
Breaking backs and fists
As I smack and dis
Wackness
Cuz they lack this
Phatness
In fact this is
Very booty indeed
Prayin you could be freed
From torture
Or I'll scorch ya
With a torch ya, gasoline
I smash your spleen
I'm quick to blast a fiend
You betta jet if ya' ass is keen
Yeah, I got a masta plan
I'm fasta than
Drastic Man
My thing is "Who would blast a friend?"
I only blast wack rhymas
It's time to find ya' own flows
I throw spines and bones
Your ass
Extremely ass
You see me pass
The senior class
Yo- and now I'm free at last
So let me bust a grill if I must
Making blood spill and your eyes fill with puss
When I bust

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