

## 2Pac

# "Soldier Like Me - Eminem"

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So what I wanna do, hopefully is, I wanna be  
I-I-I don't wannabe I am Tupac

2005 guess who's back? G-g-guess who's back  
G-g-guess who's back? G-g-guess who's back

Everywhere I see, a soulja, a soulja  
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me  
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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 ain't bust but now  
I'm touched  
Trust me, ain't 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 roll 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 ain't got, that's called  
courage  
It don't come from no liquor bottle, it ain't scotch, it's  
not bourbon  
I don't walk around like no G 'cuz that ain't me, I'm not  
that person  
I don't try to act like you do 'cuz that aint you  
You just frontin' you ain't?

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  
Now tell me how that sound?  
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the  
judgement day  
Stinkin' biatch

I betcha that I got something you ain't got, that's called  
courage  
It don't come from no liquor bottle, it ain't scotch, it's  
not bourbon  
I don't walk around like no G 'cuz that ain't me, I'm not  
that person  
I don't try to act like you do 'cuz that ain't you  
You just frontin' you ain't? Tupac

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