

# Hip Hop Soldier

Sir Mix-A-Lot

I'm a hip hop soldier ...  
I'm a hip hop soldier

All you wannabe gangstas, drivin' Volkswagons  
Chillin' at the high schools, broke but braggin'  
Under educated, your style is dated  
You talk behind my back and your rope's gold-plated  
But I'm back to take revenge, my beef will never end  
I'll tear your midsection, 'til your body start to bend  
Like a pistol, I'm a smokin'  
I'm crushin', not jokin'  
Whippin' sissies for a past time, and no I'm never chokin'  
I blow away suckers with the flicker of my index  
Not brass monkey, it's a natural reflex  
Go getter tactics, makin' suckers holla  
A vicious motherfucker with a rope around my collar  
I carry lots a cash, I whip a sucker's ass  
I drive a big Caddy, and I pull the trigger fast  
Down at Arnold's on the Ave, I fight 'til the death  
I let you suck my in my chest, and then I break your damn neck  
I got the cold beats rippin', your needle's not skippin'  
So many damn weapons that the military's trippin'  
People in Seattle hate me, cause I'm not like a hood  
But you rock heads wish that you could

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Now let's get one thing straight, my weapons are great  
You 22 automatic suckers are late  
Got a quarter Moon clip, and a Smith and Wesson  
I'm about to give you roody-poos a cold gun lesson  
I'm the wizard of mayhem, master of destruction  
Got a 44 mag, with the blunt instructions  
Page 1 says open, page 2 says feel  
Page 3 says cock, page 4 says kill  
A mini 14, full combat dress  
A thirty round clip, and I ain't takin' no mess  
Cause I'm a rough eyegrasser, a camouflage dresser  
My M16 has a flasher presser  
My Sterling mark six, it's funny but it hits  
It looks sideways but the sucker will kick  
A pack of dangerous beretta, kinda small but its good  
Some of you wannabes wish that you could

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Now I'm about to get go, so I better clean up  
I'm not avigatin' crime, but you gotta get tough  
I don't believe in gun control, the theory is proven  
Give a criminal a gun, and your public is losin'  
For you gotta fight back, cause the pigs ain't black  
No protection in your section, now it's time to act  
A 22 won't due, you need rapid fire  
I'm a ammo gum gun buyer  
Big battle rifles, can make a suckers day

You mess around with me so lot, you might get blown away  
Wearin' 5 gold rings, never intimidated  
In Seattle they are jealous, cause a brother has made it  
But they don't mess with me, cause they might get Iked  
I'm not a gay rapper, I don't like to get knifed  
The devil made me do it, and I wannabe good  
Don't you roody-poops wish that you could

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I'm runnin' hollow point bullets, in my 38  
So if you plan to get ill, you better stay in your place  
Cause I'm not a game player, I'm just a rhyme sayer  
My vigilante group includes my mayor  
I pack two uzis cause they stop all crime  
You might get yours, but don't let me get mine  
I never beat woman, romance is better  
If a freak wants to leave, boy you might as well let her  
West coast rappers we all bust hard  
When we chillin' on the set, we never need a bodyguard  
People in Seattle hate me, cause I'm not like a hood  
Some of you wannabes wish that you could

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