What Is Soul

Funkadelic

Behold, I am Funkadelic
I am not of your world
But fear me not
I will do you no harmLoan me your funky mind, and I shall play with it
For nothing is good, unless you play with it
And all that is good is nasty
Fly on, baby [Incomprehensible]Some orange haze, orange haze, it ain't purple now moreWhat is soul?
I don't know
Soul is a ham hock in your cornflakesWhat is soul?
I don't know
Soul, soul is the ring around your bathtubWhat is soul?
I don't know
Soul is a joint rolled in toilet paperWhat is soul?
Man, I don't know
Soul is rusty ankles and ashy kneecaps, oh yeahWhat is soul?
Man, I don't know
Soul is chitins foo yung, chop chop
Oh, tell 'em, brotherWhat is soul
Man, I told ya, I don't know
Soul is a ham hock in your cornflakes
Oh, get on down now, yeahSoul, soul, soulA joint rolled in toilet paper
Oh yeah, right on
Yeah, yeah, yeahSoul is you
Soul is you, baby
(Hey Calvin, it's the same damn thing)
Soul is you, big mama

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