

# Soul Food

## Fabulous & Jadakiss

[Verse 1: Fabolous]

Time to put in work, we all got a job to do  
I light a joint then ask myself "What would Pablo do?"  
Coming through with the paper plates like the barbecue  
Got the haters shaking heads like the bobbles do  
Yeah, but it's all for my family  
The goal wasn't live middle class and buy Camrys  
I want us all to eat, even if from my pantry  
I guess I'm just more soul food than eye candy  
I feel like these young niggas need more eye jammies  
More passport stamps, less trips to Miami  
Yeah bro, we all need a little culture  
A little time away from bird ass niggas and vultures  
I tell you what you need to hear and not try to insult you  
I'm too old to kid you, I gotta adult you  
Listen, the shit is getting outta hand  
Like fumbles in football, I humbly put y'all  
In y'all fucking place, that's my OCD  
I give a bitch a little bit, but it's mostly D  
I be in that Rolls Royce knocking Ghost CD  
That's Supreme Clientele, all I know is buy and sell  
We had to hustle to eat, it wasn't no Thanksgiving  
Pour out a little liquor for homies that ain't living  
It's big dinner shit, baby, everybody up in here  
Find what you bring to the table, then pull up a chair, yeah...

[Interlude: Jadakiss]

You see?  
Without hope, it ain't nothing  
HA-HAAAEH!  
I like this shit, you should love it  
(Kill kill kill! Kill kill kill!)

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

Uh, let's finish the game, Billy (uh)  
Do something and stop stalling, that's silly (haha)  
The bull over there just drawling, that's Philly (woo!)  
Invisible set, F class, that's chilly (mmm)  
Life is short, death's fast, that's illy (yep)  
When ya whole crew got cash, that's Willie (uh)

To everybody living it up, you gotta feel me (yep)  
And nah, I ain't giving it up, you gotta kill me (uh uh)  
Whoever you look up to, ask 'em, I'm a real G (ask 'em)  
As far as this rap shit go, I got realty  
Before being signed to a major, I had a real key  
And I ain't tryna play you, I'm tryna give you the real me (nah)  
Almost twenty years in the game, and I'm still me (woo!)  
Niggas fear hearing my name, I got skills, B  
The boy, the girl, the weed, I got pills, B  
How many other owners you know that's in the field, B (who?)  
No license or registration, that's where the steel be (uh)  
Honor's in your pocket, your heart, that's where the will be (yes)  
From the hood, cop out, even if not guilty  
Rich ain't good enough, nigga, I'm not filthy  
I'm hardcore, rough and rugged, I'm not silky (uh-huh)  
Guns under mattress, money is where the quilt be (POOF!)  
This is the last supper here (eat)  
Last time we break bread, so pull up a chair, yeah...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>