

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 versus 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