

## 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