

I'm A Raise Me A Soldier

Pastor Troy

I Can't wait to have a son, Lil PT Nigga, Lil Pastor Troy
(It's gonna be real)

Anybnodey can be a daddy, it take a real man to be a father, (this dedicated to all them niggaz takin care of they responsibility it's on... keep it real).

I think back home how I was raised, and how it is now, and I'm Half the man.

Man I'm played the fuck out,
And I can't do nothin bout it
My pop pushed me when I pouted,
Then he grabbed me and shouted
Nigga thugz make this earth revolve,
All the simple shit that these mothafukaz can't solve... we forgotten
Now I ain't gon' spoil you rotten, you's a punk if you's a nigga
While punks pull pranks us real niggaz pull triggers
And I figure that like father, like son... fuk the pack man, let's buy the 5
0 pack and a gun
Don't mean to take away yo fun, what's mo fun than money
And even when you move a-tons pay yo tides on sunday
Let's understand that the big man is Jesus Christ
Give him repect and them devils can't fuck with yo life
Cause they'll entice you with anything, bitches and broads with bright ideas
Nigga... close yo ears or yo money dissapear, took me years fo I'd seen the
light
And I'm a tell my son his great-
father was right, like my father sat me down now sit down my boy
And make him understand what it means to be a Troy
And let the burdains I experienced make him laugh
But at the same time, let my baby clear his path
And all the math that them crakaz gonna teach in school, I teach him home
Teach him shit he would have neva know,
I teach him how to clip the dope and how to chop his rocks
I do it all for tha ship off tha old block... cause dats my blood

I'm a raise me a soldier, a soldier. I'm a raise me a soldier... a soldier, put my faith in Jahovah... Jahovah, teach me how to raise my soldier, my soldier!

My son, the one that's gon' take over the throne, and he'll me atone
When them bustaz doin wrong, it's bound to happen
And I can see him laughing at trials and tribulations
Holla'in at the hoes help them with they situations
Manipulation... ? come on he'll be like me
And when niggaz knock his shit, he gon' tell em with the quick
There's a million ways to get to the top of the mountain
But the view is all the same, so fuck it I'm a a slang
He gone understand the his name the game bendin all the rules
So prove the move you make, cause nigga dats yo fate
Gon' take a few mistakes but as long as he learn
Even the bird didn't know, just go get the worm
And he gonna earn mo blessings, his blessings teach his son,
His son gonna teach his boy, and reunions we'll enjoy
The visions of a Troy President of this nation
Brings a tear to my eye... What thugz ain't 'pose to cry?
I rely on my intuition, and my position, God gon' bring me to a stong positio
on

Now would ya'll listen, that the cristian and I cry for days, another child.
To raise him to the worldly ways... dats my blood

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