Soul To Keep

(Stop the car Brooklyn Do somethin' to make me feel better I'ma do somethin' to make you feel great)

It's like Bon appetit y'all

Commonly known as O.C. to some of y'all My peoples call me Mush or Mush Say it with different twang, it means the same, nigga The love of her life to your wife is Von Zipper Shoot darts like cupid, leave em stuck on stupid How I manoeuvre, leavin' 'em sayin' oohs and ahs Your dream boat-type of man, I'm a god A straight sin to a love-struck sucker involved My niggas gimme pound, envious niggas they just nod (I see everything) to observe is not the word My style is reserved, address me as Sir Fly Gone is the humble kid, I'm gunnin' for number one and shit Brooklyn born and bred, reppin' my residence I can't live with that, I'm reppin' NY The rotten apple is a place where the strong reside Some of the illest have died, puttin' them feelings aside But on the live, yo, never seen my cousin Chuck Words like cum like a bird suckin' me off She tellin' me let her know at the moment I blow I got sin in my veins, hope I don't burn up in flames They say tigers never change they stripes, whoever said it was right And I say love is life with larceny Chicken pieces want to grease up with the darker me Or maybe possibly rotatin' constantly You mufuckas don't want no type of parts of me It's Mush

I lay me down to sleep And I pray to the Lord my soul to keep Rubbin' on my rosary beads That if there shouldn't be a dawn That I rise and yawn Then so be it This is to my niggas, if I should die Just make sure my wake gimme a 21 gun salute Cock, aim and shoot

Yo, echoin' shots in your hallways This is for gangsta niggas fittin' the MO I'm reckon that my medicine will leave you stimmo Just feel low, step in my world, there's nothin' to fear Who claimin' they live, this is live right here Walkin' with a slew foot and a bop Speak sideways when I talk Even when I'm not high my eyes are small Not very short, yet I'm not so tall But I got a big heart, big hands and some big-ass balls I spray walls like a dog, markin' territories off Every time I touch down in a city of yours I mix and mingle with my boys, shootin' winks at the broads Shootin' drinks to the players, keepin' in peace is all
With the fine rides with Wildlife niggas inside
Ahmed, Show, Bless, Flow, 'Nesse, Dre, Buck and PA
My nigga, the women catch a glimpse
As they focus they vision on these players and pimps
Who keep it gully? (That nigga Mush)
Who play it cool like Arthur Fonzarelli
Dippin' through my hood with no kind of worries
On the block drinkin' malt liquors and hard liquor
Puffin a spliff while the cars ride by pumpin' Jigga
I'm from B-R-double oh-k-1-Y-n
And if I wasn't, nigga, then why would I say I am?
I'm from the (slums) with the (bums) and the (rats) and the (guns)
Where the drugs get slung, dispose condoms with cum, one