

Born 2 Be A Soldier

Mystikal

What's up niggas and bitches.
It's the muthafuckin kisarme.
It's No Limit, Master P.
Im'a introduce y'all to the muthafuckin,
one of the hardest liuetenants on the tank, Mystikal.
We was all born to be soldiers.
See, these evil thoughts,
they was scarred into our muthafuckin souls from these wars,
the streets, the ghetto, the hood. The ghetto.

Bitch, I'm a soldier!

I was born to be a soldier!

Ah, ATTEN!
Hoo! Muthafuckas don't you move
I got what it takes to make your ass feel ...
You don't wanna rest in this parade
No Limit soldiers throwin grenades!
Strictly, heavy artillery, calm and gunnin
I got your ground troops runnin from INCOMING!
Go, go go go, the future caliber
Bout to rip your (?) vest, split your capita
The niggas be marchin in the land camp
Bitch we ghetto soldiers, the streets is what made us!
No LVE's, no MRE's
But we kill our enemies, and drive humvees!

Born, to be, a muthafuckin soldier
The colonel don't play, I'm out that tank
Money in the bank, make niggas thank
At ease when we rank, salute cause we cap
Fools run they trap, soldiers bust caps
Fools die a million deaths, soldier dies once
Put that on my gold keys, my gat, and my blunt
Candy painted hummer, triple gold D's
We bout it, eyes on our CREAM cause we rowdy
Battle kicked advil, niggas load they carriages
Weapons on the mayor of the cash cause I know character
I'm ready to bust keys, niggas ...
Niggas are fuckin, slanging them trees
They gon die in New Orleans

I came out the muthafuckin womb, niggas wanna combat tank
My ghetto antics, my ghetto tactics
I smack quick, stick another gat nigga to your ass and acrobatic
Nigga what? Black, my M-16, is black bitch
I was born to drop phat shit
Punk your ass like a sac bitch
Yeah, I keep a gat bitch (?) I react quick
Blow them soldiers, told ya, and that's it
But see, I set my shit off like a punt (Go, T, Go)
We roll, I said we roll like a muthafuckin blunt
See, don't come stunt and don't try to front
I'm Silkk the Shocker, I snatch your ass like a muthafuckin duck

I put on my camoflaug niggas, straight up my fuckin boot
Why would a muthafucka who ain't TRU laugh at old shoot
About face, salute!
Tell I'ma soldier, by the way I talk
Tell I'ma soldier, by the way I march (Right, left, left)
I was born to be a soldier!

Bringin bags and weed
Lil Fiend live by the soldiers creed
Of broken no seed in the botton pockets of my fatigues
War fatigues, playing live chess games with the chain
(?) at the gun range, cause I'll bring pain
When I'm playing survival games, that's why I sport a vest
But niggas are put to rest, but got them right tatted on my chest
I was best on my recon, started harm and dis
The war from this, is that Fiend was born from this
Scarred from this, so all the armies now go hide
Cause the crime design, stay from nine to five
Enemies retire, and the bigger go up, till my gun show up
No Limit soldiers, the world blow up!

Assassin, soldier, sniper, murderer
Son of a bitch, arsonist, house burglarer
Been there, done most before the sun rose
We changin clothes, when the po po's chase
Narrow with the bass, got them hoes all in my face
And them fake niggas hate, so I started different ways
And even when I'm dead and gone
My legacy'll live on
Tattoo me on your arm and tell niggas he got his rhyme on
Murder murder kill killin and shit that I spit
For lunatics who be feelin this shit
Put the gat in my face, I never squeal, nigga keep it real
Pops gave me the game, bout to bag a feel
We attack like the Men in Black
You react, if you got a gat
I'll never die, camoflaug in my vein
I'll never change in the purple rain
My name manifest pain, I'm a soldier