Soldier's Story

Royce da 5'9"

We're in a situation, where everybody involved knows the stakes
(What up Reef) We're soldier's
Soldiers don't go to hell, it's war

I'm horse-back on the drums, from the kick to the snare
Get them shits in the air, shit is fixin' to flair
Spit on the beat, wrap it and ship it
Put it out, shit on the streets, that's me
Bust you in yo shit, and tell you don't you ever
That's me, I need respect, don't you better
That's me, chrome berretta, in the waistline
Of my own get up, I'm gone and still goin'
That's me, you hear a pop and see a drop, I'm comin'
That's me, when everybody on ya block is runnin'
That's me, wit the rocks that could block the sun in
The glock that I got, got a box it come in
I'm like the fear, that Biggie and Pac is comin' (Uh)
The reason why them baller boys cop them onions
That's me, five to the nine doo rag be tied to the side
You could either ride with it or die

Groom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin'
He came right into yo hood, and he sold you somethin'
He spit, wit a frozen flow, and he told you somethin'
I think I hear a soldier's comin', that's me
Groom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin'
You better run for it, run for it, run
Yeah now you know a soldier's comin'
You better run for it, run for it, run

We soldier's, (We) bats, (We) chains
(We) gats, (We) game, (We) raps, (We) names
We soldier's, in the streets we keep heat
Niggas is deep, and niggas'll creep, creep

Far from what you would call soft, you competing
What you would fall off, I'm beef, you call off
That's me, the one that you supposedly beef wit
That's me, we fought, but you kept it a secret
Talking bout what you gon' do when you find me and keep seeing me (Uh)
Lying like you dying to catch me, and put three in me (Uh)
Told him cut the jokes, but I guessed that he wasn't hearin' me (Uh)
Convince his self that he wan't fearing me
My niggas all killers, from the bottom straight to the top
Ride wit me rather know they destination or not
That's me, the baddest rap you heard in a while
Ride with the gat in the lap, convertible style
That's me, the killer that lurk in the dark
Tear up ya goddamn hood, from the church to the park
Groom, motherfucker, you hear that noise
You better run for it, run for it, run

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Nothin' but underground shit, comin' out of my pump
Decade funk from a punk, comin' out of my trunk (Uh)
Everybody want to thug, wit them triggers they pullin'
Be shootin' pip-pip guns, that ain't as big as my bullets
Live from Detroit comin', to a block near you (Uh)
Real soon, somebody might get popped near you (Uh)
All you want to do is rap, I'll be listening right
After flippin' a bit difference, between a clip and a mic
I'ma soldier (Soldier) cool as I want to be
Gun totin', talkin' to hoes, rude as I want to be
Who wants some of me, this is no problem
That I can't fix, I got a tool that I brung wit me (Uh)
Hardcore niggas your nothin' (Uh)
Ben Franklin run this motherfucker, and in God I trust him (Uh)
If you ever see my guns out, I'm probly bustin'
Why you niggas ridin' and dying, I'll be truckin'

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Uh, uh, uh, uh
Royce Nickel nine, two thousand
Big Reef, uh

Beef, we soldier's, we follow codes, orders
(Soldier's they justify everything that you do)