

Soul Kid Klik f/ Quayshaun

"What Is the Essence of a Soul Kid?"

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[Chorus: all] What is the essence of a Soul Kid? What is the essence of a Soul Kid? What is the essence of a Soul Kid? What is the essence of a Soul Kid? [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] It's the G-Clef, the man with the finger on the button pimp strutting on this dust, so now it's time to bust Not for self, but for my crew Ghetto Philharmonic's in the house, so what you gonna do? Go run and hide, that's suicide, so dig it A cauczoid Soul Kid is taking out biggets So frig it, fuck that, bust back the track All you Aunt Jemima pancake rappers are just stacked Joe Pesci of the mic, I'm kicking M.C.'s in the ass When he pass the gas, I take 'em out quick fast Because you know I got that attitude, that temperment That's why I'm kinda rude when I represent Cuz I know how to make a beat sound complete I'm so funky, I stink from my pits to my feet A Soul Kid I can be without the use of a gat The essence of the Clef is I'm phat [Chorus] [Blakspik] So give me the mic, so give me the mic and watch me get raw now The Blakspik will huff and puff and blow the door down The essence of the soul is a mental state of mind Your tongue has to snap with a track a to form a rhyme Just say you want some flavor, I got hits like Tito Puente dont step so I'm grand and slam like EL grand combo Suckas step up and catch a swift one to the eye Before I sell out, I be a Soul Kid til I die Cuz I can grab the mic, flip the script and get serious Cuz I can funky like a skunk on his period Yeah, here comes the ill mass murderer Look out, I'm tossing up herbs to the curb Step to your crew, before I diss ya Bust shots with my glock, but my name ain't Amy Fisher The Blakspik is definitely definitely definitely on a roll Now you know (What?) What is the essence of the Soul [Infamous Mr. Savage] Aahoooh, it's a full moon night of the Soul Kid Shiners of the Soul, we got the best funk in show biz So let me go buckwild on the set for the rough necks And flex the dialect to gain mad respect Now who am I, I be the mass murdering marauder Whose raps are kicking ass like my name was Sgt. Slaughter The ragga muffin yes I know I'm tough and I'm not bluffing The strong arm of my crew, the one that's does the snuffin And my name,

the Infamous, kicking this shit off the lip Tip I flip quick,
with jaws like a vicegrip It is the Savage that is
shamming you, damning you A cannibal like a
Hannibal, living as an animal Ooh-ahh! Listen to me
roar like a tiger Ooh-ahh! Plus, I'm crazy clever like
MacGyver As I liven up my pack I never slack, on a track
And either you can get with this, or I'mma break ya
back [Chorus] [Quayshaun] I'm surrounded, soul kids
to the left and to the right of me Finding me and
inviting me down so they confide in me I ride the
rhythm, it's the essence of the essence Of the inner
essence, to the manifesting of my lessons It's the ill
non-nappy headed legend like a folk tale Understand
the cadence of my thoughts broke the scale It's the ill
like diseasin, kicking with the unexplainable Element,
breaking down your plan as brains are swelling Cuz you
couldn't understand the ill, you tried to diss it But my
soul come blastin from within so you missed it I freak a
track like a hooker in a spandex So what's next to blast
ya atmosphere and wreck ya headset? Oooh, I be the
illest illegitimate statistic The funk most sadistic, with
more juice than Mystic Come feel the rhythm, rumble
rumble through your rectum The Soul Kids have now
wrecked ya spectrum [Chorus]

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