

## The Judds

### "Soul Power"

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[Intro]

Yeah, for the world!

Keep going so you can(yo you can rock on)

We keep going so you can (yo you can rock on)

We keep going so you can (yo you can rock on)

We keep going

[Verse 1]

Nigga breath can tell by how you rap you don't believe

Ain't hungry no mo' so off me you feed

I hustle at a speed between greed and need

On the streets where intuition and weed are breed

Shoot the gift and viff, at the myths uplift

My rhyme the clip its like the boom bip to tip(q)

In gangways where cats that rhyme the same way

Spending nites over Egypt to learn a brave day

Paint a picture of the ghetto like JJ

You the Ray J Of this rap world

I travel the globe with a black girl name Becky

Grand like Auto Theft 3

Style so developed the law cant arrest me

You walk with blood on your shirt

Like Jesse Jackson trying to test the reaction of the people

See thru trying to out act Don Cheadle

I speak to original Hebrew s you know how we do

And bleed thru the needle with truth

That needs no preview to proof its in the people

And how they react still in the business of smacking

Rappers is wack you had a dope track I guess

opposites

attract my mind state is black

Black like bernie mack no cowards soul power in the words we rap

[Verse 2]

Picks with fist, thick grease, dark nipples

My guy buy ice I search for the dark crystal

Racing for paper these broads is starter pistols

I spit thru gang wars and strange doors

Out the sky flames pour the beats claims war

I see niggaz with flags who they waving them for?  
I'm the nigga that you put the chain on the door for  
The nigga that you started changing the laws for  
Orator of hard-core and more  
My raps the portal for the blue collar  
Than made a hit and came up on a few dollars  
I'd rather listen to silence then you holla  
Borrowed your persona from the late that made dear  
mama  
My realness is my armor that I wear up in this boy  
For truth your a decoy  
Common Sense is like the future of the Bee-boy  
I fall down and get up like Don McClerken  
Hit puss and listen to it whistle while I'm trekin  
Break it down like herb  
The nympho of info I'm fucking what you heard  
You ain't ready for war your stuck in the reserves  
I mastered my high so I'm bucking at the birds  
I been wanted to fly so now I do it with the words  
For those in the fast-lane I show you how to merge  
Get your own you see its like home grown herb black  
economics  
The people we serve with Soul Power

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