

Fredrik Thordendal's Special Defects

"Soldierz"

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Feat. Sticky Fingaz, X-1

[Chorus: Fredro Starr]

I'm a soldier, ready for war, ready to shoot
I'm a warrior, ready to die for my troops
I'm a baller, skatin on chrome, pushin the Coupe
I'm a hustler, hustler, hustler, hustler
Told ya, ready for war, ready to shoot
I'm a warrior, ready to die for my troops
I'm a baller, skatin on chrome, pushin the Coupe
I'm a soldier, soldier, soldier, soldier

[Fredro Starr]

We play the block to the morning til the sun comes up
Or fiends run out, hustle til them guns come out
Or deans run out, hustle til them ones stack up
Or boys roll up, we playin the block, you know man
Niggas on the rock talkin bout the cars we roll
Chickens in the club buggin on the money we blow
Other People baby, gettin like a hundred a show
When they see us, bitches pass out, they holdin the flow
Man haters don't wanna see the next man bowl
What the little nigga skippin in the Lexus for
We in it for the hed, killa what that vest if for?
Two stacks, glocks hiddin in my Lexus dough
Now ya wanna see the ice wit the electric blow
They rather see shots flamin, not to test the row
Then we love by the minute, but we feared by more
'cause I don't give a fuck, I'm ready to die, ready to go

[Chorus]

[X-1]

I'm a soldier, ain't that right, ain't that what I am?
On the block yellin "two for five's" wit rocks in my hand
Keep the money rolled in rubber bands, accordin to plans
Dirty pots in the kitchen nigga shoppin in grands
While Ms. Brenda from upstairs always callin the cops
Stash rocks in the mailbox, them corners is hot

Find a dumb bitch, get a crib, open up shop
Blow it up for two months, then skip to the next spot
This is a business man, don't mess wit that here
Who can fuck around and plus ya still love in the air
And that's a nice little toy ya got, let's raise that
Put ya title on the line, big baller, let's bet that
I don't need trees, nigga, all I need is them G's
Money's my high, dollar signs stuck in my eyes
Don't come to this strip, bitch, unless you comin to buy
It's nothin to hide, drug dealers lovin they lies

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I come thru the block, niggas hold they breath
They heart pump fear, they stand there, hold they chest
My name speak for it self, kid you know the rest
From outta the dark, Sticky speakin codes of death
Do you know how much bloods been spilled on my name?
Unless you walk in my Timbs you can't feel my pain
Got no feelings for you niggas, ice chill in my vein
Besides the millions in the bank account, I'm still the same
Seen my own father slain, ain't dropped one tear
If you died right now, you think I'd fuckin care!?
I'd get everybody in this bitch, stuck up in here
And all that war right now, is where ya blood gets smeared
Rappers gettin shot up, brr, it's cold out there
I guess niggas was really dyin, or blow that year
Wit God as my witness, I end ya career
Cross my heart, hope to die, and all my life I swear

[Chorus 2X]

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