

## Cassidy David

### "Soldiers Only"

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Yeah though, deezie, off the heezie, straight up off the  
hundred block  
Mark ass bitch you know crestsider in the  
motherfucking door  
Representin 100% real niggas, is you feelin'(is you  
feelin')

[Verse One] Dubee

I bring what's righteous through a time of holocaust  
Lace game, then bust they mental and pay the cost  
Now picture this, just remeniss the brother with the  
jheri curl  
Shakin them scary girls, gone in a merry world  
Wasn't trippin' off democrats or repub-u-lican  
Steady trickin' off my tax sales but time kept tickin'  
I reckon' my intelect got deep off in these streets  
And that nine millimete was just precautional heat, so  
peep  
This here will freak your mental, like a dental  
And proceed to cop the chop and fuck the block is  
fundamental  
And a rental was runnin' around a corner was on a  
Whole other page in life a nigga could've been a  
gonner  
Time reaveled and a nigga still had to get sharper  
Bring in that cold and trippin' shit and I really doubt  
that a barber  
Can fade me literally or metaphorically  
And if I catch you hawkin' me then my response will be

[chorus]

I can't tell you why they be phony  
So I keep game air tight, soldiers only  
Cause we be lethal ghetto people  
Shakin' them kilo you need to know, stackin more chips  
than reno  
You know (you know)

[Verse Two]

Man not a matter a hand so detrimental

Parental guidance on the label and it all be  
consequential  
Young mental, want to soak it up like bounty or this'll be  
Shove and throb it in your grill, I knew your ass wouldn't  
risk it  
This get deep as abyss with hits like heat seekers  
They don't miss bound like a clinched fist ghetto  
verbalist  
Gamble take a risk but most gon' spectate  
Can't step off in the game leave a footprint and then  
shake  
I'll bake workin fiends for a bank with a jaw shot  
verbally  
Put it down and the word will be that ain't no servin' he  
The turf dog, hog with pongs  
Servin' the game so succulent like prohms cause I'm  
The nigga with the verbal lashin', smashin' niggas in  
this hemisphere  
Kickin' in the door just to let them know I'm in this here  
Your business here is to soak game and all info  
From your playa potna kinfolks that's why I choke on  
indo

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm the enlightener boss game bustin' out the seams  
Eliminatin' undistorted information laced in the streets  
My league of nations still chasin' searchin' for screws  
Fools in the gae of life man, but livin' bruised  
Scratch your noodle it's fueled waistline contraband  
With a nickel plate in his hand skeemin' on a few grand  
It really ain't nothing new but it's a all to common site  
Every state every block in all hours of the night  
Thug heart niggas holler fuck the world  
Bald heads, fades, braids, perms, and jerri curls  
Better hurl teflon in the name of the pocket nation  
Start bracin' yourself for the verbal altercation  
Replacin' game representatives throughout parts of the  
region  
For reasons them niggas is blessed fiendin' on how we  
breatin'  
Decievin' terminologies never obscure  
we raw, real, rugged, potent, and pure

[Chorus 2x]

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