

Ghetto Soldier

Ky-Mani Marley

A ghetto soldier (yeah)
A ghetto soldier
Fucken wid a rebel soldier
A rebel soldier (hehehehe)
How you feel now huh
You think I'm fucken around
Fucken wid a ghetto soldier
A rebel soldier

I was brought up on the block
Wid da hustlas n no fiens
N the killers with no soul
See on my block every chick got a whole lot
A love n them screamin fuck the po po
Yeah my papa was a legend
But let me tell ya lil sumthin bout me
I was raised up poor
N in my hood nobody gave a motherfuck
About who ya befriend defend yoo
My childhood memory is on the corner
Sippin guinness burnin mareewana
Don't cha know my name cool
Carry a chip, on my shoulder
Bout the size a texas you want drama
Playas sayin no more
Yeah imma product of da street
Labeled da mennace to society
How da fuck would dey know
Don't be so quick to point ya finger
When really you don't no shit about me
Soldier release n reload

Ya know I told ya when ya fucken wid me
Just know ya fucken wid a ghetto soldier
I know I told ya when ya fucken wid me
Just know ya fucken wid a rebel soldier
I know I told ya when ya fucken wid me
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Hay you can neva pretend like I don't exist
I'm in the misunderstood n I'm huggin the block
Shootin n neva miss who in da hell is dis
Whitnesses neva makin no evidence
Snithcin is not allowed in my residence
Born in this ghetto storm talk it walk it
Do it all in da ghetto form
Soldiers fought lose more then a leg or arm
Paper chasin doin a million miles per hour
Live for the moment coz I'm knowin this could be my last
Hour got the flower to bloom got the power to boom
Can get cha high as da moon but wit dem cowards I'm doomed
Imma goon so mistakes it aint no room for ya
Aint no errors coz dem sherrifs got a room for ya
Aint gon scare us coz the terrors increases da crime
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Ghetto soldiers dey don't know it but we here
Keep it poppin it's on tighten up coz dey are hide ya
Johnny cockrom is gone

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Gotta do what ya gotta do wit da sercumstances
Given ya livin life as a ghetto soldier
It seems the devils sendin demons in police uniforms
N they searchin for ghetto kids to murder
I was here to survive when dey came to trash the ones
Who took enough to protect us from every corner we turn
They system simply neglect us
Baby hungry daddy lookin at his four five
Baby gotta eat so daddy gotta risk his life
Dis ghetto livin is the closest thing to suicide
N it's a give or take so who knows
Maybe tonight we die

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I know I told ya when ya fucken wid me
Just know ya fucken wid a ghetto soldier
I know I told ya when ya fucken wid me }music fades
Just know ya fucken wid a rebel soldier }no music