

Edgar Winter Group

"Where the Little Souljas At?"

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Where they at over there
right che there they go
where they at over there
right che there they go
where the lil soldiers at
over there right che
there they go where they at
over there right che
where the lil soldiers at
over there right che
there they go where they at
over there right che
where the lil soldiers at
over there right che
there they go where they at
over there right che

[Ikeim]

I'm the I in the alphabet illin' on track
I'm the t in too coo chillen like that
I'm the gravey on your mash potatoes think that you
beat
Like you piggy bank with penny's when you broke on
the streets
I'm that class in school you always go to
Like your favorite character when you watch cartoon
I'm that cat in the third grade talking to babes
I'm that last little day that you here to save
Know tell me what you saw you don't never wanna miss
I'm that rap that you spit when you talking to chicks
I'm your favorite little snack after takin' a nap
The qualified eight year old with the dangerous raps

Chorus

(Both)

We the s up in serious real with this
We the knuckles pointin' out when you ball your fist
We the crackles on bricks that be hurtin you feet
We the Lil' Soldiers doin' it down with Master P
We the Para from the Paradise put on the map

We the best that ever done it hot boys on wax
We the A on you paper when you getting that grade
We the uuff in that tank when they hitten the bay
We the speed when you gotta catch the ice cream truck
We that block that you live on always ruff
We the key for the handcuffs breakin the lock
Wearin tanks on our necks cause we can't be stopped

Chorus

(Freequan)

I'm the rope in the gym you wanna climb up on
I'm the rhyme you always singin now you call me the bomb
I'm the F in the place all up in you face
I'm the chimble in bass equalizin your tape
I'm the c.d. in the store that you bout' to go get
Like a real low price for a nice outfit
Like the X-Mas eve night see open you eyes
Like a juicy cheeseburger with fresh out fries
I'm the lunch ticket card with now unto guard
The youngest rippen mikes now holdin it down
Like a nice piece of candy when you go out of town
We the punches in the round with Beats By the Pound
I'm the Lil' Soldier blackin' on every song
I'm the one in the twist in my hair bird born
I'm the swing in the park when you come with you pops
I'm Freequan the Bomb my whole album is hot

Chorus

(Ikeim)

Yo Lil' Soldiers Master P Snoop Dogg
The Fam everybody we just kickin rhymes for yall
The kids the moms the dads all of yall
Aunts uncles all of yall
We representing the No Limit Tank
My brother Freequan he here right now
Kickin rhymes with me you understand
I'm a No Limit Soldier yall
Understand me you don't know tanks like that
We throw 'em up we throw the tanks up
We No Limit and it ain't any kind tank up in here

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