

Soul In The Hole Soundtrack

"Against The Grain"

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Performed by Sauce Money

Watch out for your friends

Ayo, ayo you you you got that thing for me , huh?
You thought I was layin? no no I aint layin, Im takin
You dont understand? You confused?
How bout if I stuff your fuckin head through that
window
That would unconfuse you right?
Thought I was layin, give me the fuckin money, come
on

Verse 1:

Im blamin
lame ass rappers frontin for famin
I should open up a casino for all the games you playin
Im sayin, everyday in a different namin
Plus they homos now, big black niggas flamin
We stressin, that you don't be stressin us
And if you GS and GS than dont be B.S'n us
Just be B.S'n logicly
Not like that we be guessin
Because the truth need no modesty
Cristal to spring water, Bacardi whateva
What it is, is what it is
We can party together
You know how the game goes
Whenever your name grows
But still love is love fuckin the same hoes
Against the grain goes the souped up rapper
He spittin venom
So now we gotta get wit him
And do the ten thing
Frightenin, while his men cling
Then watch blood extract out his ass like ginseng
It all ends with, all of his mens hit
And now our future friends shit
Strictly forensic
But thats the life we livin'

Drivin', thats how we driven
Strivin, you must be robin
Cause I aint given
Shoot ya guns

Chorus:

Now when we bless this with precise shit
That we suffice with
We keep your mentals lit
Now when we bless this
(echo: bless this, bless this, bless this, bless this)

verse 2:

I see ya overly concernin
Ya insides burnin
Mad at the fact Sauce is earin
With

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