

Coolio, My Soul

Violins and pianos are heard, tapping, and a conductor clearing his throat to signal that he is ready

Chorus:

Soul-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

Verse 1:

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

Chorus

Verse 2:

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

Chorus

Verse 3:

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
Microphone, 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

Chorus: Repeat 1 1/2 times