

Bachelor Number One

"Soilder Till I Die"

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DIG:

Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that
But No Limit put that soldier shit on the map
You niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that
But No Limit put that soldier shit on the map
Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that
But No Limit put that soldier shit on the map
Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that
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Verse 1

I hit the street with my soldier fatigues, stand with my
heat
I play this game for keeps and watch you bitch niggas
bleed, ya heard me
I'm that D-I-G nigga from the third ya dig
Fuck around with me and you get that ass served ya
dig
Smoked like herb ya dig, ya heard me bitch
I'm a give it to you raw and letcha burn ya dig
Ya learn ya dig, this is what you earn ya dig
Now you know the word ya dig, No Limit Soldiers bitch

Chours:

Master P/(Magic)

I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die

Verse 2 (Magic)

Bitch I'm a motherfucking soldier till the day that I die
Come, get a little closer, see the tank in my eyes

Man you bitch niggas don't worry me
You screaming soldier but you fake niggas are
wannabe's
Yall don't wanna fuck with me
For real, nigga take this soldier shit serious
I hope you niggas are hearing us, yall niggas are
fearing us
Who started this, nigga we started this shit
Work hard for the Colonel, work hard for this bitch
You from the hood and you's a soldier
But if you ain't that false claiming shit is over
You phony, I heard you snitching to them po-po's
Boy you ain't no soldier, give it up to all them broke
hoes
Boy you ain't no soldier, you actin jiggy with your yay
nigga
Boy you ain't no soldier, but you gonna get your day
nigga
Boy you ain't no soldier, I'm from the ninth ward where
we real to this shit
We only taking what belong to us bitch
Cause we motherfucking soldiers

Chorus:

Master P/(Magic)

I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)
We soldiers till the day that we die (ya heard me)

Verse 3 (Master P)

Ha ha, what's up to all them motherfucking soldiers out
there?
What's up Cash Money nigga.
We feeling yall niggas.
Niggas think we beefing nigga but it's realer then this.
There's too much money for everyone to get.
What's up DMX nigga, ha ha.
Jay-Z, So So Def, motherfucking Suave House.
Them all niggas soldiers.
Motherfucking Rap-A-Lot, yall niggas soldiers.
What's up Mack-10 nigga, Cube, E-Feezy, ha ha.
Bone, yall niggas soldiers.
To the north, to the south, to the east.
And all yall real niggas and real bitches in the west,

represent.

This song here is only dedicated to the real
motherfuckers.

Treal motherfuckers.

Fake soldiers, nigga might take yall stripes and yall
guns.

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