

2Pac "Soldier Like Me"

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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
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Everywhere I see, a soulja, a soulja
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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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