

# Big K.R.I.T., Soul Food (ft. Raphael Saadiq)

What happened to the soul food?  
What happened to the soul food?  
I'm talkin' good eatin', good seasonin'

Out here in this world, just tryna make it  
Everything I see, sometimes I can't take it  
But damn I really miss those times  
That soul food's on my mind  
Mind, mind, mind

Grandma's hands used to usher Sunday mornings  
Now before Sunday school, I hustle and I'm on it  
I can't slow down, nah, a dollar and a dream  
In this life you live, you're either the dealer or the fiend  
Leanin' horizontal  
The acrobats on the corner, they flip  
So when them white vans pull up, shawty, we dip  
Out of view, could've been a track star at the school  
But it took the police just to get that .44 out of you  
Dash, sprint, hurdle, over those steel gates  
They keep us in and keep folk out but we don't feel safe  
As we used to back when we was in a booster  
Watchin' our uncles drink coolers, talkin' pound-for-pound bruisers  
Over rib bones  
Now I sideways tote  
How did Bobby Johnson hold it?  
Pull the trigger 'til the clip gone  
Potato tip, no potato salad  
That American pie ain't even snappin'

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Aromas on the corner, these the soul, they say  
Some greens just can't be cleaned and you can't wash out the taste  
Of rotten roots  
Salted looks and herbs  
If it ain't made with love then it ain't fit to serve, I heard  
Some get bruised and battered  
Thrown away half eaten as if their seeds never ever mattered  
It ain't ripe, it ain't right  
That's why most people don't make love no more  
They just fuck and they fight  
What happened to the stay-togethers?  
Yeah, I'm with you. And that means forever  
Grandparents had that kind of bond  
But now we on some other shit  
Nah, we ain't got no rubbers here  
I know she creepin' so that ain't my son  
Apples fall off of trees and roll down hills  
We can't play games no more cause we got bills  
Back in the day, the yard was oh so filled  
Now nobody comes around here

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Never thought it'd be, no soul food on my plate

We gather 'round and lie, bow our heads and pray  
And I  
I still remember, the family parties  
The happy faces, no broken hearts  
Nobody starvin', but all that there is old news  
What happened to the soul food?

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