

My Soul

Lowkey

[Intro:]

No souls to sell here mate...

They say The fool thinks himself to be wise man, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

I say that, to say this...

[Chorus:]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 1:]

They can't use my music to advertise for Coca Cola
They can't use my music to advertise for Motorola
They can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in
Refuse to be a product or brand, I'm human
Refuse to contribute to the gangster Illusion
Whether I'm number One, Number two, or Number Three
I'm unique and there will never be another me
And there will never be another you
Be proud of who you are, don't copy what the others do
They are not superior, you are not inferior
When we realize that is gonna be hysteria
Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus:]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 2:]

They can't use my music to advertise your watch or your car
Can't use it to advertise the drink you got at the bar
Can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in
My Integrity is the reason I'm thinking separately
Keep your three-sixty I can do this independently
It's likely I'm quite mad (why?)
Cause I say with ease slavery gave the streets Nikey's and I-pads

They don't like my rhymes, see my style is like a lecture
But I'd rather die, than smile with my oppressor
I'm an honourable student, with the facts and you're Ju-dish
Your not Hip Hop or Grime, your just McDonald's music
Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing
[Chorus: x2]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!
You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

Correct these lyrics

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