Soul Food (ft. Raphael Saadiq)

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, mindGrandma'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, mindAromas 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 hereOut 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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