

# Soldier

## Royce da 5'9"

{ "Frequency..." } [Royce Da 5'9"]  
Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff  
I'm feelin like the best, nobody - bring it back  
Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff  
I'm feelin like the best, nobody fuckin with us  
We done turned to a bygone don crew  
We got the semi Kimora like Djimon Hounsou  
A lifetime criminal, live by a code we call shush  
Fireman ladder flow, look at it, my bar is up  
As you can see I'm a beast on the track  
I'm even worse, I'm the hearse with the reef on the back  
I'm like the gun at the race, son you only get one shot  
My album is the finish line, here's where your run stops  
'Bout to go fishin with a clip that's extended  
Because your momma got a glass eye with a fish in it (haha) [Chorus 2X: Iyana Dean]  
I-I think my, niggaz is soldiers  
I-I think my, bitches is gangstas  
I-I think my, niggaz is soldiers  
I-I think my, I-I think (HUT!) [Royce Da 5'9"]  
I get money, I get bitches, I get bored or - bring it back  
I get bitches, I get money, no specific order  
Filthy hit recorder, wipe or Ricky mixed with Ricky Porter  
Butchie Jones mixed with Mr. Combs with the tooky aura  
I'm a muh'fucker, no really I fuck mothers  
I chug bottles and pass out on they La-Z-Boy  
She try to leave them lil' niglets with me? Shiiit  
I treat 'em all like I'm Snoop Dogg in "Baby Boy"  
Leave me alone, I'm Hancock  
Liquor sto' close I'm swoopin 'round hittin the second-hand spot  
I don't fuck with no hoe unless she a dancer  
There's no position, drug or liquor she can't try  
I'm Cancer, me versus them is a landslide  
If your face is fly, and your body is decent  
This your inauguration the same time your impeachment  
I got a lotta anger - I was hot before your first shit  
Not your album, but before your momma potty trained ya [Chorus] [Kid Vishis]  
Where my soldiers attack (it's a wrap)  
Hold up - when my soldiers attack, it's a wrap  
One clap'll lay you unconscious, bullets alpha-mega slap

Cock grenade here, think we scared? No way  
Set yo' ass up like the cops did O.J.  
Fo' spray his body make his chest explode  
The barrel on the shotty wide as KRS's nose  
Partner, (Buck-shot) ya  
Rap like a automatic gun, lungs stoppin means you can't breathe proper  
Yeah, they like I'm on some other shit  
Whole clique hold heat like a oven mitt  
To fuck with this you want me on wax  
So I'ma tax you lil' local rappers worse than the government  
Bastard - the closest you niggaz been  
to a shotgun is in the car front seat passenger  
How 'bout you take a trip in the trunk?  
Ride to the pastor for a casket to hold ya; it's over! [Chorus]

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