

Get The Girl, Grab The Money & Run

Souls of Mischief

It goes one, two, three.
That's the count of the immaster mount that's got scrilla.
We got the killa Taj and willa young lady looking sensuous.
To solcialize.
I sense she is down so she lie
Back with me
'cause it's a natural thing, so act quickly
'cause it's like that we gunna be...

...Out the dope stack
And my pockets relax
Calm.
Collecting my scratch .
And the girlies attracked.
I snatched
Women, make them collapse on their back side.
That's right.
When I'm finished, vanish into the night.
Like the caped crusader don't say "hi" to the trick.
Can't appreciate them, 'cause they just be riding the dick.

See, we too fly to be weak.
Telling hoes to step aside.
Be like "I ain't the one,"
But get them sprung
When I'm erectified.
I betcha tried to get my dope, but nope.
Always cautious with my cash, 'cause my dad told me so.
My rhyme will blow your foe away.
I know the way
to freak it, so hoes know the "A".

Today's just another day for me to get paid.
Invade the stage,
And retreat for the shade.
Find me a top bread freak to get laid.
Back when I'm masquerade.
I get basquerade (???)
Direct from
My spectrum
To select from.
Sex them,
Neglect them,
Then I'm on the the next one.

"Yeah. Grab the money and run.
You gotta, get the girl, grab the money, and run.
You gotta, get the girl, grab the money, and run.
you gotta, get the girl, grab the money."

We dissin' rappers 'cause I think I need to.
We chillin' drinking 80 proof liters.
Makin' skeezers say "ooh ahh."
Let them know who crew robbed.
Don't want to shoo ya'll,
Just want to be makin' my loot.
Life is best to trife

strife
Is something inside, I guess.
I confess my shit is fresh.

We provide hits to care your stress,
Which coincide with making "G's", so yes,
You can say we've been blessed.
To all the woman who are attractive,
Come and holler at your folks if your testa are nonreactive.
Big Phes, aman, come on and take it.
Never leaving in a cashing stae if mount lay.

Before I gravitate
I'll wait
And see if emcees elaborate
on something they might have to say.
But they disaray.
I watch them cascade to their last day
And cast away
When they ask to say,
A rash display,
Under the gun,
Get the girl, grab the money, and run.

When I touch the microphone it gets flamin' hot.
Niggas jumpin out the woodworks to claim our spot.
I got the game locked down,
bound,

And gagged.
These other niggas are magnified the sound of a drag
In an abominal effect.
Make women weak in the knees and jet.