

Angie Stone, Soul Insurance

[1] - Hey sista, soul sista
Sista, Soul sista

[Repeat 1]
[Repeat 1]

Yo, did you just like, get our partying?
Then I might be talking about you, mm hmm
And if you're looking at your tape deck
Or your cd player like, what is that?
Yeah, possibly is it's you
If you actin' nonchalant lookin' out the window like
You ain't really feelin' this and like, uh
Yeah, it might be you, uh
And if you sittin' still because you're a little bit nervous
Cuz you really don't know what I'm getting ready to come with
It's you
Oh but uh, ones that are bobbin' their heads up and down
And feeling this cuz uh, it's all that
I represent you, aight?
So we gon' do this, huh huh

How many y'all don' did it, did it before
Freak somebody's shit knowing that it ain't yours
Now there's a ramification just for that
Bite somebody sug', and they gon' bite you back
You busy smilin', smilin', grinnin' in my face
Whole time tryna take my place
Now this is for the real soul cat, leaders of the pack
Just remember, God got yo' back

[2] - See it's too many ya'll ridin' in the same boat
Getting too heavy and the boat can't float
Here's a little something to make you think
You goin' down if the mother sinks

It's too many ya'll ridin' in the same boat
It's getting too heavy and the boat can't float
Here's a little something to make you think
You goin' down under if the mother sinks

You know that ya'll oughta quit it, quit it for sure
Slidin' by on Xerox thinkin' we don't know
That's the luck if the rhythm can't stand in the place
The only thing that's missing is my face
You got me burnin', yearnin', turnin' in my sleep
Cuz soul music be who I be
Now this is for the real soul cat, leaders of the pack
Just remember, Stone got yo' back

[Repeat 2]

Soul soul soul insurance
Soul soul soul insurance
Soul soul soul insurance
Soul soul soul insurance

[Repeat 2]

[3] - Too many of ya'll
Too many of ya'll to come for

[Repeat 3]
[Repeat 3]

[Repeat 2]

[Repeat 1 while:]

Imitating, business dealing
Melody tryna find
Some were born to sin, some weren't
But baby, that's ok cuz I learned
You really know soul music them
You'll be around for a while
But if you're taking lessons from the leader
Baby, kiss yo' ass goodbye

Soul, soul music
This is for the real brothers who
Are called the leaders of the pack
You know who you are, you said it all baby, hey
Big ups to the peeps that kept the wheel turning, yo'
To my mellow, Curtis Mayfield
Mr. Marvin Gaye
Mr. Donnie Hathaway, uh
Betty Wright
True pioneers of soul music
And to the new generation of soul
Leaders of the pack
You know who you are
Big ups to you
Keep it going, going, going