

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 running 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

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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
Reportion 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
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