

# Sour Soul

## BADBADNOTGOOD & Ghostface Killah

Yo, cleanse me, clean me of my sour soul, I'm viscious  
My mind races from the satellite dishes  
No technology, this world's corrupt  
They can't feed me food for thought, I won't budge  
I'm a twisted individual, they say critical  
I say "Nigga I'm on top of my pinnacle"  
Chest boards and sword, alphabetical darts  
My clan is Braveheart, y'all move like Paul Blarts  
Sloppy, go 'head and try and stop me if you can  
Your casualties of war will get left in the sand  
I'm Iron Man, a stone faced killer with a mask  
Don't want the truth then don't ask, you couldn't handle a task  
Rigorous, my war faces wanna gargate me  
Evil cause I looked all bugged out and crazy  
Dusted, abominate fluid dripping from my nose hole  
Stapleton nigga, never catch me wearing rose goldFuck the CIA, DEA and the feds  
They got you bugged son, microchip in your meds  
Wax like dreads, smoking rags on the list like Craig  
Steroids in chickens, why they feeding us eggs?  
Hot in a ditch nigga, snitch nigga, I won't switch nigga  
Zin position with my finger on the trigger  
Pure alkaline, that fluoride will fuck you up  
I seen a spaceship fly out the back of a truck  
Diamond water, I've been splashed with the fountain of youth  
Had a molar fall out, I grew in a gold tooth  
Bullet proof, my clan's sword is surgical steel  
I don't fail, I'm comfortably numb, stable to slump  
Insomniac, I'm charged off the rays of the sun  
You can't fuck with me nigga, this is one-on-one  
With the strength of ten midgets I'ma murder you son  
This real  
Yeah, I got my swagger back and all that  
That's right

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>