

# Soul Food

## PURE GRAIN

My old boy from the point but I'm from Southwest  
And every now and then I get put to the test  
But I can't be stopped 'cause I gotta come true  
Ain't got no gun but I got my crew  
Didn't come for no beef 'cause I don't eat steak  
I got a plate of soul food chicken, rice and gravy  
Not covered in too much, drinking a cup of punch  
Tropical every last Thursday of the month  
Daddy put tha hot grits on my chest in tha morning  
When I was sick Mary had tha hot soup boiling  
Didn't know why but it felt so good  
Like some waffles in the morning headed back to tha woods  
Now I'm full as tick got some soul on blast in tha cassette  
Food for my brain I haven't stopped learning yet  
Hot wings from Mo-Joes got my forehead sweating  
Celery and blue cheese on my menu next  
Southern Fry won't allow my body to lie still  
Tied face goons surround me like cancer drill  
Me with second-hand obstacles but  
Only to make matters worse  
Plus I'm getting pimped by this temp lady Jackie  
From Optima staffing niggas laughing  
Shut up clown don't talk to me like that looking stupid of course  
Living day by day and you ain't hard, trick hell you say  
It's such a blessing when my eyes get to see the sun rise  
I'm ready to begin  
Another chance to get further away from where I've been  
But I'll never forget  
Everythang I went through I appreciate the shit because  
If I had went and took the easy way  
I wouldn't be the strong nigga that I am today  
Everythang that I did, different thangs I was told  
Just ended up being food for my soul  
Come and get yo' soul food, well well  
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right  
Everythang is for free  
As good as it can be  
Come and get some soul food  
Sunday morning where you eating at?

I'm on 1365 Wichita Drive, ol' bird working the stove ride

Churches dripping chicken in yesterday's grease  
Didn't go together with this quart of Mickey's  
Last night hanging over from a good time, yeah beef is cheaper  
But it's pumped with red dye between two pieces of bread  
Shawty look good with dem hairy legs  
Wish I could cut her up but, ma stomach come before sex  
A house full of hoes now what's the ingredient  
Spaghetti plus her monthly flow  
They know they making it hard on the yard  
Fuck Chris Darden, fuck Marsha Clark  
Taking us when we're in the spotlight for a joke  
Changing by the day I see it's getting bigga in my square  
Looking at Lenox from the outside with a stare no money to go inside  
Tameka and Tiffany outside tripping  
And skipping rope to the beats from my jeep  
As I speak wuz up from the driver seat  
A heaping helping of fried chicken  
Macaroni and cheese and collar greens too big for my jeans  
Smoke steams from under the lid that's on the pot  
Ain't never had a lot but thankful for the little that I got  
Why not be fast food got me feeling sick  
Them crackers think they sick  
By trying to make this bullshit affordable  
I thank the Lord that my voice was recordable  
Come and get yo' soul food, well well  
Hold up C it's what I write and Miss Lady acting like we in jail  
Says she ain't got no extra hush puppies to sell  
Bankhead seafood making me hit that door  
With a mind full of attitude it was a line at tha beautiful  
JJ's Ribshack was packed too  
Looking to be one of dem days when Momma ain't cooking  
Everybody's out hunting with tha family looking for a little soul food  
Come and get yo' soul food, well well  
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right  
Everythang is for free  
As good as it can be  
Come and get some soul food  
Come and get yo' soul food, well well  
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right  
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