Souled

Foolio

(Thug holiday, I hope all you niggas make it)
Rich makin' hits (Makin' hits, makin' hits)

Thug holiday, I hope all you niggas make it
You know that karma real
And to all we forsake it

I'm dancing with the devil
I had dealings in with Satan
But God got my back
And I know that I'ma make it

Label say, "Sell yo' soul
It'll equal out to greatness"
Hell no, I can't go
I'm so humble, I'm so patient

Why the fuck you sold yo' soul? (Yo' soul, yo' soul)
Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?
Shoulda grind it out, be patient (Beef)

They told me 6 you wrong
Why you dissing on they loved ones? (Why?)
Every time a nigga die
Why they family playing victim? (Victim)

Yo' son was out here thuggin'
Claim he smoking all my niggas (Smoking all my niggas)
I told him all that talking
Make them shooters come and get 'em (Blat)

I told him all that talking
Make my 6's slide and kill 'em (Beef)
I told him and I warned him
Why the fuck he ain't listen? (Dummy)

Warning came before destruction
Guess they met the consequences (Beef)
Out of town niggas want beef
This right here none yo' business
This right here none yo' business
(Yo' business)

(I swear to God)
'Cause a lot of niggas dead
Bloodshed, revenge and killing
This right here none yo' business
(None yo' business)
'Cause a lot of niggas dead
Bloodshed, revenge and killing

Thug holiday, I hope all you niggas make it
You know that karma real
And to all we forsake it

I'm dancing with the devil
I had dealings in with Satan

But God got my back
And I know that I'ma make it

Label say, "Sell yo' soul
It'll equal out to greatness"
Hell no, I can't go
I'm so humble, I'm so patient

Why the fuck you sold yo' soul? (Yo' soul, yo' soul)
Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?
Shoulda grind it out, be patient

Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?
Should've grinded, I'll be humble
They wanna see you fall
And they wanna see you crumble

They wanna see you trip
And they wanna see you stumble
You finally got that sack
And they wanna see you fumble

I can't trust nobody (Nobody)
(Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?)
(Shoulda grind it out, be patient)
I can't trust nobody (Nobody)
(My shooters in that jam and they under interrogation)
(6)

Thug holiday, I hope all you niggas make it
You know that karma real
And to all we forsake it

I'm dancing with the devil
I had dealings in with Satan
But God got my back
And I know that I'ma make it

Label say, "Sell yo' soul
It'll equal out to greatness"
Hell no, I can't go
I'm so humble, I'm so patient

Why the fuck you sold yo' soul? (Yo' soul, yo' soul)
Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?
Shoulda grind it out, be patient

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Well, that was some real shit right there, boy
How you gon' need cops? Shit

Why the fuck you sold yo' soul?
Shoulda grind it out, be patient
I can't trust nobody

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!