

Mama Gave Birth to the Soul Children

Queen Latifah

featuring De La Soul

Possy Dovey! (Yes mama?) Time to get up! Hello I'm Queen Latifah how ya doing?
I hope that you're with this I hope that you're willing
I want to introduce you to a cut called
"Mama Gave Birth to the Soul Children" Well here comes the goy
The truth to the goy
You know the one that ate up like boy
Stepping with a step, keeping with a kept
Making an appearance with a notty-head set
Lunatics you lose cause the Plug 2's singing
Peace to the negative, nah, you make the weigh-in
Weigh-in, weigh-in, way out of order
If you know you're better, you'd better that you caught a
Waving mine a peace sign higher than a kite
If you're feeling sick, it's alright it's fever night
Don't do "Do see do" and dig in no potholes
Cause if you do we calling in March Patrol
It's no different from the verbal last heard
Cayumbo is the ruler that's bond to the word
He's moving more than three feet, jocking with the knee deep
Dove is going to leave you with a tweet tweet tweet Next on the menu, we continue with the pasta
Dipped in chocolate, served with lots a
Twizzlers and honey, yum yum yummy
Lyrics I'm flaunting is good for the tummy
Tiptoeing in I proceed to the floors
Selling much records like a pimp mover
Excuse me mommy, Pos wins
Cause I'm the A to the Plug W-O-N
Brother freak it live for this tribe
Now let's ride down the highway of vibes
Pushing that we start cause the soul says please
Cutting back with the raps and we don't get cheese
Ducks and we sit need to get
Cause preacher is the key to the casualty
Polaroid flicks are back and you know
That the soul is moving on up like the Jeffersons [Repeat: x16]
Go mommy! I'm back, a black queen upon the scene
With a knack for funky tracks, know what I mean?
Prince Paul produces this and it's a fly one

It has a beat that weigh, he's one of my sons
It's a family affair and then we're out of here
There is no doubt here, cause this is our year
So flex to a Queen Latifah/De La Soul sound
(Go ahead mama get down)
It's inevitable that this joint venture would be incredible
We never put ourselves on any pedestal
But the rhyme is so good it's practically edible (Say what?)
So check the sounds of Mama Zulu
As I relay the story untold
And if you're wondering why I got kids so big
They weren't born from the body, they were born from the soul

Songwriters

JOLICOEUR, DAVID / MERCER, KELVIN / QUEEN LATIFAH, / HUSTON, PAUL
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