Soldier (Ft. Kid Vishis)

Royce da 5'9"

Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff
I'm feelin like the best, nobody - bring it back
Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff
I'm feelin like the best, nobody fuckin with us
We done turned to a bygone don crew
We got the semi Kimora like Djimon Hounsou
A lifetime criminal, live by a code we call shush
Fireman ladder flow, look at it, my bar is up
As you can see I'm a beast on the track
I'm even worse, I'm the hearse with the reef on the back
I'm like the gun at the race, son you only get one shot
My album is the finish line, here's where your run stops
'bout to go fishin with a clip that's extended
Because your momma got a glass eye with a fish in itI-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, bitches is gangstas
I-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, I-I think (HUT!)I get money, I get bitches, I get bored or - bring it back
I get bitches, I get money, no specific order
Filthy hit recorder, wipe or Ricky mixed with Ricky Porter
Butchie Jones mixed with Mr. Combs with the Tookie aura
I'm a muh'fucker, no really I fuck mothers
I chug bottles and pass out on they La-Z-Boy
She try to leave them lil' niglets with me? Shit
I treat 'em all like I'm Snoop Dogg in "Baby Boy"
Leave me alone, I'm Hancock
Liquor sto' close I'm swoopin 'round hittin the second-hand spot
I don't fuck with no ho unless she a dancer
There's no position, drug or liquor she can't try
I'm Cancer, me versus them is a landslide
If your face is fly, and your body is decent
This your inauguration the same time your impeachment
I got a lotta anger, I was hot before your first year
Not your album, but before your momma potty trained yaI-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, bitches is gangstas
I-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, I-I think (HUT!)Where my soldiers attack, it's a wrap, hold up
When my soldiers attack, it's a wrap
One clap'll lay you unconscious, bullets alpha-mega slap
Cock grenade here, think we scared? No way

Set your ass up like the cops did O.J
Fo' spray his body make his chest explode
The barrel on the shotty wide as KRS's nose, partner
Buck-shot ya, rap like a automatic gun
Lungs stoppin means you can't breathe proper
Yeah, they like I'm on some other shit
Whole clique hold heat like a oven mitt
To fuck with this you want me on wax
So I'mma tax you lil' local rappers worse than the government
Bastard, the closest you niggas been
To a shotgun is in the car front seat passenger
How 'bout you take a trip in the trunk?
Ride to the pastor for a casket to hold ya, it's over!I-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, bitches is gangstas
I-I think my, niggas is soldiers
I-I think my, I-I think (HUT!)

Songwriters
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