Soul Food

Hugh Roy Junior

My old boy from the point but I'm from Southwest
And every now and then I get put to the test
But I can't be stopped 'cause I gotta come true
Ain't got no gun but I got my crew
Didn't come for no beef 'cause I don't eat steak
I got a plate of soul food chicken, rice and gravy
Not covered in too much, drinking a cup of punch
Tropical every last Thursday of the month
Daddy put tha hot grits on my chest in tha morning
When I was sick Mary had tha hot soup boiling
Didn't know why but it felt so good
Like some waffles in the morning headed back to tha woods
Now I'm full as tick got some soul on blast in tha cassette
Food for my brain I haven't stopped learning yet
Hot wings from Mo-Joes got my forehead sweating
Celery and blue cheese on my menu next
Southern Fry won't allow my body to lie still
Tied face goons surround me like cancer drill
Me with second-hand obstacles but
Only to make matters worse
Plus I'm getting pimped by this temp lady Jackie
From Optima staffing niggas laughing
Shut up clown don't talk to me like that looking stupid of course
Living day by day and you ain't hard, trick hell you say
It's such a blessing when my eyes get to see the sun rise
I'm ready to begin
Another chance to get further away from where I've been
But I'll never forget
Everythang I went through I appreciate the shit because
If I had went and took the easy way
I wouldn't be the strong nigga that I am today
Everythang that I did, different thangs I was told
Just ended up being food for my soul
Come and get yo' soul food, well well
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right
Everythang is for free
As good as it can be
Come and get some soul food
Sunday morning where you eating at?

I'm on 1365 Wichita Drive, ol' bird working the stove ride

Churches dripping chicken in yesterday's grease
Didn't go together with this quart of Mickey's
Last night hanging over from a good time, yeah beef is cheaper
But it's pumped with red dye between two pieces of bread
Shawty look good with dem hairy legs
Wish I could cut her up but, ma stomach come before sex
A house full of hoes now what's the ingredient
Spaghetti plus her monthly flow
They know they making it hard on the yard
Fuck Chris Darden, fuck Marsha Clark
Taking us when we're in the spotlight for a joke
Changing by the day I see it's getting bigga in my square
Looking at Lenox from the outside with a stare no money to go inside
Tameka and Tiffany outside tripping
And skipping rope to the beats from my jeep
As I speak wuz up from the driver seat
A heaping helping of fried chicken
Macaroni and cheese and collar greens too big for my jeans
Smoke steams from under the lid that's on the pot
Ain't never had a lot but thankful for the little that I got
Why not be fast food got me feeling sick
Them crackers think they sick
By trying to make this bullshit affordable
I thank the Lord that my voice was recordable
Come and get yo' soul food, well well
Hold up C it's what I write and Miss Lady acting like we in jail
Says she ain't got no extra hush puppies to sell
Bankhead seafood making me hit that door
With a mind full of attitude it was a line at tha beautiful
JJ's Ribshack was packed too
Looking to be one of dem days when Momma ain't cooking
Everybody's out hunting with tha family looking for a little soul food
Come and get yo' soul food, well well
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right
Everythang is for free
As good as it can be
Come and get some soul food
Come and get yo' soul food, well well
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