

# My Soul

Coolio

Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul, my soul)  
My soul-oul-oul  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul

You can try to throw salt, but I keep my game face on  
And the only thing on your mind is stalkin' more digits than a telephone  
Me and thirty-nine theives jumpin' out of white Hummer  
From Compton (Wooh-wooh-wooh), while your crew get dumb and dumber  
Grew up straight out of low cash like CB fo'  
Now I got dough and you got one night stands like gangsta, yo  
See on the low it's all gravy  
But the threat of this new world order is about to drive me crazy  
And all you want is the Lex and gold Visa  
Bomb singles and stackin' your chips like Pringles  
While my rhymes jack for platinum plaques  
Quicker than one time Jack Black's  
I twist sacks and sip yac  
Plus, the Invisible Man got my back like a spine  
So, why you all up in mine?  
Keep the money and the fame cause all I really wanna hold  
Is my artistic flavor and control of my soul

Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul, my soul)  
My soul-oul-oul  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul

Ain't no tellin  
Most women are still waitin' and sellin'  
Most of my homies is ex-felons (Convicts)  
In two decades, rap went from Planet Rock  
To crack rock  
Now, everybody got a glock  
And it don't stop  
Till another brother drop  
That's why I poured out a little drink for the homie Pac (Rest In Peace)  
What's a thin line between love and hate?  
A million dollars in the bank and you still can't escape  
It's a small world, after all, you're clausterphobic, you can't breathe  
So, store your ball like Christopher Reeve  
It's the hater in you that makes you criticize me  
Cause if you handled your business then yo ass would see  
Nineteen-ninety-seven is still crackin'  
I'ma get the ladies out their seat like this was a car jackin'  
They say the game is to be sold, not told  
You can keep your bankroll, I want control of my soul

Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul, my soul)  
My soul-oul-oul  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)

My soul-oul-oul

My jaws flip across sixteen bars like Dominique Dawes  
But without no flaws, never broke a m.c. law  
See, I was servin' wack rappers at the school  
When Bruce Lee was scrappin' with Kareem Abdul  
You got into triple beams and guns you ain't gon shoot  
I seen a million rappers in the same Versace suit  
Or, the same pair of locs, that's probably why you're broke  
And your backstage and your ghetto pass got revoked  
Scrappin' or rappin' what you want to happen?  
If I ever come up short you the first one I'm jackin'  
It's theives in the area like aircraft carrier's  
We're launchin' F-15's  
And Anti-Wack Maf Machines  
Michropone, sittin' on my vocal chord  
Sendin' busta's to the crossroads like Thuggish Ruggish Bone  
It's the C-O-O-L-I-O, well I, wont fold  
When I'm controllin' my soul

Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul, my soul)  
My soul-oul-oul  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
Soul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul (My soul)  
My soul-oul-oul