

Soul Food

Big K.R.I.T.

What happened to the soul food?

What happened to the soul food?

I'm talkin' good eatin', good seasonin' Out here in this world, (mind oh mind oh mind) just tryna make it (mind oh mind)

Everything I see (mind oh mind oh mind), sometimes I can't take it (mind oh mind)

But damn I really miss those times (mind oh mind oh mind)

(Mind oh mind) That soul food's on my mind (mind oh mind oh mind)

Mind, mind, mind Grandma's hands used to usher Sunday mornings

Now before Sunday school, I hustle and I'm on it

I can't slow down, nah, a dollar and a dream

In this life you live, you're either the dealer or the fiend

Leanin' horizontal

The acrobats on the corner, they flip

So when them white vans pull up, Shawty, we dip

Out of view, could've been a track star at the school

But it took the police just to get that .44 out of you

Dash, sprint, hurdle, over those steel gates

They keep us in and keep folk out but we don't feel safe

As we used to back when we was in a booster

Watchin' our uncles drink coolers, talkin' pound-for-pound bruisers

Over rib bones

Now I sideways tote

How did Bobby Johnson hold it?

Pull the trigger 'til the clip gone

Potato tip, no potato salad

That American pie ain't even snappin' Out here in this world, (mind oh mind oh mind) just tryna make it (mind oh mind)

Everything I see (mind oh mind oh mind), sometimes I can't take it (mind oh mind)

But damn I really miss those times (mind oh mind oh mind)

(Mind oh mind) That soul food's on my mind (mind oh mind oh mind)

Mind, mind, mind Aromas on the corner, these the soul, they say

Some greens just can't be cleaned and you can't wash out the taste

Of rotten roots

Salted looks and herbs if it ain't made with love then it ain't fit to serve, I heard

Some get bruised and battered

Thrown away half eaten as if their seeds never ever mattered

It ain't ripe, it ain't right

That's why most people don't make love no more

They just fuck and they fight

What happened to the stay-togethers?
Die with you, and that means forever
Grandparents had that kind of bond
But now we on some other shit
Nah, we ain't got no rubbers here
I know she creepin' so that ain't my son
Apples fall off of trees and roll down hills
We can't play games no more 'cause we got bills
Back in the day, the yard was oh so filled
Now nobody comes around here
Out here in this world, (mind oh mind oh mind) just tryna make it (mind oh
mind)
Everything I see (mind oh mind oh mind), sometimes I can't take it (mind oh mind)
But damn I really miss those times (mind oh mind oh mind)
(Mind oh mind) That soul food's on my mind (mind oh mind oh mind)
Mind, mind, mind (Never thought it'd be, no soul food on my plate
We gather 'round and lie, bow our heads and pray and I)
I still remember, the family parties
The happy faces, no broken hearts
Nobody starvin', but all that there is old news
What happened to the soul food?
Out here in this world, (mind oh mind oh mind) just tryna make it (mind oh
mind)
Everything I see (mind oh mind oh mind), sometimes I can't take it (mind oh mind)
But damn I really miss those times (mind oh mind oh mind)
(Mind oh mind) That soul food's on my mind (mind oh mind oh mind)
Mind, mind, mind

Songwriters

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