

Color Me Badd

"Soul Decay"

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The dark art
Bring the pensive dub
The dub is wise
Open your eye-dem

From nineteen-long time them let loose the crackin'
The god that 'nuff praise is Sterling collapse
Eyes closed, heads bowed, I hear the prayer
Proud, them must sing praise to the pound sign, sire
Hoping that they read from their pinnacle lessons
'Nuff buy scratch cards and gain jack-shit
Nothin' ain't fair in love, strife and war
Fat cats get fat while the poor stay brass
Nothin' could go on without brack-a-tiv(?)
Will you live to work or will you work to live?
Will you step to the future or dwell on the past?
For what be your fight, be it color or class?
Know if you can't ask this, the tip is me
I and I, scammin' on a fat piece of pie
And as the greed gets thicker, minds get sicker
Bloodthirsty fiends cap cocaine and liquor

[Chorus]

These streets is thick with bad cliques looking for that
raise
It don't really matter how these kids get paid
Cos we're living in the days of ill soul decay

We all got to be something and somebody
We all got to find them modes to get large
But when that love for the pound starts flooding
Every thought we hold, devil disciples collect souls
Like my man's bouncing weed ounces and everything's
nice
Then in comes the crackle it bounces him tight
Triple dividends, new-found rank and position
But more reason to be cautious, much more to defend
Ends is meetin', criss skeets is greetin'
Bloods them never dreamed shit could feel so criss
While rollin' round the city in a brand-new Benz
Feelin' kinda deft 'cause there's cash to collect

Ego's on the boost now that ego needs feed
Watch the devil dance, proceed as them lick up the
powder
Mans start feel like Jesse West 'cause the next plan be
to
Take out the middleman and make more grand

[Chorus x2]

The roots of evil run deep and keep runnin'
You sticka with the cunning while the war drums are
drummin'
If you don't see now, you might never see
'Cause the enemy strikes with them sick-tight ballistics
Sadistic, no error, in the guise of a friend
That was tight from way back, chewin' up the fat
Talkin' 'bout how we gonna keep stuff true
Through the thick through the thin, closer than the skin
to flesh
But everybody has their price
When the beast strikes ain't no tellin' what will happen
Just when you was thinkin' you was in the same team
You catch the cold frowsy whiff of a snake in your
midst
Bringin' blitz to your plans when he done shook hands
And said he's cool with his cut
Now he wants to cut my throat and take the whole lot

[Chorus x2]

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