Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor "Soldier to a General"

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[Napolean - Verse 1]

Yo, it's gettin colder with time, Thug rollers with rhymes Gotta look out for the spineless, marchin with mines Outlawz on the grind, in the back of my mind Gotta watch out for the one-time all the time Lot of fights on the block, so I walk with my glock First head get hot, gettin shot on the spot It's a sticky sitch-e-ation, tryin to duck to hatin Fuckin with my family, I get worse than Satan Turnin niggaz out, at a young age It's what my life story's about, I ain't afraid Turnin in the water, gaspin' for air But I'm in the air at the same time, searchin for land It's the life of a man, without no parents to call Had to learn right and wrong when it's on, fuck all y'all Walkin through the cemetery talkin to the dead Conversation we gonna keep between us, heard what he said

Think about the niggaz that can't make it to see tomorrow

Left his family all alone cause he got hit by the lead Drama on the streets is what the Outlawz fed And if your ass get out of line, you got a price on your head

[Chorus - Young Noble]

I was born all alone, I'mma die all alone (yeah)
So I ride all alone, from a soldier to a general
I taught myself, went to court myself (uh-huh)
Made a choice, from a soldier to a general
A boy to a man, ain't nobody give a damn (fuck that!)
Live the streets without nobody, from a soldier to a
general

We was raised around criminals, and played around criminals

The game of a criminal, from a soldier to a general

[Kastro - Verse 2]

I walk around with the weight of the world Faith in my shotty since I made it my girl (love you) Oh! Somebody save me please, I've been Brought up amongst these scram blest thieves and All they can show me is I fight with my muscle and (uhhuh)

I'd do anything for these stripes in the struggle and Happiness is Hennessey, mixes, and bitches and I'm all about my riches

From a small time grinder to a timer am I
Scandalous mind is a constant reminder of the
Evil these men do, struggle contend you
Lord, what you got your boy all into
I must be mental, I must by psycho
Crazy deranged and my brains with a rifle
That's the price we pay to have life today
Will I have it any other way? No Way (oh)

[E.D.I. Mean - Verse 3]

Seems like my addiction to the streets been a life long one

I chose to wrong damn crease

See momma work her fingers to the bone to make me a happy home

But I chose the wrong, steppin out on my own Intrigued by them big-league niggaz with the blow See my first dead man as a kid in eighty-four Seen crack come and turn bums to millionaires Turn and die a bitch out, oh, and now she don't care Something bought the ghetto in the Summer, make niggaz tougher

Niggaz die to be fresh, so we all turn to hustlas Some stuck with it, some really couldn't fuck with it Some trust the wrong, and now they gone Them flowers for the dead, all the powers in my head I give a fuck what them cowards said, I'm all about my bread

Struggle love to, huh, hustle ball to From a soldier to a general, nigga you better let em through

Chorus

[Young Noble - Verse 4]
I grew up, like every other kid in the ghetto
Up the hill on my mountain bike, struggle to peddle
I was a freshman with no medals
But I earned my stripes
Wrong turns made me burn my life
Got a comment 'fore you walk soldier, follow the rules
Be a leader when I see you, don't follow the crew
There's only one way to live and one way to die
One way to fail and one way to try
My eyes bloodshot from the drugs on the block

And my thugs on the block got slugs for the cops My moms loves my pops but she hurtin herself Laid off, so she broke, not workin herself On my own at fifteen, learnin the ropes quick Had to eat so I hustled, turnin my coat quick I ain't no shit, only how to be a criminal But plan to expand from a soldier to a general

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