Soul Power

Derek Martin

Yeah, for the world
Keep going so that
Yo, you can rock on
We keep going so you can
Yo, you can rock on
We keep going so you can
Yo, you can rock on
We keep goingNigga breathe can tell by how you rap you don't believe
Ain't hungry no more, so off me you feed
I hustle outta speed between greed and need
On the streets where intuition and weed are breedShoot the gift in fifth, at the myths uplift
My rhyme the clip, it's like the boom bip to tip
In gangways where cats that rhyme the same way
Spending nights over Egypt to learn a brave dayPaint a picture of the ghetto like J.J.
You the Ray J. of this rap world
I travel the globe with a black girl name Becky
Grand like Auto Theft three
Style so developed the law can't arrest meYou walk with blood on your shirt
Like Jesse Jackson trying to test the reaction of the people
See through trying to out act Don Cheadle
I speak to original Hebrews you know how we doAnd bleed through the needle with truth
That needs no preview to proof
It's in the people and how they react
Still in the business of smacking
Rappers is wack you had a dope track
I guess opposites attractMy mind state is black, black like Bernie Mack
No cowards soul power in the words we rapSoul power
Soul power
Soul power
Soul powerSoul power
Soul power
Soul power
Soul powerPicks with fist, thick grease, dark nipples
My guy buy ice I search for the dark crystal
Racing for paper these broads is starter pistols
I spit through gang wars and strange doorsOut the sky flames pour the beats claims war
I see niggaz with flags who they waving 'em for?
I'm the nigga that you put the chain on the door for
The nigga that you started changing the laws forOrator of hardcore and more

My raps the portal for the blue collar
They made a hit and came up on a few dollars
I'd rather listen to silence than you hollaBorrowed your persona from the late that made dear mama
My realness is the armor that I wear up in this boy
For truth you're a decoy
Common sense is like the future of the Bee-boyI fall down and get up like Don McClerken
Hit, push and listen to it whistle while I'm trekin'
Break it down like herb
The nympho of info I'm fucking what you heardYou ain't ready for war you're stuck in the reserves
I mastered my high so I'm bucking at the birds
I been wanted to fly now I do it with the words
For those in the fast-lane I show you how to mergeGet your own, you see it's like home grown
Herb black economics the people we serve with soul powerSoul power
Soul power
Soul power
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