

## Def Manic "We Got The Soul"

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[Verse 1]

Smooth cat, 3 in the morning Ima just get it,  
These fucken haters waking up just to smell it,  
Got the bacon for breakfast, bit of eggs in there too,  
They say we got the Jazz but yeah we kickin it too,  
So I gotta stand back and just flip it, and rip it, making  
her strip it, and did it, windows are tinted, so I know  
you feel it,  
I tried to do this shit 3 times over,  
Been 3 months sober but I'm still on my sheen shit,  
And I get to the back,  
Flaunt with the Mac,  
Always gotta fuck when I rap,  
'Cause I wanna be myself and never mess with a jag,  
CDs turned to vinyl so much classic in it,  
As long as my baby winnin',  
This lonely road harder, Jay Z to Sean Carter,  
Used to love H.E.R.,  
Still do with some common sense and a VCR,  
Slowly stacking a car,  
House of blues just tryna make this lil dream come  
true,  
While I keep on going and start persisting, assisting  
addressing the dissin, don't wanna see prison, or  
any system, that wanna take me inside,  
Man I gotta do this shit like Doe or Die and I'm tryna  
meet my ends,  
With these lil bends in life,  
Cruise through in the Benz with all the custom lights,  
Middle of the night, blurry eyed vizualising red and  
blue so,  
I hope it never comes,  
Not enough UGKs and Puns, for hip hop to be ever  
really fun, c'mon.

[Chorus]

We got the Soul (What!)  
We got the Jazz (What!)  
We got the Soul (What!)  
We got the Jazz

(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul (Repeated 2x)

[Verse 2]

We got the Jazz, I'm sorry Tribe had to say it,  
My words are strong so I proceed to take a step back  
and spray it,  
Reading magazines that all my idols used to be on,  
It's gotta be done, but hate playing this new shit that  
she on,  
Finished graduating man DHS life,  
Diamond High Society always just living the strife,  
And I just learned to sit back comfortably, impatiently,  
hate to overcompensate and really rush this shit,  
Retrospect man we only living it once in life,  
My past creep the radio playing some phife and I hope  
I'm right,  
So many people take the positive and kill the mood,  
Making it awkward for everybody else in the room,  
C'mon, Beats by the Doctor got the real vibe,  
Put your hands up if you admit that you ever lied,  
Hip Hop nowadays makes it really hard to ride,  
If I ever fell it means I never really fucken tried c'mon.

[Chorus]

We got the Soul (What!)  
We got the Jazz (What!)  
We got the Soul (What!)  
We got the Jazz  
(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul  
(What you got?!)  
We got the Soul (Repeated 2x)

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