

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Iyana Dean, Kid Vishis "Soldier"

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{"Frequency..."} [Royce Da 5'9"] Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff I'm feelin like the best, nobody - bring it back Fresh off the jet from just fuckin with Puff I'm feelin like the best, nobody fuckin with us We done turned to a bygone don crew We got the semi Kimora like Djimon Hounsou A lifetime criminal, live by a code we call shush Fireman ladder flow, look at it, my bar is up As you can see I'm a beast on the track I'm even worse, I'm the hearse with the reef on the back I'm like the gun at the race, son you only get one shot My album is the finish line, here's where your run stops 'Bout to go fishin with a clip that's extended Because your momma got a glass eye with a fish in it (haha) [Chorus 2X: Iyana Dean] I-I think my, niggaz is soldiers I-I think my, bitches is gangstas I-I think my, niggaz is soldiers I-I think my, I-I think (HUT!) [Royce Da 5'9"] I get money, I get bitches, I get bored or - bring it back I get bitches, I get money, no specific order Filthy hit recorder, wipe or Ricky mixed with Ricky Porter Butchie Jones mixed with Mr. Combs with the tooky aura I'm a muh'fucker, no really I fuck mothers I chug bottles and pass out on they La-Z-Boy She try to leave them lil' niglets with me? Shiiit I treat 'em all like I'm Snoop Dogg in "Baby Boy" Leave me alone, I'm Hancock Liquor sto' close I'm swoopin 'round hittin the second-hand spot I don't fuck with no hoe unless she a dancer There's no position, drug or liquor she can't try I'm Cancer, me versus them is a landslide If your face is fly, and your body is decent This your inauguration the same time your impeachment I got a lotta anger - I was hot before your first shit Not your album, but before your momma potty trained ya [Chorus] [Kid Vishis] Where my soldiers attack (it's a wrap) Hold up - when my soldiers attack, it's a wrap One clap'll lay you unconscious, bullets alpha-mega slap Cock grenade here, think we scared? No way Set yo' ass up like the cops did O.J. Fo' spray his body make his chest explode The barrel on the shotty wide as KRS's nose Partner, +Buck-shot+ ya Rap like a automatic gun, lungs stoppin means you can't breathe proper Yeah, they like I'm on some other shit Whole clique hold heat like a

oven mitt To fuck with this you want me on wax So I'ma
tax you lil' local rappers worse than the government
Bastard - the closest you niggaz been to a shotgun is in
the car front seat passenger How 'bout you take a trip
in the trunk? Ride to the pastor for a casket to hold ya;
it's over! [Chorus]

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