

Soldier Like Me (Return Of The Soulja)

2pac

So what I wanna do, hopefully is... I wanna be, uhm not a wannabe I am Tupac Shakur!

Tupac!

2005!

Guess who's back? G-G-Guess who's back

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Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja

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Posse deep as I role through the streets

Motherfuck the police as we creep, in our Jeeps

Layin so long you think I'm asleep

But at the slightest beef, I'm robbin niggaz through the teeth

And OPD can get the dick if they play tuffy

Last time them niggaz rushed me, I aint bust but now I'm touchy

Trust me, aint nothing jumpin but these buck shots

Them niggaz got enough knots, I'm poppin corrupt cops

Ya motherfuckaz catch a hot one

You wanted to start a problem, now you coward cops have got one

And there's no prison that can hold a

Motherfuckin soulja, ready to role and take control

So now I jack 'em while they sleepin

Role to the door, through a grenade in the precinct

Some people panic, brothers bugged out

I had to keep poppin, cuz wouldn't stop until they rugged out

And they vest don't protect from the head wounds

Reload ammunitions and them bitches will be dead soon

Smoke rising from the barrel of my shotty

I finally got revenge, now count the bodies

20 cops, one for every year in jail

Tryin to keep a nigga down, but ya failed

Before I let ya take me, I told ya

Fuck being trapped, I'm a soulja

I betcha that I got something you aint got, that's called courage

It don't come from no liquor bottle, it aint scotch, it's not bourbon

I don't walk around like no G, cuz that aint me, I'm not that person

I don't try to act like you do, cuz that aint you, you just frontin

You aint?

It's Tupac in the mad bitch

In them six-'fo, rag on them thangs, that's a bad bitch

Gettin ghosts on them bitches in the town

Bustin out the backseat, nigga when we clown

Homie is you down?
B got the strap and she anxious
Hurry up 'fo she spank shit
Commin round the corners, spittin rounds
They payin homie down
Caught them sucka ass bitches outta bounce
Now tell me how that sound?
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the judgement day
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A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the judgement day
Stinkin BIATCH!

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You aint? (Tupac)

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