Soldier

N*E*R*D

(Santogold)
I don't know what they told you
I am soldier, babe
There's nobody I won't go through
Just to hold you, babeI'm in the back of the rumble
Even the night now
I know what you like
Just won't deny itBum Bum, Bum bum bum bum
Bum bum, bum bum bee-low
Bum bum, bum bum bee-lowI know what you like
(YOW!)
Just won't deny(N.E.R.D.)
What's wrong with my reffing-oh?
What's that on your news channel?
All your beef has plans, I know.
That is why we wear camo.
Yes, we love are fans and so.
Have some fun and shake and so.
They don't know, they can't go.
Next time when the speakers blow.
Cross until they can't no mo'
Hop on stage and pass our show.
We 'preciate you spendin' that dough.
If you wanna hear a word from our intro.
Interesting with your friend
We're your sh**
We're my sh**
Yes I rock my friends and so.
This they know? UH NO.
You ask what I'm fighting?
You wanna know what I'm fighting?
On the radio, ain't exciting.
On the T.V., ain't exciting.
Wanna what's behind and
Books I raise are dying.
Wanna know, with the hope, you buying
Looks I'm out to frying.
Screw you and your corp quarters.
We taking your sons and daughters.

It's time for social order.
This is the social order.
And now our loves are now shorter.
Gotta jump inside the the water.
Get that Miss Porter.
Now turn off your camcorder.(Santogold)
I don't know what they told you
I am soldier, babe
There's nobody I won't go through
Just to hold you, babeI'm in the back of the rumble
Even the night now
I know what you like
Just won't deny it(N.E.R.D.)
Every time you come see us
Show some love, the walls might bust.
We go crazy cars might crush
Tell security (don't you cuss)
Kick the stairs and cop their teeth
From our stage to our roadie
If security comes and ask
"Where's your pass?" Say you're me.
Flick off to whatever he says
Hop the fence and jump the stage.
Make sure you're seen, make sure you're hurt
Snatch the mic and sing the words
If they kick you out the door
Turn around come back for more
If they won't let you in line say
"F*** you I had a great time."
You ask what I'm fighting?
You wanna what I'm fighting?
Club rhythm aint exciting.
Deuce givin' em aint exciting.
Oh, it don't fit the timing
'Cause you always lying
Sometimes when we aint whining.
Screw you and your chauffeur
We taking your sons and daughters
It's time for social order.
This is the social order.
And now our loves are now shorter.
Gotta jump inside the the water.
Get that Miss Porter.
Now turn on your camcorder.(Santogold)
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