

# Ur In Da Army

S.A.S

Babycakes, your in a foreign land  
Uncle Sam does the best he can  
You're in the army now  
Oh-oh, you're in the army, now  
Now you remember what the draftman said  
Nothing to do all day but stay in bed  
You're in the army now  
Oh-oh, you're in the army, now

This is thuggery, yo I'm thuggin', see  
Nurses said I need 3 months of recovery  
(That's what they said)  
They was loving me, plus they was rubbing me  
Shit, I'll shoot a sucker free just to show 'em I'm sucker-free  
Slewin' the booth, pursuin' the truth  
You're in the army now, I'm the one recruitin' the troops  
So yeah (yeah)  
This is a leadership, hop on this leader ship  
But you ain't leading shit  
No, you ain't a leader prick  
I been had metal on my hip  
Way before I got into beef and got metal in my hip  
Ah, calm you crooks, you gwaan and shook  
You don't wanna go to war like Sadaam and Bush, you're puss  
Yo my weapon long (Brraat)  
We can get it on (Brraat)  
It's some Blitzkreig, Vietnam, Desert Storm  
And, and, when you thought I passed away  
I'm on the operatin' table for like half a day  
See I'm a soldier

Loading the Glock  
Reload and it's cocked to pop  
Whether you know it or not, shit  
(You're in the army)  
Yo it's war in these little streets  
North, south, or west, it feels like the middle east  
All the ballin's over  
This is a commemoration for my fallen soldiers, yeah  
Who Dares Win, so strat me clown  
I spray these rounds until you niggaz can't be found

I remember days I was pitchin' crack, tryna duck squalie  
Now I'm a Diplomat, and a rap artist  
Find me where my niggaz at  
Turn the block, Barney  
And Blood, when them triggers clap, you will not harm me  
Your boy getting loot for days  
I breeze by you, cologne smell like Joop & Haze  
Me, Adamu, troops who blaze  
Them Rugers, K's  
One phonecall, moves is made  
Rep 9-Treezy gang, that's a shout to the set  
Got clout and bagauettes, I'm about my respect  
So, get prepared if you scared  
Cuz this shit here make niggaz disappear  
It's all timin', rhymin', grindin', shinin'

Dipset bitch, read in between them diamonds  
A few O's spare, I move those, yeah  
With two guns on me like "Nigga, who goes there"  
I'm in the army

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Reportin' to you guys, reportin' to you live (from where)  
From the corner, that's my bitch, I'm on her (Yes)  
I hug her, I love her, I trust her with my life  
Like a brother, like a mother, like a wife  
And nuthin' else  
The kid struggled to get to stardom  
Now I'm on, it's on, yeah it's big trouble in little Harlem  
Fuck fightin' a war, catch me fightin' on tour  
Least I know who I'm fightin', what I'm fightin' him for  
They say we shouldn't fight for colors on a rag  
Well, we shouldn't, like we shouldn't fight for colors on a flag  
America, open your eyes to the facts  
There's a war goin' on and it's not in Iraq  
Uh-uh, Bush smerkin' (yup)  
The hood's hurtin' (yup)  
It's a drought, nobody getting good work in (yup)  
Fiends is cranky, I'm seeing lately  
Hustlers, plottin', watchin' and seeming shaky  
In the army

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