

# Studio Life

Ab-Soul

You know what I mean?  
I think that, as soon as the trend leaves, you know to be a rapper  
You know, which is coming soon, you know  
We can get back to just, you know, gettin' new flavor, new talent  
You know what I mean? People that's really out here doin' it  
Cause we really do it, know what I'm sayin'  
I live this  
You're now listening to the beautiful sounds of Sounwave and Ab-Soul  
Hey yo wizzle this shit sound real beautiful right here man  
It's that real backpack rap shit right?  
The cats that spin around on they head, they'll feel this  
The niggas that walk around with they backpacks  
Sayin' they love hip-hop  
For real

5:30 in the morning I'm up  
Cooking like a chef, rolling up a blunt  
Momma say I need rest, I just need a puff  
To put my mind in the clouds  
With the birds and the planes and such, that's how I do it  
Hit Wave up, lets make some music  
It's therapeutic like lotion to bad skin  
Heard there's a party later on, I should attend

Cause I don't get out much (I be in the studio)  
Y'all ain't about much  
You might find me in the club with a mixed drink  
Talking to the woman of your dreams, but just think  
I don't get out much (I be in the studio)  
Y'all ain't about much  
Ab-Soul, sincerely yours  
This is my song and that was the chorus

As you can see I make music for the people  
Real is relative and we are all equal  
I be in the lab like a scientist mad  
At the world and I chemical react, to rap  
How real is that? I'm on the grind  
Like a synapse, keep that in mind  
It's all facts, don't enter the line  
Or you'll miss it  
Much like a lover in the distance  
Plus I'm persistent, gotta keep it moving  
Like a army brat foreign exchange student  
Keep a certain level of class, your ass truant  
Hit the road buddy, I'm a home study  
Cause I don't get out much  
Like a maniac straight jacket strapped up  
Now that was a stretch, but nevertheless  
I'm in the booth like concession stand  
Workers and I'm the truth  
And she wanna rendezvous, but

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(You coming through tonight Soul?)  
Of course!  
That was Punchline from headquarters  
He must have something for me  
Beats by the batch, I can run through tracks  
Ali can record me  
Critics saying I'm the next Sean Corey  
But I'm just Ab, like the muscle in your stomach  
Trynna make history  
Sit up and listen  
As I kick victory in the mouth like women  
She my main squeeze, like lemon  
Add a little lime and you got yourself a Sprite  
So I ain't thirsty for a function tonight  
I'mma get it in, me and rap, she all I need  
Cause you know me

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So what type of sound are you? What is Ab-Soul sounds?  
I just say, human music  
Cumin music  
Human music, like my nigga K Dot said, know what I'm sayin'  
It's a real thing, real feelings, real thoughts, real situations