

Save Our Souls

Esham

Gotta be original
Original
O-O-O-R-I-G-I-N-A-L
If it's not then everyone can tell
O-O-R-I-G-I-N-A-L
If it's not then everyone can tell

Original, not a copy or imitation
An eccentric or unusual person, translation
No carbon copy, your rhymes sloppy, Poppy
You're not my daddy, can't adopt me
Don't drop me, you can't rock me
Authentic, not a gimmick, the one that they all mimic
They know it's touchdown when they bless the line of scrimmage
For instance, it's nice to be the dopest in existence
But I don't need that, like mic feedback

I got my hand out the window, and I'm feeling the breeze
It's humid as Hell, it's like ninety degrees
The last days of summer, and I'm feeling at ease
I know the winter is coming, and everything is gon' freeze
I think about all the trees changing colors, the leaves
Fall to the ground, and I can't believe
All the homies that's gone, I hope they resting in peace
I think about T-N-T and the 313
I think about how we used to be out in the hooptie
Went from neck to the forest, and then we start tourin'
I think about how they doubted us
But they all got some style from us
I think about how my soul got gold like an alchemus

It's all real, real, real, real, real
Real, real, real, real, real
Real, real, real, real, real
Real, real, real, real, real