

# I'm A Soldier

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

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

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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

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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

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