

# My Soul

## Coolio

Soul

My soul

My soulSoul

My soul

My soulYou can try to throw salt, but I keep my game face on

And the only thing on your mind is stalkin' more digits than a telephone

Me and thirty-nine thieves jumpin' out of white Hummer

From Compton, while your crew get Dumb and DumberGrew up straight out of low cash like CB fo'

Now I got dough and you got one night stands like gangsta, yo

See on the low it's all gravy

But the threat of this new world order is about to drive me crazyAnd all you want is the Lex and gold Visa

Bomb singles and stackin' your chips like Pringles

While my rhymes jack for platinum plaques

Quicker than one time Jack Black'sI twist sacks and sip yac

Plus, the Invisible Man got my back like a spine

So, why you all up in mine?

Keep the money and the fame 'cause all I really wanna hold

Is my artistic flavor and control of my soulSoul

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My soulAin't no tellin', most women are still waitin' and sellin'

Most of my homies is ex-felons

In two decades, rap went from Planet Rock to crack rock

Now, everybody got a glock and it don't stop till another brother dropThat's why I poured out a little drink for  
the homie Pac

What's a thin line between love and hate?

A million dollars in the bank and you still can't escape

It's a small world, after all, you're claustrophobic, you can't breatheSo store your ball like Christopher Reeve

It's the hater in you that makes you criticize me

'Cause if you handled your business then yo ass would see

Nineteen-ninety-seven is still crackin'And I'ma get the ladies out their seat

Like this was a car jackin'

They say the game is to be sold, not told

You can keep your bankroll, I want control of my soulSoul

My soul

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My soulMy jaws flip across sixteen bars like Dominique Dawes

But without no flaws, never broke a M.C. Law  
See, I was servin' wack rappers at the school  
When Bruce Lee was scrappin' with Kareem AbdulYou got into triple beams and guns, you ain't gon' shoot  
I seen a million rappers in the same Versace suit  
Or the same pair of locs, that's probably why you're broke  
And your backstage and your ghetto pass got revokedScrappin' or rappin' what you want to happen?  
If I ever come up short you the first one I'm jackin'  
It's thieves in the area like aircraft carrier's  
We're launchin' F-15's and Anti-Wack Maf MachinesMichropone, sittin' on my vocal chord  
Sendin' busta's to the crossroads like Thuggish Ruggish Bone  
It's the C O O L I O, well I, won't fold  
When I'm controllin' my soulSoul  
My soul  
My soulSoul  
My soul  
My soulSoul  
My soul  
My soul

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