

# Soul Food

## Logic

God damn, god damn, conversations with legends  
Crazy how one day your idols can turn into your brethren  
Bitches we severin', hit up my jeweler, watch him freeze us  
Breaking bread like I'm Jesus  
Money ain't everything, but somehow eases  
Better believe and think down and leave us, the baby cryin'  
Crack, cooking where my sister be frying soul food  
Plus my other sister just went back to her old dude  
He whoppin' her ass, I kill him, I kill him, I motherfucking kill him  
I said I really want to kill him, but I can't  
Cause if I do po po gon' claim I'm the villain, but I ain't  
See my vision from pictures I paint  
Do you feel it like I feel it, I grip the mic and then kill it  
Okay, I'm gone, as memories resurface from hella long in my past  
Chillin' sipping sinatra from a flask  
Little bobby, just a youngin', skating was my hobby  
Tryna stay out of trouble, my homie in jail for robbery  
Welfare, food stamps, and stealing from the store  
Come home and see an eviction notice taped to my door  
Can't take no more, momma on drugs, daddy M.I.A  
What can I say? I just wanted to be a kid and play  
To this day I pay homage to the Gods, to the greats  
Never stolen, I'm from Maryland  
Where they shoot you in the dark of the night  
Like Christopher Nolan, from talking out of your Cola  
Catch my rollin' with the realest  
Lyricism the illest, my chain is chillest sub zero  
Far from a hero, bitch, I'm De Niro in Goodfellas  
If your bitch around me best bring an umbrella  
Let me tap into my inner self and killer, another illa  
Murder the game and resurrect it like thrilla  
Yeah, my skin is vanilla, but bitch I dare ya to test my killa  
We don't do it for the skrilla, we do it for love  
Word to my homies up above, we slinging like drugs  
And overdose 'em like the dealer does  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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