

# Born 2 Be A Soldier

## Mystikal

(Intro [Master P])

What's up niggas and bitches.

It's the muthafuckin kisarme.

It's No Limit, Master P.

Im'a introduce y'all to the muthafuckin,  
one of the hardest liuetenants on the tank, Mystikal.

We was all born to be soldiers.

See, these evil thoughts,  
they was scarred into our muthafuckin souls from these wars,  
the streets, the ghetto, the hood. The ghetto.

Chorus: X 7

[Master P]Bitch, I'm a soldier!

[Mystikal]I was born to be a soldier!

[Mystikal]Ah, ATTEN!

Hoo! Muthafuckas don't you move

I got what it takes to make your ass feel (?)

You don't wanna rest in this parade

No Limit soldiers throwin grenades!

Strictly, heavy artillery, calm and gunnin

I got your ground troops runnin from INCOMING!

Go, go go go, the future caliber

Bout to rip your (?) vest, split your capita

The niggas be marchin in the land camp

Bitch we ghetto soldiers, the streets is what made us!

No LVE's, no MRE's

But we kill our enemies, and drive humvees!

Chorus X 5

[Master P]Born, to be, a muthafuckin soldier

The colonel don't play, I'm out that tank

Money in the bank, make niggas thank

At ease when we rank, salute cause we cap

Fools run they trap, soldiers bust caps

Fools die a million deaths, soldier dies once

Put that on my gold keys, my gat, and my blunt

Candy painted hummer, triple gold D's

We bout it, eyes on our CREAM cause we rowdy

Battle kicked advil, niggas load they carriages

Weapons on the mayor of the cash cause I know character

I'm ready to bust keys, niggas (?)

Niggas are fuckin, slanging them trees

They gon die in New Orleans

Chorus X 4

[Silkk]I came out the muthafuckin womb, niggas wanna combat tank

My ghetto antics, my ghetto tactics

I smack quick, stick another gat nigga to your ass and acrobatic

Nigga what? Black, my M-16, is black bitch

I was born to drop phat shit

Punk your ass like a sac bitch

Yeah, I keep a gat bitch (?) I react quick

Blow them soldiers, told ya, and that's it

But see, I set my shit off like a punt (Go, T, Go)

We roll, I said we roll like a muthafuckin blunt

See, don't come stunt and don't try to front

I'm Silkk the Shocker, I snatch your ass like a muthafuckin duck

I put on my camoflaug nigga, straight up my fuckin boot

Why would a muthafucka who ain't TRU laugh at old shoot

About face, salute!

Tell I'ma soldier, by the way I talk

Tell I'ma soldier, by the way I march (Right, left, left)

I was born to be a soldier!

Chorus X 4

[Fiend]Bringin bags and weed

Lil Fiend live by the soldiers creed

Of broken no seed in the botton pockets of my fatigues

War fatigues, playing live chess games with the chain

(?) at the gun range, cause I'll bring pain

When I'm playing survival games, that's why I sport a vest

But niggas are put to rest, but got them right tatted on my chest

I was best on my recon, started harm and dis

The war from this, is that Fiend was born from this

Scarred from this, so all the armies now go hide

Cause the crime design, stay from nine to five

Enemies retire, and the bigger go up, till my gun show up

No Limit soldiers, the world blow up!

Chorus X 3

[Mac]Assassin, soldier, sniper, murderer

Son of a bitch, arsonist, house burglarer

Been there, done most before the sun rose

We changin clothes, when the po po's chase

Narrow with the bass, got them hoes all in my face

And them fake niggas hate, so I started different ways

And even when I'm dead and gone

My legacy'll live on

Tattoo me on your arm and tell niggas he got his rhyme on  
Murder murder kill killin and shit that I spit  
For lunatics who be feelin this shit  
Put the gat in my face, I never squeal, nigga keep it real  
Pops gave me the game, bout to bag a feel  
We attack like the Men in Black  
You react, if you got a gat  
I'll never die, camoflaug in my vein  
I'll never change in the purple rain  
My name manifest pain, I'm a soldier  
Chorus X 8

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