

We Got Soul

Wrekonize

We got soul
We got soul
We got soul

(We got soul) And we're ready for war
(We got soul) What you think all of this weaponry's for?
(We got soul) And we're ready for war
I had a taste of victory before I'm ready for more
(We got soul) And we're ready for war
(We got soul) What you think all of this weaponry's for?
(We got soul) And we're ready for war, because we got soul

Uncage the beast, I think it's time to live
My momma wander 'round my dreams and screaming "Find them kids!"
We gone, momma, into the further I'm a go diving beyond the drama
Into my subconscious trauma 'til my soul's so comma
Comma, backspace, this can't be life, silly rat race
Started back when white rappers were viewed as bad as black face
Kids teased my dad for being kind of crack race
Stupid fuckers seeing black and white, you really lack taste
My mom did dance to keep us fed, the exotic kind
I was to young to understand it wasn't conga line
But I was never shamed, not once I learned from all the ground
That's probably why I never suited up in Columbine!
Better myself to go and hustle anyway I knew
A million jobs it took for me to get on stage with you
This is that battle cry, welcome to The War Within
Pick up your tools and point them back at you, you're born again!

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My father wander 'round my dreams and screaming
"Hide your ribs!" You know they'll shank you
My medicine's in the arm and I move around the piranhas
Cause all them things you taught us and I don't know how to thank you
Pops, I've kept my eyes locked up on the plot
Watch the cops and crops and it just never stops
I get messages online about if we're Illuminati
And I reply to them smiling, all like "Fuck it kid, you got me!"
But truth be told I'm just like you and yours
And all that secret society talk is what's distracting you from more
Don't let 'em take you down with fairy tales of Masonry
Cause most of time it ain't half as true as what you think it be
Even the villains have their street teams
These needles filled with weak dreams
Poking us with sicknesses and bleak jeans
This is The War Within, started back in '83
I got soul, so good fucking luck, on breaking me

Looks like another perfect day

To live like it's the last
I'm just living fast
And trying not to miss the past
You can see that everything
Inside you plays a role
So let it take it's toll
You know, we got soul

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