

# Soldier To A General

## Outlawz

Yo, it's gettin colder with time, Thug rollers with rhymes  
Gotta look out for the spineless, marchin with mines  
Outlawz on the grind, in the back of my mind  
Gotta watch out for the one-time all the time  
Lot of fights on the block, so I walk with my glock  
First head get hot, gettin shot on the spot  
It's a sticky sitch-e-ation, tryin to duck to hatin  
Fuckin with my family, I get worse than Satan  
Turnin niggaz out, at a young age  
It's what my life story's about, I ain't afraid  
Turnin in the water, gaspin' for air  
But I'm in the air at the same time, searchin for land  
It's the life of a man, without no parents to call  
Had to learn right and wrong when it's on, fuck all y'all  
Walkin through the cemetery talkin to the dead  
Conversation we gonna keep between us, heard what he said  
Think about the niggaz that can't make it to see tomorrow  
Left his family all alone cause he got hit by the lead  
Drama on the streets is what the Outlawz fed  
And if your ass get out of line, you got a price on your head

I was born all alone, I'mma die all alone (yeah)  
So I ride all alone, from a soldier to a general  
I taught myself, went to court myself (uh-huh)  
Made a choice, from a soldier to a general  
A boy to a man, ain't nobody give a damn (fuck that!)  
Live the streets without nobody, from a soldier to a general  
We was raised around criminals, and played around criminals  
The game of a criminal, from a soldier to a general

I walk around with the weight of the world  
Faith in my shotty since I made it my girl (love you)  
Oh! Somebody save me please, I've been  
Brought up amongst these scam blest thieves and  
All they can show me is I fight with my muscle and (uh-huh)  
I'd do anything for these stripes in the struggle and  
Happiness is Hennessey, mixes, and bitches and I'm all about my riches  
From a small time grinder to a timer am I  
Scandalous mind is a constant reminder of the  
Evil these men do, struggle contend you  
Lord, what you got your boy all into  
I must be mental, I must be psycho  
Crazy deranged and my brains with a rifle  
That's the price we pay to have life today  
Will I have it any other way? No Way (oh)

Seems like my addiction to the streets been a life long one  
I chose to wrong damn crease  
See momma work her fingers to the bone to make me a happy home  
But I chose the wrong, steppin out on my own  
Intrigued by them big-league niggaz with the blow  
See my first dead man as a kid in eighty-four  
Seen crack come and turn bums to millionaires  
Turn and die a bitch out, oh, and now she don't care  
Something bought the ghetto in the Summer, make niggaz tougher  
Niggaz die to be fresh, so we all turn to hustlas  
Some stuck with it, some really couldn't fuck with it

Some trust the wrong, and now they gone  
Them flowers for the dead, all the powers in my head  
I give a fuck what them cowards said, I'm all about my bread  
Struggle love to, huh, hustle ball to  
From a soldier to a general, nigga you better let em through

I grew up, like every other kid in the ghetto  
Up the hill on my mountain bike, struggle to peddle  
I was a freshman with no medals  
But I earned my stripes  
Wrong turns made me burn my life  
Got a comment 'fore you walk soldier, follow the rules  
Be a leader when I see you, don't follow the crew  
There's only one way to live and one way to die  
One way to fail and one way to try  
My eyes bloodshot from the drugs on the block  
And my thugs on the block got slugs for the cops  
My moms loves my pops but she hurtin herself  
Laid off, so she broke, not workin herself  
On my own at fifteen, learnin the ropes quick  
Had to eat so I hustled, turnin my coat quick  
I ain't no shit, only how to be a criminal  
But plan to expand from a soldier to a general