

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 artilary
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 uncomfotable 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.