

Leela James, Soul Food

Kiss the back of my neckbone
Make it hot like Louisiana hot sauce
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-oo
Shoot, that's soul food
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-oo
Stankin' like chitlins

Sweet like sweet potato pie
Like collard greens and yams on the side
I'm full from top to the bottom and this ain't no lie
I'm hot like Mississippi burning in the middle of July
And I'm sayin'...

Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-oo
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh whoa-oh-oh, oh-oo

Sip me up like lemonade from a mason jar
Make it good like some chicken fried in a pan of lard
I'm getting spoiled like old beans and I can't lose my head
'Cause when you're not around I'm crumbling like cornbread

(repeat chorus)