

Kelis

"Soul Food"

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My old boy from the point
But I'm from Southwest and every
Now and then I get put to the test
But I can't be stopped
Cause I gotta come true ain't go no gun
But I got my crew
Didn't come fro no beef cause I don't eat steak
I got a plate of soul food chicken, rice and gravy
Not covered in too much
Drinking a cup of punch, tropical
Every last Thursday of the month

Daddy put tha hot grits on my chest in tha morning
When I was sick Mary had tha hot soup boiling
Didn't know why but it felt so good
Like some waffles in that morning
Headed back to tha woods
Now I'm full as tick
Got some soul on blast in tha cassette
Food for my brain
I haven't stopped learning yet
Hot wings from Mo-Joes
Got my forehead sweating
Celery and blue cheese on my menu next

Southern Fry won't allow my body to lie still
Tied face goons surround me like cancer drill
me with second-hand obstables
But, only to make matters worse
Plus I'm getting pimped by this temp lady Jackie
From Optima staffing figure laughing
Shut up clown don't talk to me
Like that looking stupid of course
living day by day and you ain't hard
Trick hell you say?
It's such a blessing when my eyes
Get to see the sun rise
To get further away from where I've been
But I'll never gorget everythang I went through
I appreciate the shit because
If I hada went and took the easy way

i wouldn't be the strong nigga that I am today
Everythang that I did
Different thangs I was told
Just ended up being tood for my soul

Come and get yo' soul food, well well
Good old-fashioned soul food, all right
Everythang is for free
As good as it can be
Come and get some soul food

Sunday morning where you reating at?
I'm on 1365 Wichita Drive
Ole' burd working the stove ride
Churches dripping chicken in yesterday's grease
Didn't go together with this quart of Mickey's
Last night hanging over from a good time
yeah beef is cheaper but
It's pumped with "red dye" between two pieces of
bread
Shawty look good with dem hairy legs
Wish I could cut her up but, ma stomach come before
sex
A house full of hoes now what's the ingredient
Spaghetty plus her monthly flow
They know they making it hard on the yard
Fuck Chris Darden, fuck Marsha Clark
Taking us when we're in the spotlight for a joke
Changing by the day I see it's getting bigga in my
square
Looking at Lenox from the outside
With a stare no money to go inside
Tameka and Tiffany outside tripping
And skipping rope to the beats from my jeep
As I speak wuz up from the driver seat

A heaping helping of fried chicken
Macaroni and cheese and collard greens
Too big for my jeans
Somke steams from under the lid that's on the pot
Ain't never had allot but thankful for
The little that I got why not be
Fast food got me feeling sick
Them crackers think they sick
By trying to make this bullshit affordable
I thank the Lord taht my voice was recordable
Come an get your soul food well well..
Hold up C it's what I write
And Miss Lady acting like we in jail
Says she ain't got no extra hush puppis to sell
Bankhead seafood making me hit that door

With a mind full of attitude
It was a line at tha beautiful
JJ'S Ribshack was packed too
Looking to be one of dem days
When Momma ain't cooking
Everybody's out hunting with tha family
Looking for a little soul food

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Good old-fashioned soul food, all right
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Come and get some soul food

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