Bring It On

Mia X

What's goin on out there in soldier world? {All my soldiers and Soldierettes}
This Fiend the excited private nigga act like ya know me
Here to represent on Mia X Ms. Mama Drama Shit {Mama Drama Nigga}
Here we have Mac, the shell shocker, skull dugery
C mother fucking Murder, Mystikal
And last but not least Fiend the excited private
Here to represent like this ya heard me?
Cock, bust, squeeze, aim
We No Limit Soldiers nigga you know our name
What y'all niggas really come to do
If you with me tell them soldier haters Fuck you {Fuck you}
What y'all bitches really come to do
If you with me tell them soldiers haters fuck you {fuck you]
True niggas on the front line ready to squezze
Bitches think before you speak cause you don't want none of these
Left, right, left roundhouse
Cause everytime I bring it one sombody gets knocked out
About as bout it bout it as it gets
It's that bitch
Mia X lady no limit {yeah that bitch}
Mama four-star {yeah that bitch}
You don't wanna go to war {That's that bitch}
Drill me
I make ya fell me like ya dick in burning pussy
Lyrical beats or in the streets nigga I'm no rookie
I'm the drama in your heart when your people get killed
The most respected gangsta bitch on the real cause I will
[Fiend}
Remember me I tote a shoty
Military gunfare just one day
Paper weight hands and arrest leg
I ain't scared I done prayed for all the consequences
Brand new glock inventions and killers with bad intentions
Forget to mention don't mind my neck on the line
Give my moms the insurance money and card for valentines
I ain't died burn no coffin don't pour no cornie on me
Smoked in the zone stashed throw me taking what the owe me
I the soldier in the fatigues full of weed ready to bleed
Behind what I believe the tank and we indeed
Boy I hem thee the message with bent knees
And notes around they neck signed bitch Fiend sent these
What? I hit the block yellin shell shocked
From the streets to the motherfucking cell block
If you with me cock it back and let them shells pop
If we gone die then we gone die letting off shots
Woah there nigga
Don't fuck around, don't fuck around with this click
Cause haters eat dick and shit throught them tubes bitch
I used to murder murder back when I was seventeen
Got with that tank now it's all about that mean green
And I get you open like the Waffle House
This shit get real when I pull that rifle out
Kill kill mama drama told me bust
There ain't nuttin to discuss
So you won't gone get the fuck
If you ain't riding with us

Now everybody wants to play the game
I bring the force like the Desert Storm bring the pain
Like the land brang
Motherfuckers must dismiss when I enter they shit
From house to house to block to block to the project bricks
Every hood them thuggish soldiers taking over I told ya
It's no limit bringing the pain
The other level of the game
Niggas disrespect they get deal with
You be in a pillow in that wooden box riding in that long black dick
You feelin this nigga you know on thing is real
Fucking with no limit niggas and top dog skills
Niggas gonna get ya
Fell and then they peel ya
Niggas ya gonna fell this solder shit you dig it?
Nigga what? make some run I'm about to throw down
I ain't no motherfucking homey but you bout to get clowned
No limit soldiers get rowdy raise the roof like Luke
We be some true tanks doggs ask my niggas Fiend and Snoop
Capital N-O Capital L-I-M-I-T
Until I D-I-E and that's no L-I-E
So bitch get off me before I spit some shit
And break your ass off with a 45 and a extra clip
They call me C-murder cause I put on in your dome
I come to your set and leave you laying at home
I hang with killers and dealers, weed smokers and G's
No limit niggas don't fall off so fuck my enemies
If I come from around the corner I'm a knock up your head
shouldn't have been fucking with that nigga with the enuciation
fucking with the nigga with bad attitude and bad pronunciation
that's why I come off rude, loud and obnoixous, every other word gone
be
profane
farting, spiting, grabbing my dick like I ain't got no fucking home
training
Even if it's 5 o'clock in the morning and the song ain't done I ain't
leaving
I'll take all day but when I finish the bitch have your head hurting
and your
ears bleeding
From having no money barely eating, not going no where rarely leaving
to steak and shrimp every evening, gone all day busy as a beaver
Imma soldier, told ya, now I'm a show ya
doing it over
I got the end of the M-16 explode
you don't wanna, ain't gonna go to war
shot to kill, forward march

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