

Chingy

"Street Soldier"

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Here we go here we go it's another one of them thangs
Niggaz better recognize that I'm wise and I'm fin
to make it known that I'm still, the one to call
each and every one of y'all out, let's see who's real
and who's fake when it come to the funk
I'ma bring it to y'all live and direct, and straight bumpin
I knew you was a bitch from the first take
No eye contact with the handshake
Couldn't relates to where I'm comin from, when I came
through
with the truth, broken down on the first two
When I first asked the question if you was down
How many punk ass niggaz do I gotta clown?
With they ass to the sky, gettin stuck by
the devil in drag, let's see who play the fag
Will you wannabe G's please have a seat
Here we go again, nigga please!
Yeah it's all a part of growin up is what my momma told
me
How many trick ass niggaz wanna try and mow me?
I guess I gotta be the one to buck
Put your house nigga ass in the dirt and won't give a
(fuck)
Like I said, you're better off dead that you would be
if you try to do me, I'm looney, so sue me
Next time I rain on your world with the truth
A solider ain't nothin to fool with

"You can't see what I can see!" You.. can't see what I
can see

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

"You can't see what I can see!" You can't see what I can
see!

"You can't see what I can see!" Whoahaoaha-ahhhh!

One two three, it's the G-U-E
double-R, I, double-L, A, yellin mayday
Weeble with a street sweeper lookin for the beast
Had me thinkin that I'm less than a man and
incomplete
Yo, and ever since I first started rhymin

You motherfu*kers wanna keep me down but I'm still
climbin
You know I stay real to the end
Still fifteen deep on two freaks, I go tell a friend
I look around and all I see is these trick ass copycats
with they played out beats and they fake raps
And now I can't call it, it seem
everybody wanna be a dopehead or an alcoholic
So what you wanna do? Nigga do you wanna be
a strong black man or another fool?
Cause I'm comin full grown, and bitch
you can take that wannabe G (shit) back home
Understand that it's on, like I told ya
Foolin with a street soldier

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

Who's that nigga with the big black gat
that's lookin for the payback (lookin for the payback)
Still comin real it's the motherf*ckin bomb
P-Dog in the city that's (shitty) like Vietnam
But them mark ass niggaz want it soft
without ever understanding the plan to keep us fallin
off
But you better recognize that it's war
Better recognize, black folk runnin out of time
But if you man enough jump nigga (jump nigga)
P-Dog got the pump in the trunk nigga
Better realize that it's much more to life
than (fuckin), two new shoes, and hisidin
It's like tryin to put a size twelve foot
in a size eight shoe, it just won't do
So act like you knew, and let a real nigga come through
From a street soldier to you, now

"You can't see what I can see!" Hey, you can't see what
I can see!

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh, you can't see
what I can see!

"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh! Noooaahhooh!

"You can't see what I can see!" (4X)

[singer]

Music will make things, turn alright
and I will dance til the broad daylight
Check the flow, let it build in me
Cause I know your heartbeat and I'm here to freak
Alright! ... Alright! ... Alright!
Alright

[computer voice]
Aowww, this sounds familiar
Let me stick my nose in the mix
and see who do I smell, this time
Ahahahahaha!

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