

Airborne Rangers

Souls of Mischief

[opio]

Rap slash out these battleship torpedoes that'll rip through
Your fragile ego, ransack your evil empire like I was genghis
The con artist, fiendish, on target, laser beam shift
Trackin' your movements like the pentagon
Disarm the meanest lookin' studio prankster
Endangered, we airborne rangers with the broken language
Absorbin' blows then regain my strength (what?)
The chinese connection game of death
You might see me in the reflection in the chain on his neck
Controllin' these mikes while he aimin' his tec
Coward breakin' a sweat
Steady shakin' his shit
Couldn't even hold it still 'cause his hands was all wet
Said we a threat 'cause we the heaviest
And with a (strobe?) blockin' his progress you'll never be fresh
You can't murdalize a survivalist
Fool we thrive on this shit, the third eye is too swift[tajai]
All we gotta do is provide the music, uh
Don't need a lac on deez to make your bitch hop on my lap
And lap on these, lavishin' please don't tease
To all these way-below-average mcs
You gon' stay below, don't wish, that's just how it's gon' be
My style is on levels unattainable, recyclable and reusable
But not biodegradable so don't confuse 'em
They last eternal, evil gas that's acid turned
When I spit it, unmatched fashion over da riddim
Unabashedly, leave sights on the extreme sides of gassing
Mike mastery, necessary steps to make you genuflect
I reflect the genuine and accept
Nothing less than your respect in excess
I wasn't expecting the success that I met
When I grabbed my shit and left command
Won't let it get too ahead, I got a check on that
Check your spice rack, it's certain elements you lack[tajai & opio]
We combust when we contact
Come correct with the contract
Show respect when we stomp packs
Been prepped for the combat

Got the specs of your launchpad
Snatch ya bitch when we rock that
Interception, she out back
Undressed off the twomp sack, blessed off the cognac
Take her back, we don't want that, no not that[a-plus]
I don't rap for the money but I'm lovin' that it pays well
Sometimes I kick a strange tale, make your brain swell
Souls tighter than lifers sittin' in the same cell
I never listen to the drama that a dame sell
I'm tryin' to make that mail so I soaked the game well
I know the spell from the rattle of a snake's tail
When a hard nigga spray, and the enemy's layin' pale
I'm with a female, that was waitin', make her exhale I'm double
X-1 like the magazine &
And fuck the drug but I can show you what a rappin' fiend is
Perhaps my team is not the type to act the meanest
But on my birth, you're just a falling earth,
You gettin smacked to venus
Dicks are jackin' the penis so your label accept
'cause you ain't able to rap or able to wreck
I'm claimin' respect with rappin' that'll strangle your neck
Claim you're a vet but still I'm makin you jet, shakin' the set[phesto dee]
I'm ubiquitous on three hundred and fifty cubic inches
Of horse-powered fuel injection, positive traction
Throttlin' action, my prerogative's idlin'
Mind bogglin' speed tobogganin' streets of oakland
With english on english, the kingpin
Swingin' like charlie mingus,
High-wire torch-swallowin' spine tinglin'
Break your vertebraes with permanent tourniquettes
Firm burn your sternum like nerve gas and germ, warfare
Hor, d'oerve ya serve ya sequoia heights is sterling
Vintage, coinage of terms eccentric
Circumventin' the industry
While your fate remains in the chains of imagery portrayed
In mass media hype, we smash media rights through mikes
Crash through the core at the speed of the light
I'm (rianiti?) on ice, graffiti on mikes
The beaters are white, forever sweet and precise for me to ignite[tajai & opio]
Uh!
We combust when we contact
So come correct with the contract
Show respect when we stomp packs
We been prepped for the combat
Got the specs of your launchpad

Snatch ya bitch when we rock that
Interception, she out back
Undressed off the twomp sack, blessed off the cognac
Take her back, we don't want that, no not that
Never that We combust when we contact
So come correct with the contract
Show respect when we stomp packs
We been prepped for the combat
Got the specs of your launchpad
Snatch ya bitch when we rock that
Interception, she out back
Undressed off the twomp sack, blessed off the cognac
Take her back, we don't want that, no not that, uh

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