

That Ain't Life (Climax)

Souls of Mischief

[A-Plus]

Yeah

Push the button and the planet blows

That ain't right

Niggas be actin' like animals

That ain't right

Bustin' cannons when they brandish those

That ain't right

Put the mayor in a stranglehold

That ain't right[A-Plus]

What? My firm is intense

Leave permanent imprints

A nigga was a infant when

I learned I was gifted

Knew I'd be eternally lifted when I get my turn to rip it

Certainly did and we still in the shit

We forever increase and never decease

Saliva flips when a geek endeavor to speak

Whenever Plea and the four horsemen

Kick your doors in

You shiverin'

Like a drunk nigga with no mo gin

One more again

Rollin' with the sons of the sun

I got love when I come

Put away your gun that's dumb

Whe ain't sissy nigga my folks got some

But I never the one that want to be fuckin' up the fun

Cause I rather have some female company rubbin' me

Sippin? bubbly lookin' lovely in front of me hah

Then I ride out to the Hiero hideout

And my lady friends slide out

Garments regardless if I turn the light out[A-Plus]

That ain't right, that ain't right!

Curse like a gat burst

That ain't right

Ride to church in a black hearse

That ain't right

Roamin' the turf on a crack search

That ain't right[Opio]
It's all radio music, corny as the rockettes
Mindless sex objects make the cock get rock hard
So you can't concentrate or see what's next
While they spray the pollutants
And lock down your district and send in lieutenants
Shootin' up your boulevard while you was watchin' MTV
Double connect pinched caught you slippin' instantly
You was a prisoner they plottin' on your seeds
Souls Of Mischief is different we operate on thieves they panic more
Sniff 'em out like black labradors
Battle ram doors crackin' down on your headquarters
Avalanche yours 'til you're buried alive
Your homie barely survived the rest is dead caught up
Haters want my head shot up so I'm preparin' to fight
Whether aryan knights or sherriffs of vice
Nigga I'm equipped like a terrorist to tear up shit right[SOM]
In life everything's fair
That ain't right
That's way a nigga don't share
That ain't right
Your girl left you for a square
That ain't right
And now you see him everywhere
That ain't right
Man I'm hella broke and jobless
That ain't right
My sister does mornin' topless
That ain't right
The lied to us and robbed us
That ain't right
And if you ain't livin' right
That's death that ain't life[Phesto Dee]
As they come in to great depths
We surpass the summit
Stranglin' rhythmic arrangement elements transpose and plummet
I take it back to my roots, vast and infinite
Composition is crafted intricate, jazz I rip it &
Passion indica, smash your syndicate
Before they can ask for sentiments and flow tear gas your tenements
After I flash the emblem
A symbol of the last millennium
Who the best boy?
Yeah we askin' anyone
Peg your chest and

Crush your velvet, shatter your pelvic
Hard hat or your helmet spin in the cockpit of a plane
And the tail spins
Still my satin smooth
Patented moves raps scat and
Scoop fatten the groove flatten your crew
Could happened to you
Word it's my propensity to cut back
Instantly change direction at my point of attack and leave tracks
Dilapidated, handicapped and incapacitated
When I ex-sling I silk screen these words in your chest
Spit the verbal infernal burn MC's like Oakland herbal
And I do it faster than the grand national & twin turbo
With a Jose Cuervo That ain't right
Nah for real though
That ain't right [Tajai]
Prophecy is my offering
Fuck profiting off these profligate tales
These mental paupers be proffering
I await patiently till the time is proper to propagate
My intellectual property
Concentrated abated then trick ya and release it
In synchronous increments
Seemingly seamlessly
I'm a semanticist
Prayin' like many a mantis is
Though I'm not meanderin' answerless
Meditation that's my medication
Concentration leads to consternation
And conceptual inception
Interspersed interjections
Incite insurmountable insurrections
In the urban sections
Stretchin' my sharpest weapon
Precise etchin's of life's lessons, scaled and detailed to perfection
My imagination, the machinations of deceptive perception
Come, inspect my collection [SOM]
Man they shootin' at the product
That ain't right
I left her at the bus stops
That ain't right
You just a late night option
That ain't right
Man I would never trust no cop nigga
That ain't right

I'm getting rich off these tricks
That ain't right
Man fuck that bitch!
That ain't right
You confused and want to switch
That ain't right
And if you ain't living right that's death
That ain't life Poisonin' our men

Songwriters

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