

# 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 Gladys 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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