

Soldier Man

Kevin Gates

Chorus:

Prayers go to heaven, when you close your eyes
Gun shot sounds comes at no surprise
We living in the soldier man town
We living in the solider man town
No sunshine skies are grey
We living this night and day
Guess I'm living in the solider man town
Guess I'm living in the solider man town

Verse 1:

750 Li, dive in the street
Learn to shallow your pride or you die tryna eat
Kevin Gates, don't know what to call it, forever me
Wishing months Like, ain't show grass since 17
God I know you in control of the cards and you deal then right
My dawg gave his heart to the lawyer, and got hit with life
At least we still see him, not at all freedom
Valut pictures without you in it, we not at all cheezing
Some about your daughter, they way she be looking at me
Give her toys, and I spoil her, she still don't be looking happy
Niggas look crooked at me, symboliz success
Bread Winner Association got the embla on my neck
Out of town ??? we talking brick money
AAR AA Spider, We talking whip money
Picture on the street, feet hurting we talking trick money
Had to get a job to survive, cough up your rent money

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Verse 2:

The Lord bless me with another topic, Public Defender
No dream team, Johnny Cockrin
The other mothers of my children got their own specific wage

Head first in the game, keep hunger pains away
When Grandfather passed away, I heard him say you the man of the family
Never thought the Judge and the DA's will try to slam me
Now I understand, ain't no understanding
Money in my hand, my respect, I'm demanding
Label Record, label me reckless safe to say loose cannon
Fast car, fast broads, and pententary chances
Broke it off like family, big dawgs got involved
Now the kid is outstanding
Nike sweats, White G-Stock look who out standing on the block
Fens passing, ???
stop it in the street tryna see a profit
Can't go get a job, I don't have no other option.

Outro:

True life confessions, expressing what I believe
Scars on the surface, with mines I can bleed
Everything I look, eventually I'ma see
Lay my life down, holding my weapon willing to squeeze
Stuck in the street life
Sucking my teeth like,
Hustle to eat, while grutching my heat
Object of the game is to stack and get out of here
Shoulda never changed, I'm trapped and can't get out of here

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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