

My Soul

Roberto Sol

[Intro:]They say The fool thinks himself to be wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

I say that, to say this.

You may take my life,

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my freedom

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my life,

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my freedom

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

[Verse 1:]They can't use my music to advertise for Coca Cola

They can't use my music to advertise for Motorola

They can't use my music to advertise for anything

The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in

Refuse to be a product or brand, I'm human

Refuse to contribute to the gangster Illusion

Whether I'm number One, Number two, or Number Three

I'm unique and there will never be another me

And there never be another you

Be proud of who you are, don't copy what the others do

They are not superior, you are not inferior

When we realize that is gonna be hysteria

Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written

When they listen many have risen from the mental prison

That's why you never see my face upon the television

But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

You may take my life,

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my freedom

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my life,

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

You may take my freedom

But you can't take my soul!

But you can't take my soul!

[Verse 2:] They can't use my music to advertise a watch or your car

They can't use my music to advertise a drink you got at the bar

They can't use my music to advertise for anything

The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in

My Integrity is the reason I'm thinking separately

Keep your three-sixty I can do this independently

It's likely I'm quite mad (why?)

Cause I say with ease slavery gave the streets Nikey's and Ipads

They don't like my rhymes, see my style is like Electra

But I'd rather die, than smile with my oppressor

I'm an honorable student, with the facts and you're Judis

Your not Hip Hop or Grime, your just McDonald's music

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When they listen many have risen from the mental prison

That's why you never see my face upon the television

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