

Enemy Minds

Souls of Mischief

Remember Tabitha Smith
That's been my hard on since the fifth grade
Used to tell me nigga get paid
So we could be chillin'
Knew she'd be a millionaire
Feelin' 'em squares, stayin' up late
Doing her homework
Till he bones hurt
Solid as steel
Real as a day of atonement
Never live for the moment
That's why suckers they couldn't bone shit
Fool that body's a temple
Plus her older brothers just might lynch you
If you slippin'
Dreams of tinted windows in a benz-o
Graduated valedictorian, still smokin' indo
She was a whiz though
And I admire it
Finished up grad school
Now she mob a jaguar too
She never led she'd get maniacal
Kept her eyes on true ambition
That's how she livin' fat
Educated herself
Now she in a rack with six figures
Stacks of cashola I told her

Stay hustlin'
Watch for your enemies
Fool don't sneeze
You might blink for a second
Stay alert they like green berets
Checkin' your traps
With impeccable accuracy
Know where you at & where you be

Now everybody is a victim
If he a idiot I probably got a problem with him
About these women and that (pollyin'?) to get 'em
Maybe end up sorry that you hit 'em
Oh you was trickin' now a part of you is with 'em
I know plenty of those travel many roads
Went to extremes to receive every penny owed
Hella niggas be petty though
They eyes give 'em open and their actions let me know
So why give a fuck
All them answers lead to more questions
And if you're guessin' you's a poor specimen
More death to them
My demeanor changes
When I see the stages
Of a nigga schemin' before I beat him like Peter Gages
I listen to many morons, Let 'em go on
Wonder why they talk for so long they be like so on and so on
I examine who and what I think I know
Everybody's a victim is what I'm peepin' though, so

I hustle with friends
Even tussle with them
I ain't knowin' nothin' but them
Toughen the skin ha ha
Now it's all about your work ethic
In a word check it
In a word check it
Extended Chorus

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Checkin' your traps
With impeccable accuracy
Know where you at & where you be
Back to the scene of the crime with rubber gloves on
Tryin' to expose the cover up but there was none
So when the fuzz come
We say what's up to 'em
'cause we untouchable & give a fuck

V-12 pushin' like 80
Super sounds of Coltrane stainless
So I don't hydroplane
I kiss my lady and my baby
Told 'em things gon' be straight
Hopped out at the hospital gate
Now I'm a little late
But that can mean everything
Got an urgent page
Jetstream to the scene
Mask & gloves plus (D green?) scrubs
Open you up for the peaking
Grab my instruments and start tweaking this and that
Then stitch you back to near perfection
Avoiding all complications and infections
My occupation, the culmination of strenuous concentration
Lots of lonely contemplation
No time for impatience when you dream makin'
My reward is smiling faces on all my patients
Mobility, ability, to make changes
In a community ravaged by the savage collaborations
Of racists, but y'all can't say shit
I'm a hustle till I drop one day may save your kids
Stay hustlin, what

Legalize hustlin'
Yeah
Watch for your enemies
Fool don't sneeze