

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