

Soul Food

Fabolous

Time to put in work
We all got a job to do
I light a joint
Then ask myself "What would Pablo do?"
Coming through with the paper plates like the barbecue
Got the haters shaking heads like the bubbles do
Yeah, but it's all for my family
The goal wasn't buy middle class and drive Camrys
I want us all to eat even if from my pantry
I guess I'm just more soul food than eye candy
I feel like these young niggas need more eye jammies
More passport stamps less trips to Miami
Yeah bro, we all need a little culture
A little time away from bird ass niggas and vultures
I tell you what you need to hear and not try to insult you
I'm too old to kid you, I gotta adult you
Listen, the shit is getting outta hand
Like fumbles in football, I humbly put y'all
In y'all fucking place, that's my OCD
I give a bitch a little bit, but it's mostly D
I be in the Rolls Royce knocking Ghost CD
That's Supreme Clientele, all I know is Buy and Sell
We had to hustle to eat
It wasn't no Thanksgiving
Pour out a little liquor for homies that ain't living
It's big dinner shit, baby
Everybody up in here
Find what you bring to the table
Then pull up a chair, yeah...

Yeah, you see?
Without hope, it ain't nothing...
I like this shit!
You should love it!
(Kill, kill, kill! Kill, kill, kill!)

Uh, let's finish the game, Billy
Do something and stop stalling, that's silly
The ball over there just drawling, that's Philly
Invisible set, F class, that's chilly
Life is short, death's fast, that's illy
When ya whole crew got cash, that's willy
To everybody living it up, you gotta feel me
And nah, I ain't giving it up, you gotta kill me
Whoever you look up to, ask 'em, I'm a real G
As far as this rap shit go, I got realty
Before being signed to a major, I had a real ki
Now I ain't tryna play you, I'm tryna give you the real me
Almost twenty years in the game, and I'm still me
Niggas fear hearing my name, I got skills B
The boy, the girl, the weed, I got pills B
How many other owners you know that's in the field B
No license or registration, that's what it still be
Honor's in your pocket, your heart, that's where the will be
From the hood, cop out, even if not guilty
Rich ain't good enough, nigga, I'm not filthy
I'm hardcore, rough and rugged, I'm not silky

Guns under mattress, money is where the quilt be
(Poof!) This is the last supper here
Last time we break bread, so pull up a chair, yeah...