Soulja's Story

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

They cuttin off welfare.. They think crime is risin now You got whites killin blacks, cops killin blacks, and blacks killin blacks Shit just gon' get worse They just gon' become souljas Straight souljas

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Crack done took a part of my family tree My mom is on the shit, my daddy's splittin, mom is steady blamin me Is it my fault, just cause I'm a young black male? Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin crack sales Only fifteen and got problems Cops on my tail, so I bail til I dodge 'em They finally pull me over and I laugh "Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass Now I got a murder case.. .. you speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz and a black mask Duckin fuckin 'Task', now who's the jack-ass? Keep my shit cocked, cause the cops got a glock too What the fuck would you do - drop them or let 'em drop you? I chose droppin the cop I got me a glock, and a glock for the niggaz on my block Momma tried to stab me, I moved out Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house I'm only seventeen, I'm the new kid Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick But all good things don't last 'Task' came fast, and busted my black ass Coolin in the pen, where the good's kept Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps A soulja

Buck, buck - niggaz get fucked, don't step to this Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic Here's the anorexic, I'm makin it to an exit Walkin through the streets on the black tip Packed with several gats, cause I'm on some "pay 'em back" shit Niggaz don't wanna try me, brother you'll get shot down Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now That's what I call a kingpin Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing Tellin him just be ready set

Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet Niggaz from the block on the boat now Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow! These punks about to get hit by the best I'm wearin double vest.. so aim at my fuckin chest I'll be makin straight dome calls Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin up your own balls I can still hear my mother shout.. "Hit the pig nigga, break your bigger brother out" I got a message for the warden I'm comin for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gorden We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all A crazy motherfucker makin death calls Just bring me my brother and we leavin For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin.. They brought my brother in a jiffy I took a cop, just in case things got tricky And just as we was walkin out (BANG!) I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth My brother caught a bullet too I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to The fast life ain't everything they told ya Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

Straight soulja, 1993, and forward..