

A Ballad For The Fallen Soldier

Jay-z

This here's a ballad for all the fallen soldiers
I'ma bout 'ta show you how a hustlers life (this is life man)
And a soldier's life, parallel
And the one thing they got in common is pain (forget about me for a second)
Picture split screen
On one side we got a hustler getting ready for the block (human beings)
Other side you got the soldier getting ready for bootcamp (soldiers)
They're both at war (this is life)
Stay with us
Did you ever notice, before you think, life goes fast
So don't you worry, about what you see, it will pass
You lost him mama, the wars calling him
Feel its his duty to fall in line with all of them
He's a soldier
Rose through the ranks as the head of your house hold
Now its time to provide bank
Like he's supposed tah
Now just remember while he's going to November
Theres part of him growing up
His shirts soaks up your tears as he holds yah
Your heart beatin so fast speeding his pulse up
Yeah I know it sucks, Life aint a rose bud
A couple of speed bumps
You gotta take your lumps
Off to Bootcamp, the worlds facing terror
Bin Laden been happenin in Manhatten
Crack was anthrax back then, back when
Police was Al'Qaeda to black men
While I was out there hustling sinning with no religion
He was off the wall killing for a living
Days turn to nights, nights turn to years
Years turn to "how the fuck we make it in here?"
My barracks average couple fights a day
Get you locked in a hole wont see the light of day
And I feel like I'm just writing my life away
I never thought shit could end up quite this way
There's a war going on outside no man is safe from
I'm here for the good fight only the fakes run
I'm here for the purple heart, if I cant take one

For my team or my siblings whats my reason for living?
I love my niggas more then anything else
This war's about my family, me needin the wealth
You dont understand how useless as men we felt
Till you become a 5 star general
Shout out to my niggas that's locked in jail
P.O.W.'s thats still in the war for real
Your baby boy is getting grown
So your baby boy is moving on
I've gotta chase (gotta chase it)
If I'm gonna make it (gonna make it)
Your baby boy is getting grown
So your baby boy is moving on
I'm gonna make it
Even if I gotta take it (gotta take it)
Mama said pray your sons becoming a man
This wars taxin to 'em like Uncle Sam
Hear the noise make the right choice, understand
Every choice that he make he makes it for his fam
It's death before dishonour
And if hes gone you should honor his memory
Dont cry we all gonna die eventually
But if he's locked in the penitentiary send him some energy
They all winners to me
(What's up kid?)

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