

Soul Food

Logic

God damn, god damn, conversations with legends
Crazy how one day your idols can turn into your brethren
Bitches we severin', hit up my jeweler, watch him freeze us
Breaking bread like I'm Jesus
Money ain't everything, but somehow eases
Better believe and think down and leave us, the baby cryin'
Crack, cooking where my sister be frying soul food
Plus my other sister just went back to her old dude
He whoopin' her ass, I kill him, I kill him, I motherfucking kill him
I said I really want to kill him, but I can't
Cause if I do po po gon' claim I'm the villain, but I ain't
See my vision from pictures I paint
Do you feel it like I feel it, I grip the mic and then kill it
Okay, I'm gone, as memories resurface from hella long in my past
Chillin', sippin' Sinatra from a flask
Little bobby, just a youngin', skating was my hobby
Tryna stay out of trouble, my homie in jail for robbery
Welfare, food stamps, and stealing from the store
Come home and see an eviction notice taped to my door
Can't take no more, momma on drugs, daddy M.I.A
What can I say? I just wanted to be a kid and play
To this day I pay homage to the Gods, to the greats
Never stolen, I'm from Maryland
Where they shoot you in the dark of the night
Like Christopher Nolan, for talking out your colon
Catch me rollin' with the realest
Lyricism the illest, my chain is the chillest, sub zero
Far from a hero, bitch, I'm De Niro in Goodfellas
If your bitch around me best bring an umbrella
Let me tap into my inner southern killer, another illa
Murder the game and then resurrect it like Thriller
Yeah, my skin is vanilla, but bitch I dare ya to test my killa
We don't do it for the skrilla, we do it for love
Word to my homies up above, we slinging like drugs
And overdose 'em like the dealer does Hip Hop I swear this music in my genes like Denim
Lyricism seeping, I'm like venom
Yes, I know the flow hotter than Lucifer
Even though heaven sent him See my vision as I've elevated and risen
Open your eyes, despise lies with deadly precision

I finally made my way up out that section 8 division
Not by busting and killing though I've had my share of stealin'
But by putting pen to this pad and dispersing these feelings
While the label only care about making a killin'
Feel my energy, I ain't talking E-N-E-R-G-Y, I mean inner G
That's the shit they never see
But I own supremacy, number 1 I better be
Bitch, I said I bet I be
Take my kindness for weakness, trying to get the better of me
Tell me how is they gonna remember me
As the artist that concocted the perfect recipe
Or will they be addressing me, talking less of me
Just because I was different, just because I was doing what I love
And the fans they say they love you, but they push and they shove
Cause they want what they want how they want when they want it
I just gave them twenty songs, now they want another hundred
I just see it as a challenge, I could do it, bitch, I run it
Worldwide tours, type of shit I always wanted
While the rest of 'em just worry about bitches and getting blunted
Still that same motherfucker from that YS1
Only difference is I'm stronger and better from when I've begun
So when people that never knew me they tell me that I changed
That my music is different and my vision's rearranged?
I just stop, and do my best to refrain
From having conversations with people that ain't in my lane
Will I die? Will I live?
Give the world everything I have to give
This is feelings on the page, know my wisdom, not my age
Understand that I'm a man not defined by his wage
Even though it's in the millions that shit don't define my brilliance
Open your mind and maybe you can see the billions
Of people that separated, but all equal
To know the ending one must understand the prequel I swear this music in my genes like Denim
Lyricism seeping, I'm like venom
Yes, I know the flow hotter than Lucifer
Even though heaven sent him Spit it like Holy water, prophetically repent 'em then we gone

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