

Batting Practice

Souls of Mischief

Yo, nineteen ninety-three
New year, new world champions
Hahaha like this
Yo, the ill-minded mack will find the facts
I rhyme and acts, niggaz bound til I'm attacks
When niggaz say I can't rhyme I recline
I'm the first to tell you, I got G's in my verse who tell me
It hurts a fella when I rip, because I'm sly slick
The nigga fly chicks ride dick with me
I'm leaving niggaz stranded man that's how I planned it
Landed blows with my random flows
And it goes -- a little something like this
And I might diss, with my right fist I strike kids like a pitcher do
I split your bitch you better switch or I twist ya
I play tricks like a mix
When booty niggaz miss the beat
I figure that they wack I go and get my bat and a pack of Swisher sweets
Plus be ill when I bust the grill but we chill
Who the fattest? {Hiero} It's batting practice
It's no feat, how I defeat, weaker
individuals set em up like give and go
A heat seaker, I take a bat and brighten your features
Beseech ya, proving I'll do that too
'cause when you, pulls my clothes on and shrouded
I'm out with ya grip and you're pimpin so how did he
do that shit, who dat kid, you're asking the masked man
Who fly higher than NASA
Ask friends what you need when I need your blockin
Then I leave you knocked in
Counts to call I scrubs em all
With the quickness, using fitness, leave you fitless
Who got a problem with me ripping all than I do
I'm batting way more than you
Hey sure you knew my rhymes was fly
My lines imply that I'm fatter, next batter
Chorus: repeat 2X
It's like this y'all, it's like that y'all
I got a Hieroglyphics baseball bat y'all
It's like this y'all, it's like that y'all
I swing a Hieroglyphics baseball bat y'all
Get the fuck out, I never struck out
Better get the bucks out, and kick em down
Wrecking, extreme havoc when I'm practicing
That could mean a loss of consciousness when I launches this
Back to the scene of the crime I'm never on sight
Untouchable, what you pulled another hiest?
Precisely, I's be the man that did it
Said it, free up your possession never regretted
No anthistetic so you're headed for some suffering
Bufferin can't ease the aches and pains of my-grains
When I trail this drain on your lifestyle
Pull a knife while, you give it up, simp
I'm a pimp got your hoe and got your dough
and got the best flow in the universe, snatchin titles
like a purse, niggaz be the spot in a hearse
I'm worse, than the baddest bat crack
It's Phesto so get your cash flow, I crushed em

It's gone, right before your eyes, if you're wise
Another hiest done nice when I slice
your neck and snatch a duffle-bag with a sag
and a tag in your crew, dag how you do
Dangerous if it's your brain I bust they taking
chains and stuff, from the victim eyes is surprised
And I'm quick to size men, up with a swing to your grill
What I planned difficult that's split your skull
with a tool, if you ever fool, with us all
Did you ever think, if you blinked
I wouldn't get you for your links, and your cash and your minks
Savage enough to keep my average up
Puttin chumps in assume a new marking then I'm scots-free
Watch me, duck into the night with your valuables
I'm getting down with my tools
Chorus
Hah, whassup? Tell me we ain't the best now
That's how we do! Ripping shit
Niggaz don't know...
They ain't the best, 'cause we be
That's practice