

## Soldier Story

Scarface

Where I'm from?  
Killers go dumb  
Usually deatch is the outcome  
Welcome to the jungle  
Where kidnappers hunt you  
The streets they really want you  
Serious  
No smile on this block gives answers gets per curious  
Good times disappears quickly back into a mist  
Shoot I hardly ever miss  
That means I'm accurate  
Crack the pitch  
Then pretty soon I have to switch  
Scratching the itch with paper cuts on my index  
The real riders shoot up blocks and screams "who next? "  
Like my nigga 2-Tech he totes 2-techs.  
It been a beef before in Houston they called it "plex"  
They got to know the protocol  
I'm warning y'all  
It gets deep  
So deep the prison guards will put you to sleep  
Rest eternally  
No coming back  
You OD'd  
Overdose  
This neighborhood got me comatose  
Back up against the wall another statistic I know

The streets always been my daddy  
And mommy is the colleges  
I'm a soldier and I'm about my mail  
If I get busted I'm not about to tell  
Because I'm a gangster  
The streets always been my daddy  
And mommy is the colleges  
I'm a solider and I'm about my mail  
I ain't trying to do right because I'm already living in hell  
Because I'm a gangster

The gas prices are too high  
Pay raises too low  
I'm better off in the game flippin kicks like Judo  
Or out somewhere pimpin getting money by the two hoes  
That's why I'm in the lab with The Product spittin new flows  
Feds watchin my hood entirely too much gunplay  
Neighborhood basketball star slained last Monday  
Raided the neighborhood kingpin last Tuesday  
If this was going on in your neighborhood what would you say?  
Given the opportunity to tell it to the masses  
Low and middles class still carrying bus passes  
Young girls giving birth before they hit the 9th grade  
About to be a mom and can't even make Kool-Aid  
Who made this crack anyway?  
Told this about this herron  
Sold us to alcohol and the guns that we care-on

It's like the ghetto got a heart and a soul

A mind of it's own  
A hunger for a young cat die before he grown  
A lust for a young girl sliding down the pole  
She's always falling short on her goals  
The street life is cold  
It's either when you lose or you fold  
Money is the root of all evil is what I was told  
And everything that you thought you would leave there is a hoax  
You put your faith in front of those demons and when the smoke clear  
The truth appear  
The fight for your life  
The struggles of the wrong verses right  
And wrong won  
The song sung  
In the keys of reality  
When death crosses your path bloodshed tragically  
So automatically you come to a close  
And realize no matter what the key to the codes  
I seen the hood swallow motherfuckers whole  
Then shit them out in the system ain't never make it home  
I know