

Peter Andre

"Soul Touch"

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[VERSE 1]

Here we go, pull up a chair and gather close
And check out the man that has the most
S-o-u-l
And that's soul, for those who can't spell
Soul is the music's basic foundation
Soon as it's heard, you feel a sensation
So pump it up till your eardrum's ripped down
Ain't got soul, then you might as well skip town
No rock 'n roll, only soul allowed here
Black and I'm proud, cause I make a crowd cheer
And if you haven't been told
Everything that I touch just turns to soul

[VERSE 2]

Crystal clear, smooth and impeccable
I turn one rhyme into a record full
>From letters to words and words to a sentence
I turn out shows for the hoes in attendance
So get up and shake your ass till your pants rip
Stay on a dance tip and watch the man flip
>From page to page, paragraph to chapter
Straight up and down, no time for laughter
Cause I don't play when it comes to this
I mean business, and I'm dead up serious
Cause this is somethin I don't take lightly
You gotta be a damn fool to fight me
Cause fake MC's and enemies get no points
Put up your dukes, if you want we can throw joints
Then in the end you'll agree
You ain't even got half as much soul as me
I got soul in my ankles, soul in my hips
Soul in my back and soul in my fingertips
In my shoulders and in my wrist
I even got soul in my penis

[VERSE 3]

Mandatory, I got to hear some
Music inside my eardrum
Fast or slow - makes no differential
Whether vocal or instrumental

As long as the beat is strong and it sound good
Then play it, anybody who's down would
But if it ain't got soul, then don't bother
All praise is due to the new godfather
And that's the Grand Daddy U
So watch out, you're bout to get stepped to
I'm on the roll with bold soul power
Those who withhold I scold and then devour
So let the soul be heard
Cause it's preferred, and that's word to Big Bird
So break out the box, put it on the call
Get this jam and you won't be bored
I guarantee, you won't dare erase it
So face it, what can replace it? Basically
Nothin, heavy metal or soft pop
Country western or folk - come on, stop
It ain't nothin like good old soul
And you can ask J.B. if he makes parole
But meanwhile, just take it from me
Daddy U, Eazy Rick and Kay Cee
We form a team like _Three The Hard Way_
Chumps soft as butter'll melt like parkay
But Steady Flow'll stand tall
All for one, and one for all
So hit that piano and throw on a drum beat
But without the soul it still ain't complete
So leave it up to the U
And the jam'll be platinum before I'm through

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