

## Three 6 Mafia "Soul Soloist"

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[ VERSE 1: Laquan ]

Soloist, yo, I'm a pro at this  
Lay back and relax, that's how I go at this  
You gotta be dope, no joke, you must go for the kill  
Cause only the strong survive in this field  
What I'm a new jack? Well, you can call me that  
I'm not new to the skill but I'm new to the wax  
Lett's on the mix, does tricks with his hands  
Stretch the flex, then I expand like a rubberband  
Chumps that drip will get stomped you bet  
Get out of line, step up, I fly your head like a jet  
I gotta protect myself and what I rightfully own  
It's mine, you try to steal you get thrown  
You're in my zone, the lone zone, so make a U turn  
You're messin with the flame you're gonna get burned  
Call me Laquan the superior vocalist  
Identified as a soul soloist

(My only weapon is the)  
Soul

[ VERSE 2: Laquan ]

Listen up, the concept is rippin up  
The mic I'm grippin up, I refuse to let up  
So shut up, you're like provokin me to nut up  
DJ's sweat when Let begins to cut up  
My tolerance is limited, so watch your mouth when you  
speak  
Step up, you get swept up off your feet  
Petrified when I ride, the mic is amplified  
So you can hear me with clarity  
I peel caps in my rap, I pack a mic like a pistol  
My weapon's my pencil, a poet's utensil  
And when it's empty I fall back and reload  
Let it build up and let it explode  
Dwell inside my pattern, brother, you're stranded  
Handcuff the bandits, they're like scandalous  
Get into this, deep into this, step to this  
And like the wind I'ma breeze through this  
Jam and ride with it as it slams  
Cool Laquan, yeah, that's who I am

(My only weapon is the)  
Soul

[ VERSE 3: Laquan ]

We're still in movement, so don't stop stoppin  
The pace is kept in a swing perspective  
A mellow swing is how I like to go when I flow  
Because I'm comfortable with the tempo  
Often I'm asked what's the reason for this  
Because you're teethin for this and it's the season for  
this  
Questions, questions, I'm hounded with questions  
So I throw the answers at your direction  
Draggin the suckers for not movin enough  
You think I'm puffin a bluff, well keep pressin your luck  
Real with this is how I deal with this  
Straight as a drill with this, I show skill in this  
Stay on the look-out, fall asleep, I take your head out  
If that doesn't work I step back and let lead out  
Now I'ma show that I can do what a crew can do  
As a soul soloist

(My only weapon is the)  
Soul

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