Sour Soul

BADBADNOTGOOD & Ghostface Killah

Yo, cleanse me, clean me of my sour soul, I'm viscious
My mind races from the satellite dishes
No technology, this world's corrupt
They can't feed me food for thought, I won't budge
I'm a twisted individual, they say critical
I say "Nigga I'm on top of my pinnacle"
Chest boards and sword, alphabetical darts
My clan is Braveheart, y'all move like Paul Blarts
Sloppy, go 'head and try and stop me if you can
Your casualties of war will get left in the sand
I'm Iron Man, a stone faced killer with a mask
Don't want the truth then don't ask, you couldn't handle a task
Rigorous, my war faces wanna gargate me
Evil cause I looked all bugged out and crazy
Dusted, abominate fluid dripping from my nose hole
Stapleton nigga, never catch me wearing rose goldFuck the CIA, DEA and the feds
They got you bugged son, microchip in your meds
Wax like dreads, smoking rags on the list like Craig
Steroids in chickens, why they feeding us eggs?
Hot in a ditch nigga, snitch nigga, I won't switch nigga
Zin position with my finger on the trigger
Pure alkaline, that fluoride will fuck you up
I seen a spaceship fly out the back of a truck
Diamond water, I've been splashed with the fountain of youth
Had a molar fall out, I grew in a gold tooth
Bullet proof, my clan's sword is surgical steel
I don't fail, I'm comfortably numb, stable to slump
Insomniac, I'm charged off the rays of the sun
You can't fuck with me nigga, this is one-on-one
With the strength of ten midgets I'ma murder you son
This real
Yeah, I got my swagger back and all that
That's right
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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