# Buffalo Soldier

## Sweet Little Band

[Featuring: Shyne][Chorus:]Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning down the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning down the block
Don't judge a book by the cover
Everything will be in this world is your brother
When I lost the fun [?] uncover
Ancient words that teach me to love ya!
So we burn to return to the mother
And we yearn to unlearn all they told ya about yourself
Who you are, what you should be,
I'm gonna be free leave it up to me!
Shouts through the sky, look out to the night
Feel alright!
Stars burn bright, I like the moonlight
You'll be alright!
[Chorus:]Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
This is the medicine, I'm out like the bedouin
This knife I'm burying and this life I'm treasuring
This is the medicine, I'm out like the bedouin
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a monster
I went runing away to the cave
Went in a slave and came out all flames
I went running away for the hills
Back to my roots and I'm running still
But now I'm running to face my dreams

Found my place and what it means
Find yourself and no one else
You have to leave it up to me, leave it up to me!
[Chorus:]Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block

Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
This is the medicine, I'm not like the bedouin
With this knife I'm buryin and this life I'm treasuring
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
Buffalo soldier, you know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning down the block
I shot the sheriff, the DA, and the deputy
Sorry al sharpton I don't need you to lecture me
Maybe I'll stop talking about guns
When you talk about the funds that they cut for the youth
Let's cut to the truth, ain't enough for the youth
So tell me how you judge me til you're stuck in the shoes, man!
Where the Congressmen, where all the Senators?
They're thinking about their green, not the color of the President?
This is just a relevance, survival is the sentiment
Narcotics is the only way you know that I'm a measure it!
They say that we are in a post Obama era
Well exactly what that mean? you needn't make it clearer
Does it mean that the rich are gonna finally start to share up
Reproportion the wealth and make things fairer
Asking God "why do poor people suffer" but now I'm such a hypocrite, the Rolls Royce mufflers.
In the gutters nobody never loved us
I am just the result of pain and hunger!
[Chorus:]Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block
Buffalo soldier, I know I'm not a rasta
I used to be a mobster burning up the block

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/