

Old Soles

Horrorshow

Once upon a time not too long ago
I was just a young kid standing in the front row
Watching my all my heroes and studying their kicks with the ticks
Thinking "I gotta get me some of those"
So I suppose, I shoulda seen it coming
That I'd be going pro for prose over percussion
Snapping at their heels, tryna fill in their shoes
Spilling out my soul, all over the rhythm and blues
On the track I'm like the little engine that could
Took it all around the world from my neck of the woods
Following in foot steps where the greats once stood
Be back to run another lap, touch wood
See I went from being a shy kid who was lacking confidence, uh
To kicking raps on half the planet's continents
I'll take it as a compliment they hate it with a passion
I just keep going in like it's going out of fashion

You can tell that I'm a old sole
Check my feet I got worn out sneakers
And when I'm rolling down the street, hear that old soul
Pumping out my speakers
I want that Nina, Aretha, Anita and Marvin
Break of dawn til way late in the arvening
They try coming around to turn it down
I say "what!?" I mean beg your pardon

I hit em like "ooh!"
Ooh, I'm too much
I like that old soul better than their new stuff
Don't make em like they used to, nah they used up
And me I want that good stuff that give ya goose bumps
Put the pep in your step and the proof in the pudding
Had big shoes to fill but now I got a foot in
Big fish to fry, but now I got a hook in
Waving at the mirror like "hey, good lookin'"
I'll be an old sole til I'm coming of age
And though I'm never gonna be one of the greats
I'll be tying up my laces and loose ends
And winning and losing until I'm just running in place
Cos there will come a time, looking back on my youth
When it's my turn to hang up my boots
And there'll be some newcomers who are tryna walk a mile
Going in like it's it going out of style, cos

You already know that I'm a old sole
Check my feet I got worn out sneakers
And when I'm rolling down the street, hear that old soul
Pumping out my speakers
I want that Nina, Aretha, Anita and Marvin
Break of dawn til way late in the arvening
So if they try coming around to turn it down
I say what, I mean beg your pardon?

Look I shouldn't have to tell you I'm a old sole
Check my feet I got worn out sneakers
And when I'm rolling down the street, hear that old soul
Pumping out my speakers

I want that Watson, that Wilson, that Wonder, that Withers
Send a chill up your spine and give you shivers
They try coming around to turn it down
I say "what!?" I mean beg your pardon