

It's the same song heard over and over and over  
And over and over and over and over  
Gotta tell me why the hell they got a Mars Rover  
When much of Arizona still can't grow a  
Thing in dirt, I'm hurt  
You don't know Solomon Burke or James Brown did work  
Or the son of Bazerk, Ike turner beats  
Before he got meaner with Tina when times were leaner  
Cats did six shows, Horne at the Apollo, holla  
Dynamite shows below 5 dollars  
Sax machines, don't be so mean  
Heard were trumpets, c'mon, can you jump it?  
Off over the Atlantic, took the soul for granted  
Air stole the soul like a bandit, conditioning

Motown Stax put the soul to rest  
Chess put the blues up in that chest  
Sex shops backdrops  
Joe Tex beats in the middle of hip hop  
Get em out them seats  
Fast cars and faster women, take em to the limit  
The poetry of money, taking names down with it  
Sayin' no to techno, beat it up too quick  
Dark chords livin' on a sick guitar lick

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Mutated, faded, now I'm feelin' fella  
Hate I can't find it without radar  
Cross fader crossed over  
Caught in the chaos  
Can't hear want cause it costs some dollars  
And the air snatched the soul and we abandoned  
I think somebody planned it, conditioning

Please, please, please, Soul don't grow on trees  
Why a blues show, very few blacks show  
White folks from the front to the back row  
We know what we know from the radio  
Jazz show, even a rap show, can still be no black show  
Hot or not depends on the video  
James Brown in town  
Still few of us around, they don't even know flash  
From another shakin' ass  
Bet some cash, Soul is disappearin' fast  
Dance halls sorry, they ain't hardly Bob Marley  
Get that soul back on tracks  
Tighten up, don't always make them lyrics lighten up  
If the soul y'all feelin', lemme hear you say "Yeah!"  
Don't you feel it in the air? Conditioning