Old School

Dystrophy

I got this old school, the color of soul food
Candied yam racing strips, pipes potato white
Cornbread interior trimmed in collard greens
Air freshener smell like chicken and pork and beans
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I work the graveyard shift 'cause I'm dead on my feet y'all
Really want to quit but the kids got to eat y'all
See money can't buy you power but it can pay the water bill on time
So them kids can take a shower
And I swear to God if they keep on raising these gas prices
I'm a sell this Chevy and go buy me a bike
I'm a king but my crown in a lay way
And I'm just a day away from giving up
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Credit card company called said my bill is overdue
Told them I couldn't afford to pay them and rent too
They told me they were gonna sue me
I said, "If you didn't want me to use it
Then you shouldn't have gave it to me"
And what's up with these people blowing up buildings
And nothing really gangsta about blowing up children
Would cry but my eyes in a lay way

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Foreign places, court cases, seems they always on my line
I don't trip, I just dip pop the top on my '69
Fleetwood Cadillac mirror with my boys on back
Chandelier so superior Louis Vuitton oatmeal interior
Bossy Boss, mink seats, what it cost
Speak yo peace, can't you see ain't no big deal?
Have a seat lil' homie and enjoy your meal
Close the door and don't drop crumbs on my flo'
Here we go, soul food, so cool and I got this
I got this old school, the color of soul food
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See I got this old school, the color of soul food
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Lyfe, Big Snoop, Soul Food, oh I got this greenery
'Cause we need some vegetables too
Gotta have you vegetables
That's what it is old school, soul food, old school, soul food

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