

Soul Train

Camp Lo

* SOOOOUUUULLLLLLL Train

All aboard, the crook gravy train
With the cannons and the swords (cannons and the swords?)
Yea, we on the pigeon hit show them what they dealing with
Couple chess moves and the Skin City blues quick

Bronx vision, motor demolition
Saturated savvy pins and every car collisions
New explosions wave at you with the frozen
Magazine melting on a mama pack the Jones in
Nude on the jukebox, cut her in the tube socks
While I marinate mars on the scotch rocks

You're my man
You better clap your hands to this hurricane fury
Bloodhound gangs pull it
Breath on them, they don't want to hustle with weak
Days in the oven, hot, make my mamas hot
Mix them with the goldie long green
Macking baby, pimping never
Crawl through the jungle with the blood on the feather
We cocking, soul rocking
Assassins in the '69 club Brooklyn

Palmetto, lemon lime limo
Henny on your lino
Plenty broads are bimbos
Crash the symbols, nine dot initials
Missiles never graze you just taze you and be down with you
Keep the moccacino, saffire silver shadow
Sexy sizzles leaping riddle wake up when it travels

People all over the world (Hop on the soul train line)
Hop on it (Clap) Clap your hands
Just clap your hands and clap your hands and get down
(Love) Love (Peace) Peace (Soul) Soul (Soul) Soul
People all over the world....clap your hands and get down
SOOOOUUUULLLLLLL Train

After hours, china clam chowder
Sniffing baby powder in my prowler white
I'm throwing flowers, mixing them with sour
Whiskey teriyaki getting sticky tonight

Yea we gorilla pimp
Drag them on the floor
But we still don't monkey around with the get down
Ya'll got to understand we talking about Winchesters
Marks say with the ridged round
We shafting broads from Africa
Kumbaya my Lo'

We catalog worldwide
Butter dying die
Wild cat classic
??? rapper dramatic

Skiing at the lodges
Eight car garages
Ice-a-lated rooms
Tripping off Cali shrooms
Luxury meals but I, keep it casual
Awake the waterfall but that walk
Ma I ain't mad at you
Dine with the shark for some local cuisine
Preen the parcher in my white wolf mink hanging so mean

Pull up a seat bumping we going to ride
Snatch up the wheels I kiss the clean side
Before I kiss you whip the king's bride
Mama, I don't want to hurt her but daddy it's like
It just went off, want to hit the dance floor
Get your ticket now all aboard

[Chorus]