

Common Sense F/ Bilal

"Bring it On"

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[Fiend]

What's going on out there in Soldier world,
This fiend the excited private nigga act like you know
me.

Here to represent on Mia X Miss Mama Drama
Shit.(Mama Drama Nigga)

Here we have, Mac the shell shocker, skull dugery,
C motherfucking murder, mystikal,
and last but not least fiend the excited private
here to represent like this
ya heard me?

Chorus: Fiend (repeat 4X)

Cock, bust, squeeze, aim
We No Limit soldiers nigga you know our name

[Mia X]

What y'all niggas really come to do
If you with me tell them soldier haters fuck you (fuck
you)

I said what y'all bitches really come to do
If you with me tell them soldier haters fuck you (Fuck
you)

Tru niggas on the front line ready to squeeze
Bitches think before you speak cause you don't want
none of these

Left, Right, left, roundhouse

Cause every time I brings it on somebody gets knocked
out

About as bout it bout it as it gets it's that bitch

Mia X lady no limit (yeah that bitch)

Mama 4-star (yeah that bitch)

You don't wanna go to war (That's that bitch)

Drill me, I make ya feel me like ya dick in burning pussy

Lyrical beats off in that street nigga I'm no rookie

I'm the drama in your heart when your people get killed

The most respect gangsta bitch on the real

Cause I will

[Chorus x2]

[Fiend]

Whomp whomp

Remember me I tote a shoty military gunfare
just one day paper weight, hands and arrest legs
I ain't scared, I done prayed for all the consequences
brand new glock inventions and killers with bad
intentions
forget to mention don't mind my neck on the line
Give my moms the insurance money and cards for
valentines
I ain't died burn no coffin don't pour no crony on me.
Smoked in the zone stashed throw me taking what the
owe me
I the the soldiers in the fatigues, full of weed Ready to
bleed
behind what I believe The tank and we
Indeed boy I hemed these, the message with bent
knees
And notes around their necks signed bitch Fiend sent
these

[Mac]

I hit the block yelling shell shocked
From the streets to the motherfucking cell block
If you with me cock it back and them shells pop.
If we gone die then we gone die letting off shots.
Woah there nigga
Don't fuck around, don't fuck around with this click,
Cause haters eat dick and shit through them tubes
bitch
I used to murder murder back when I was seventeen,
Got with that tank now it's all about that mean green
And I get ya open like the waffle house.
That shit get real when I pull that rifle out
Kill kill mama drama told me bust, there ain't nothing
to discuss
So if you won't gone get the fuck if you ain't riding with
us

[Skull Dugery]

Now everybody wants to play the game
I brings the force like the Desert storm
Bring the pain like the land bring
Motherfuckers must dismiss when I enter they shit
From house to house, to block to block to the project
bricks
Every hood them thuggish soldeirs taking over, I told
ya.
It's No Limit bringing the pain
The other level of the game.

Niggas disrecept they get dealt with,
You be in that pillow in that wooden box riding in that
long black dick.
You feelin this nigga you know one thing is real
Fucking with No Limit niggas and top dog skills
Niggas gonna get ya,
Fell ya and then ya peel ya,
Niggas you gonna feel this,
Soldier shit ya dig it?

[Chorus x2]

[C-Murder]

Nigga what? make some rum I'm about to throw down.
I ain't no motherfucking homey but you about to get
clowned.
No limit soldiers get Rowdy, raise the roof like luke,
we be some true tank doggs ask my niggas Fiend and
Snoop
Capital N-O capital L-I-M-I-T
Until I D-I-E and that's no L-I-E.
So bitch get off me before I spit some shit
And break your ass off with a .45 and an extra clip
They call me C-murder cause I put one in your dome
I come through your set and leat you laying at home
I hang with killers and dealers, weed smokers and G's
No Limit soldiers don't fall off so fuck my enemies

[Chorus x2]

[Mystikal]

If I come from around corner Imma knock up your head
Shouldn't have been fucking with the nigga from
enunciation
Fucking with the nigga with the fucked up attitude and
the bad pronunciation
That's why I come across rude loud and obnoxious
every other word gone be profane
Farting spitting and grabbing my dick
like I ain't got no fucking home training
Even if it's 5 o'clock in the morning
and the song ain't done I ain't leaving.
I'll take all day but when I finish the bitch
have your head hurting and your ears bleeding
From having no money barley eating
Not gonin no where rarly leaving
To steak and shrimp every evening
gone all day, busy as a beaver
I'm a soldier told ya, now I'ma show ya
Doing it over, I got the end of the M-16 explode
You don't wanna, ain't gonna go to war

Shoot to kill, forward march

[Chorus to fade]

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