

Soul Food

Leela James

Kiss the back of my neckbone (whoa)
Make it hot like Louisiana hot sauce

Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(Shoot, that's soul food)
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(Stankin' like chitlins)

Sweet like sweet potato pie
Like collard greens and yams on the side
I'm full from top to the bottom and this ain't no lie
I'm hot like Mississippi burning in the middle of July
And I'm sayin'

Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(you got me singin' whoa-whoa-oh-oh)
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(hmm hmm hmm)

Sip me up like lemonade from a mason jar
Make it good like some chicken fried in a pan of lard
I'm getting spoiled like old beans and I can't lose my head
'Cause when you're not around I'm crumbling like cornbread

Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(you got me singin' whoa whoa, whoa whoa)
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh

Hmm hmm, hmm hmm hmm
Whoa-whoa-whoa

Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(I'm talkin' about soulfood, soulfood)
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(I'm talkin' about soulfood, whoa)Whoa,

Whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(I'm talkin' about soulfood, soulfood)
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-ooh
(I'm talkin' about soulfood, whoa)