

Soul Food

Big K.R.I.T.

Out here in this world, just tryna make it
Everything I see, sometimes I can't take it
But damn I really miss those times
That soul food's on my mind
Mind, mind, mind

Grandma's hands used to usher Sunday mornings
Now before Sunday school, I hustle and I'm on it
I can't slow down, nah, a dollar and a dream
In this life you live, you're either the dealer or the fiend
Leanin' horizontal
The acrobats on the corner, they flip
So when them white vans pull up, shawty, we dip
Out of view, could've been a track star at the school
But it took the police just to get that. 44 out of you
Dash, sprint, hurdle, over those steel gates
They keep us in and keep folk out but we don't feel safe
As we used to back when we was in a booster
Watchin' our uncles drink coolers, talkin' pound-for-
pound losers over rib bones
Now I sideways tote
How did Bobby Johnson hold it?
Pull the trigger 'til the clip gone
Potato tip, no potato salad
That American pie ain't even snappin'

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Aromas on the corner, these the soul, they say
Some greens just can't be cleaned and you can't wash out the taste
Of rotten roots
Salted looks and herbs
If it ain't made with love then it ain't fit to serve, I heard
Some get bruised and battered
Thrown away half eaten as if their seeds never ever mattered
It ain't ripe, it ain't right
That's why most people don't make love no more
They just fuck and they fight
What happened to the stay-togethers?
Die with you, and that means forever
Grandparents had that kind of bond
But now we on some other shit
Nah, we ain't got no rubbers here
I know she creepin' so that ain't my son
Apples fall off of trees and roll down hills
We can't play games no more cause we got bills
Back in the day, the yard was oh so filled
Now nobody comes around here

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(Never thought it'd be, no soul food on my plate
We gather 'round and lie, bow our heads and pray
And I)

I still remember, the family parties
The happy faces, no broken hearts
Nobody starvin', but all that there is old news
What happened to the soul food?

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