

# I'm A Raise Me A Soldier

Pastor Troy

I Can't wait to have a son, Lil PT Nigga, Lil Pastor Troy  
(It's gonna be real)

Anybnody can be a daddy, it take a real man to be a father, (this dedicated to all them niggaz takin care of they responsibility it's on... keep it real ).

I think back home how I was raised, and how it is now, and I'm Half the man.

Man I'm played the fuck out,  
And I can't do nothin bout it  
My pop pushed me when I pouted,  
Then he grabbed me and shouted  
Nigga thugz make this earth revolve,  
All the simple shit that these mothafukaz can't solve... we forgotten  
Now I ain't gon' spoil you rotten, you's a punk if you's a nigga  
While punks pull pranks us real niggaz pull triggers  
And I figure that like father, like son... fuk the pack man, let's buy the 5  
0 pack and a gun  
Don't mean to take away yo fun, what's mo fun than money  
And even when you move a-tons pay yo tides on sunday  
Let's understand that the big man is Jesus Christ  
Give him repect and them devils can't fuck with yo life  
Cause they'll entice you with anything, bitches and broads with bright ideas  
Nigga... close yo ears or yo money dissapear, took me years fo I'd seen the  
light  
And I'm a tell my son his great-  
father was right, like my father sat me down now sit down my boy  
And make him understand what it means to be a Troy  
And let the burdains I experienced make him laugh  
But at the same time, let my baby clear his path  
And all the math that them crakaz gonna teach in school, I teach him home  
Teach him shit he would have neva know,  
I teach him how to clip the dope and how to chop his rocks  
I do it all for tha ship off tha old block... cause dats my blood

I'm a raise me a soldier, a soldier. I'm a raise me a soldier... a soldier,  
put my faith in Jahovah... Jahovah, teach me how to raise my soldier, my sol  
dier!

My son, the one that's gon' take over the throne, and he'll me atone  
When them bustaz doin wrong, it's bound to happen  
And I can see him laughing at trials and tribulations  
Holla'in at the hoes help them with they situations  
Manipulation... ? come on he'll be like me  
And when niggaz knock his shit, he gon' tell em with the quick  
There's a million ways to get to the top of the mountain  
But the view is all the same, so fuck it I'm a a slang  
He gone understand the his name the game bendin all the rules  
So prove the move you make, cause nigga dats yo fate  
Gon' take a few mistakes but as long as he learn  
Even the bird didn't know, just go get the worm  
And he gonna earn mo blessings, his blessings teach his son,  
His son gonna teach his boy, and reunions we'll enjoy  
The visions of a Troy President of this nation  
Brings a tear to my eye... What thugz ain't 'pose to cry?  
I rely on my intuition, and my position, God gon' bring me to a stong positi  
on

Now would ya'll listen, that the cristian and I cry for days, another child.  
To raise him to the worldly ways... dats my blood

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