

## Airborne Rangers

### Souls of Mischief

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

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

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

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 f\*\*k 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

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

Uh!

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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  
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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