I'm A Soldier

Z-ro

[21 second instrumental to open]

[Z-Ro]
If somebody got a problem with me, come and address it
If the shoe fits it then walk in it I'm talkin to Texas
See I'm from a section where we kid each other for practice
So I keep grenades and a chopper right under my mattress
Please don't let the gold and the diamonds fool you
I promise it's nothin for your family to lose you
It's just when you speak to me watch ya tone, call the chief on the phone
Bring the beef to your home, make you sleep under some stones
Z-Ro the Crooked, but you faggots already know my name mayne
Know you'd love to catch me slippin in the turnin lane mayne
Fuck a rap tuck my strap right in back of my britches
I'm just rappin to pay my lawyer for creatin a witness
I done smoked somebody befo' and smokin's a bad habit
They say it always take you to your casket, but fuck death
Cause I ain't scared, bitch I'm ready to fly
But until I go I'ma murk niggaz and get my fetti right now

[Chorus 2X: Z-Ro]
I'm a soldier, these stankers keep me reachin for my holster
Sometime I feel my death is creepin closer
But I'ma keep on thuggin like I'm 'posed ta, 'posed ta

[Z-Ro]
Look at the conditions I was livin in, I didn't have a clear vision then
I needed ends cause there was no residence for me to sleep in
Nigga the streets raised me, man they played me sometime
But a real nigga regroup relax and take this back on his grind
I was gifted with a sick grip game, and it stick to the spoon
Plus I'm gifted at spittin make my vocals click to a tune
Bitch I'm schizophrenic, I probably won't stick to this mood
Hope I don't lose it 'fore I have to bring this brick to this dude
I heard some niggaz got somethin to say 'bout me back in the hood
Can't be Mo City, cause everyday I'll be back in the hood
And we can scrap or we can take it to the straps in the hood
You get your stuff or be murdered and won't be back in the hood
Same way I stack the republic I'm just like that in the hood

Bring to you a hat in public or a hat in the hood
Niggaz say Rap-A-Lot ain't payin me like I ain't got nuttin
If six figures is bein bent over, I'm lovin the fuckin

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]
All you niggaz that talk down, just might get walked down
Become another statistic and down these war grounds
Nigga pull up your hands, just look at each other
But guaranteed to beat up a bitch he gon' wanna make me suffer
So I shoot first, look at his head burst, bleedin
And exit to dig a ditch that's even, give me the reason
Promise I've been lookin to get some stress off
I let the muh'fuckin mac-11 hack everything under the neck off
Used to be a problem child now I'm a problem grown up
I done done some evil shit and one day I'ma have to own up
But when I say somethin homey I mean what I say
I'ma murder you straight up or I can lean when I spray
Z-Ro the "fuck everybody" nigga from Screwed Up Click
Now I ain't gon' let you bend over to tie your shoes up bitch
I'ma launch a Bernard Hopkins type of blow in your jaw
That's the way I police my perimeter, Ro is the law

[Chorus]

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