

Lil Wyte f/ Three 6 Mafia

"U.S. Soldier Boy"

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(DJ Paul, talking)

Yeah, right now we gon' dedicate this to all our soldiers
Over there fightin' for us, ya kno I'm sayin?
For all our fallen soldiers...
And all our ones that still runs wit' they guns
In the field, ya know I'm sayin?
This dedicated to y'all man
Hold it down

(Juicy J)

U-S motherfuckin' A!

(DJ Paul, talking)

What, what!
What, what!
Soldiers!
Yeah, yeah
It's goin' down (It's goin' down)

(Hook, DJ Paul)

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!

(Verse 1, DJ Paul)

Now as I run through the trees with my Infantry
I got my M-16 and my artillery
I got my full-blooded soldiers in the back of me
A bullet-proof vestin' I'm hopin' I don't have to see
Now will I work in the line of fire?
Or will a nigga die in the line of fire?
I'ma bust my gun til' my clips retire
America pray, cuz I don't wanna expire
I'ma soldier!

(Verse 2, Crunchy Blac)

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
Playin' around, wit' them Army toys!
You wanna go to war? Then we can go to war!
See W. Bush, he sent us over boy
The men always got some soldier toys
Put 'em in a battle and we show ya boy
That army fatigue, we gonna make some noise
And blow this motherfucka from shore to shore

(Hook, DJ Paul)

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!
Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!

(Beat stops, DJ Paul, talking)

Yea load that motherfuckin' shit up!
Crank it up
These motherfucka's wanna go to war
We gon' take 'em to war, yeah!

(Verse 3, Lil Wyte)

With bullets whizzin' by
Children dyin' every thirty-six seconds
It makes it uncomfortable for me to even respect this
With this funkish brain, I can take myself away from
pain
Turn me into rain, sprinkle it across all of us in vain
I'm the one that wants it to make sure the sun will
always shine
Tryina determine the evil and good all in my twisted
mind
Hopefully this just might be the one that reaches to the
world
And make a safer place to play for all our little boys
and girls
I'm a soldier, don't get it twisted, get'cha wig split
Fifty millimeter shells aimin' for the terrorists
Musta missed, cause they still comin' with some big
shit
Osama fucked up, we deep, and there ain't no time to
fix it
He better be off the planet, two light-years past the
Moon
Gone on a magic carpet, sattelites gon' find him soon
He's probably already dead, fuckin' with the USA
But if he's not, he best not bring his ass up in the Bay

(Verse 4, Juicy J)

Let me hear the sound of the soldiers (Woof, Woof!)

I said, let me hear the sound of the soldiers (Woof,
Woof!)

Juicy J the soldier boy, the Marines ain't no punks
(Woof, woof!)

And you know we keep grenades, and AK's in the trunk
(Woof, woof!)

When I rap, we be buck, we be fightin', and we stuff
(Woof, woof!)

With our fists, with our feet, we be ready when you
jump (Woof, woof!)

We don't hide behind masks, like the terrorists my nig
(Woof, woof!)

So you know who the REAL fuckin' cowards is (Woof,
woof!)

(Hook, DJ Paul)

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

I'm a U-S, motherfuckin' soldier boy!

Yeah, I'm tryina told ya boy!

(DJ Paul, talking)

Yeah, U-S motherfuckin' A!

Land of the free!

Home of the motherfuckin' strong!

It's on nigga!

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