

# Yung Bleu, Soul Cry

(Jwestbeats)

Let the beat talk (Ayy, Elxyee, you countin' up)

(Ayy, Cameron, you the man now)

Yeah

Somethin' 'bout this money, it did somethin' to my ego  
I remember late nights, me and Al Geno  
I was in the studio tryna make it out  
I brung Boosie to the city and they broke up in your spot  
And we tried to shake back, but I can't lie, they took a lot  
Same niggas' pockets hurtin' now, Bleu done took your spot, yeah  
I'ma tell the truth, we was hangin' out the roofs  
Livin' like we bulletproof, only vibe with a few  
That's when we in the Ghost, and I told you 'bout my life  
And I knew then from that conversation you might be my wife  
You gave me a lil' boy, I didn't know I can do it twice  
Don't go nowhere, I need you in my life  
Had to pray 'cause I got demons in my sight  
Gotta pray 'cause I see demons through the night  
What the fuck this really mean if we don't fight?  
Girl, it's gon' be alright, come take my hand  
I swear to God I got a plan to be a better man

Let the beat go  
Listen to my soul cry  
Yeah, it sound like  
Every year I got a new one die  
Listen to my soul cry

Back three years ago, everybody used to laugh  
'Cause I signed with Boosie label, he ain't give me no advance  
I was sleepin' on Tamir couch, but knew I had a plan  
Three months later, I made two hundred bands  
Six months later, I made eight hundred bands  
Hottest nigga in my city with a fan  
Every bag I got, I split it with the fam  
Fucked up a couple thousand, bought a Lam  
I was young and reckless, I ain't give a damn, yeah  
Take me up to jail, they want a hundred thousand for the bond  
If I had that money then to fight that case, he would've won  
Been goin' through the storm, but I gotta get these coins  
Tell me if you with me or not, I'm so torn

Let the beat go  
And I gave the streets banger after banger  
Listen to my soul cry  
Ain't none of this shit stepped on, nigga  
Yeah, it sound like  
R.I.P. Vell  
Every year I got a new one die  
R.I.P G-Money  
Listen to my soul cry

It's too many sticks in the party, we on dumb shit  
I don't like to fuck with no rubber, I just cum quick  
Fuck with me, you niggas in trouble, Vietnam shit  
Hit they block at three in the morning, don't give no warning  
VMG, this shit 'Luminati and we got sworn in  
Came into this rap game thuggin', I was born in  
I'm stackin' money with some niggas from the trenches  
Street nigga, I could turn a quarter to a million  
Real estate, I just turned my house into a building  
Put two hundred racks up in the wall for my children  
You wan' get money, you gon' get it any means

I got 50K for any nigga intervene  
I don't fuck with rats, I had to keep that shit a bean  
Nigga wanna fight, I told him keep it in the ring  
Aretha Franklin, let them bitches sing  
Aretha Franklin, let them bitches sing

I ain't never changed on my niggas, yeah  
Keepin' it the same with my niggas, yeah  
Listen to my soul cry  
Listen to my soul cry  
Listen to my soul cry  
Every year I got a new one die