

# Soul Cry

Ab-Soul

Do it sound tight?

Considered a fuck up all of my life  
Too smart for my own good all of the time  
In kindergarten I got a kick out of pissin' on my classmates  
And I recall getting ass whoopings every couple days  
I had a Power Ranger bike I wheelied in the street  
Got grounded for a month for spray painting it green  
I went to middle school and started slacking in my studies  
Before the they rise and aimed the gang bangers were my buddies  
I wasn't fit for it I needed a tailor  
I still went for it  
It wasn't out of anger  
I needed to be accepted in my neighborhood  
My mamma couldn't tell me nothing  
End of discussion

I ain't shit  
I must be constipating  
Cause I ain't shit  
Naw, I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit

Things ain't always what they seem  
If you look close you can see  
What's your perception of me?  
Is it good? I wish it was

Cause I ain't shit  
You may think I'm eating  
But I ain't shit  
Naw I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit

In ninth grade I started off on the right track  
Got a few A's but then I bounced right back  
Wasn't aware my main thought was what I should wear  
Now that I think about it nobody really cared  
I grew up in the church but barely paid attention  
Read up on Malcom X and started questioning religion  
Became a rebel  
I still believe in God  
I just doubt the authenticity of Jesus and the Devil  
I got my first car and started smoking black and milds  
The smell is like a bell and Hades, hella loud  
Then it was Newports and Kools on my way to school  
My girl hated it but still kissed me in the mouth  
I started ditching class more than I attended  
I was walking a path that I had not intended  
It looked as though I was mad, becoming relentless  
My mamma couldn't tell me nothing  
End of discussion

I ain't shit  
I ain't attracting no flies man I ain't shit  
Naw, I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit

Cause I ain't shit  
You may think I'm eating

But I ain't shit  
Naw I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit

I got kicked out, crept back in  
If I wasn't fucking I was fussing with my step-dad again  
Oh yeah I rapped, didn't take it that serious  
But I flowed like an ocean among my peers  
Dreams of going off to college in my younger years  
Then the whole thought of it sounded nuts I had dumbo ears  
Did about a semester then I was outta there  
Said if I get one song on radio, I'm outta here  
Knowing that low ratio of successful entertainers  
I chose to go at people with skulls, but they was brainless  
Started smoking weed as soon as purple kush was famous  
Shifting my setting eventually as I went through changes  
People I seen my whole life appeared to me as strangers  
Created a voice through my music and now they speak my language  
I was in Jay Rock video for less than 15 seconds  
All of a sudden niggas that I looked up to see me as a legend  
Now I step in clubs and some bitches give me hugs  
But back in P.E. tennis a nigga got zero love  
I'm just a hard headed loser  
My mamma was trying to save me from stalling out my future

Cause I ain't shit  
I don't need no toilet paper man I ain't shit  
Naw, I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit

Cause I ain't shit  
You may think I'm eating  
But I ain't shit  
Naw I ain't shit, I ain't shit, I ain't shit