

# What is Soul

## Funkadelic

Behold, I am Funkadelic  
I am not of your world  
But fear me not  
I will do you no harm  
Loan me your funky mind, and I shall play with it  
For nothing is good, unless you play with it  
And all that is good is nasty  
Fly on, baby [Incomprehensible] Some orange haze, orange haze, it ain't purple now more  
What is soul?  
I don't know  
Soul is a ham hock in your cornflakes  
What is soul?  
I don't know  
Soul, soul is the ring around your bathtub  
What is soul?  
I don't know  
Soul is a joint rolled in toilet paper  
What is soul?  
Man, I don't know  
Soul is rusty ankles and ashy kneecaps, oh yeah  
What is soul?  
Man, I don't know  
Soul is chitins foo yung, chop chop  
Oh, tell 'em, brother  
What is soul  
Man, I told ya, I don't know  
Soul is a ham hock in your cornflakes  
Oh, get on down now, yeah  
Soul, soul, soul  
A joint rolled in toilet paper  
Oh yeah, right on  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Soul is you  
Soul is you, baby  
(Hey Calvin, it's the same damn thing)  
Soul is you, big mama

Songwriters

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