

# U.S. Soldier Boy

Lil Wyte

Yo, Right now we gonna dedicate this to all our soldiers,  
Over there fightin for us,  
You know what I'm sayin,  
For all our fallen soldiers,  
And all our ones that still runs with they guns,  
In the field you know what I'm sayin?  
This dedicated to ya'll man,  
Hold it down,  
U.S. mother fuckin A,

I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
Yeah  
I'm tryina told ya boy  
I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
I'm a U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
Yeah  
I'm tryina told ya boy

Now as I run through tha trees with my infiltry  
I got my M16 and my artillery  
I got my full blooded soldiers in tha back of me  
And a bullet proof vest and I'm hopin I don't have to see  
now will it work in tha line of fire  
Or will a nigga die in tha line of fire  
I'ma bust my gunz till my clips retire  
America pray cuz I don't wanna expire  
I'ma soldier

I'ma U.S. mother fuckin soldier boy  
Playin around with them army toys  
You wanna go to war then we can go to war  
See W.Bush he sent us over boy  
Them men all went and got some soldier toys  
Put 'em in a battle and we'll showed you boys  
That army fatigue we gonna make some noise  
And blow that mother fucker from shore to shore

With bullets wizzin by, children dyin every 36 seconds  
It makes it uncomfortable for me to even respect this  
With this focused brain I can take myself away from pain  
Turn me into rain, sprinkle it upon all of us in vein  
I'm the one that was sent to make sure the sun will always shine  
Try to determin the evil and good all in my twisted mind  
Hopefully, this just might be the one that reaches to the world  
And make a safer place to play for all our little boys and girls  
Cuz I'm a soldier don't get it twisted  
Get your wig split  
Fifty millimeter shells aiming for the terrorist  
Must have missed cuz they still comin with some big shit  
Osama fucked up real deep and there ain't no time to fix it  
He better be off the planet, two light years passed the moon  
Rode on a magic carpet satellites gonna find him soon  
He's probaly already dead fuckin with tha U.S.A  
But if not he better not bring his ass up in tha bay

Let me hear tha sound of tha soldiers  
I said let me hear tha sound of tha soldiers  
Juicy J tha soldier boy  
The marines ain't no punk and you know we keep grenades and AK's in the trunk  
With Iraq we be buck, we be fightin and we stomp  
With our fist, with our feet, we be ready when you jump  
We don't hide behind mask like a terrorist my nigg  
Just so you know who tha real fuckin cowards is.