

The Interrogation

Souls of Mischief

Hieroglyphics baby
Yeah, yeah!

Yo, we delicate precision I erect the prison
Make you respect the wisdom
Man I'm chillin' with these checks I'm gettin'
Cashola when I raps over tracks, yo I mack
Just to break a ho back, we spin that ass over
Stop hatin' before my dogs mash on ya
Niggas claimin' they ballers they can't even sack dosia
No model chicks, just a trick, some wack (bova?)
No range rover just a moped and a crashed nova
Y'all speak hard but then you leave scarred
When you see my deep squad it mean you fi'n to meet god
Is you a retard, it get heavy when pleas start
Snatch your weak broad then we playin' leapfrog

Yeah we sometimes explicit
Never complicit, bust it
I gets busy usin' the arts of mystics
Break the shit down then I start to twist it
Blow it, into the wind
When I touch the microphone it's a win-win, situation
You placed in I'm goin' for the ball
It's all about concentration and placement
Boxin' niggas out rockin' any house
Any time, any where, any how, nigga feel me now?
Phenomenon, for the mash on the feminine
Off the sour mash cobwebs in my calabash
Blast on you scalawags
Then I'll blow up some power plants
Don't have to ask you yo how was that

Yeah we inter-continental
Multiple mentals, possessive of all essentials
Movin' on you minstrels
Man this what we off in to
This what we was meant to do
Uh yeah we inter-continental
Ballistic missile
Melt bones, flesh and gristle
Put away your pistol
Cause you gon' feel us when we hit you
Nigga we the hiero crew, marks

Ay,
They ain't got the heart to battle us
Our challengers stay talentless
I'm imbalanced f**kin' (funabulous?)
No need to counteract you counter-attack us you're kinda wack
Engaged in static with the lymphatic pimp at it
Large and the thought you was still swift at it rhythmic
With hard shit
Wordsmith versatile while jewel of the Nile style
'll get you buried
They see your picture when they get your obituary
You scary-ass low-class ho-ass nigga

Broke-ass nigga you don't know cash, nigga

Aw yeah

I'm like side street high speedin'

Sharp turnin'

Rack and pinion steering veerin' towards the curb &

Police runnin', machine-gunnin'

Gasoline mark fuhrman, start burnin', leave nothin'

No evidence just dead presidents

The fed's nemesis treacherous evil residents

Who got weapons with scopes on 'em op' squash it

They deep as the exorcist tryin' to cause a closed coffin

Man I'm on a mic show stoppin'

Like a loaned shotgun

The rest are so monotonous

Pseudo-scientific but you know hiero's infinite

Fuck a diamond I dominate concentrate

Yeah we inter-continental

Meditated mind state balanced mental

Movin' on you minstrels

Mashin' on the instrumental

Man that's what we meant to do

Uh, yeah we inter-continental

Ballistic missile

Melt bones, flesh and gristle

You ain't fi'n to feel shit when we hit you

We into you, this is the hiero crew, marks

Yeah it's metal gear for the track layer

Sword blaze your vertebrae up

Swing my laser like a space-age sensei

The suckers sashe

Backfire on the messiah

It's quick draw

Rapid fire through your rap attire

I side-saddle ya

Sciatica straddle your automatics

Dazzled 'em with fabulous force that's haphazardous

Third-rail ya taggers with flow, hell daggers

I nailed raymond, you frail baggage

A stale package

Sharp hatchet here's johnny

Lyrics (rally?)

Draw down like salvador dali

Out the drawer to the hollies

Snatchin' bodies clowns get cracked up at the colli

Like niggas tryin' to 720 wind mill into our alley

It was written in the stone tablets

Hieroglyphics ripplin' microphones savage

Puttin' imperium on the map bitch

Niggas be lettin' they lips flap

Speakin' on my crew in front the hoes

Dude, what kinda shit's that?

You bound to get slapped

Car-jacked and pistol smacked

And get your bitch kidnapped

And I don't even get down like that

But word get around quick

Guess you wanna hear me spit some town shit

Nah I got a different style, in the 99th percentile

While you tryin' to get down I been down with real niggas

That will make you wig-wiggle
While I'm gigglin' stickin' ya chick with the dill pickle,
You feel that?

We inter-continental
You corny niggas always tracin' usin' stencils
Mash you mentals
I hope you got full-dental
Nigga this the hiero crew, marks
Yeah we inter-continental
Ballistic missile
Melt bones, flesh and gristle
Movin' on you minstrels
Mashin' on the instrumental
Nigga this the hiero crew, marks!