

Another Soldier

Bun B

[Bun B:]

Remorse

Vengeance

Lost of a loved one

Relative in commander to the game of life, in which one chose to adapt to as a gangsta

Enter my mind

Fill my heart

My emotional pain

Can you feel it?

Naw

Can you feel it?

If you haven't experienced that nature of life, it's gutta[Chorus: Cobe]

I got this drama

Don't worry momma

Cause I got the armor

On my back, when I

Drive through the streets

Everybody on me

Tryin to take my life

But I don't give a

What about that

Grip that thang

Cock that back

You don't wanna be (GONE)

Another goner (GONE)

In the game (GONE)

Another soldier (GONE)

In a grave (GONE)

Bendin' corners (GONE)

Finna bang (GONE)

Another soldier (LONG GONE)

In the grave (grave [x7])[Bun B:]

We are the mighty Middle Fingaz

We do not accept hate

Love us or die[Mddl Fngz:]

Yeah fatboy slow, but a nigga ain't quick

Ho limped through the door, lay a nigga on his d*ck

Open up tha door, nigga standing like "shit"

Fifteen full bricks, same price for a hit

Nigga I done done it, it ain't gotta be a lick
And if I'm plexin with you patna then the choppa gon piss
Shootin up ya corna make a sound like "Swish"
But I low so gat cause the chopper don't miss.[Bun B:]
No the choppa gon hit
Bound to leave ya dome split
Lose ya bodily functions
Have me think you gon shit
Middle fingaz, strong click
Bun B, the strong spit
Put you six feet under
Why not have a long sit
Long walk, short pier
Mane have a long flip
Got the streets on lock
And got the yola on whip
Tell momma we comin home so don't trip[Mddl Fngz:]
If I Tee, don't worry bout me
Momma I'm a G
I know how to handle niggas tryin to come up on me
Tryin to run up on me
Thinkin you gon try me
Shit in a bag
Drinkin through a IV
So appreciate ya breath
While you got some left
Ya life's a bitch
They got permanent PMS
And my only fear of death is reincarnation
So it ain't shit for me to make you niggas ER patients
Another soldier in the grave[Chorus][B.A.N.D.I.T:]
Two nines, four clips
Prayin that you niggas trip
Lookin for some trouble
Finna bust you niggas bubble
And I don't give a fuck about your happy meal mug
We can go toe to toe, or trade these slugs
So catch a square nigga
And I won't budge
Don't plea bargain now, nigga save it for the judge
I might have you niggas lookin like a strawberry fanta
Did so much, done burned myself, retire my bandanna
SOUTHWEST got them soldiers
Some movin doja
Some movin X

But they mostly movin yola
With guns in tha holsta
We never leave tha toasta
Face could wind up on a rest in peace poster
Rest in peace? No suh
Pissin on ya gravesite
Then get real nigga with it and go fuck ya wife
So think twice
One for you and ya momma life
Band I-T, shoot the soldiers like I shoot tha dice[Bun B:]
For my nigga Bad Ass Bam, I'll open ya head
For Young Lo, I'll let that forty-fo fill ya with lead
For Big Munsta, I'll pull out the Thompson and straight squeeze it
Behind Sean Wee I'll cut you off at the knees
For the Band I-T, I'll close range ya with the mac
And for K.S.O lot, I'll put the glock to ya back
Middle Finga, this ain't a act
This uncut coke
Don't ever play us for a joke
You'll get ya bitch-ass smoked
We go for broke[Chorus]

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