

Fugain Michel

"Urban Souljah"

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(Helicopters. Gunfire)

[Tombstone]

High tech weapons everywhere
We roll in the jungle
In the middle of the field, they tumble
Somebody gon' crumble after the rumble
Urban souljah

Head it off, confident jet plane
Low fuel, escort it to the runway
Surely not gonna be a fun day
It's a gun day, warrior skills apply
Rebels in field, fire in Hell and sky
The deal: the fear of dyin' is real
Suck it up, never once to be revealed again
Mess around, discourage the whole barrack
I know somebody's deceivin' me
But I'm fightin' to the end if I believe it
Just somethin' about that thriller-iller in a nigga
Yo, I gotta retrieve 'em, splittin' them natural-born
We're raised to prey
We done brought the forty-five
Forty-four carry, (you withdraw the blame, listen,
engagin')
On front page, eclipse the world courageous
If they all end up with barren wages in cages

Your left, your left, your left
Now, get on down...
Now, stop and meet your fate
Wasteland gonna rock this place
Uh-huh, check it out, check it out
Uh-huh, check it out, check it out

[Sin]

Engage into combat
Armageddon is already takin'
Its place inside of my brain
Held down by chains
And I can't escape my evil way

Everyday seems to get a little bit more strange
To the point where I cannot sleep
A good seed was sewn into full a grown tree
With fruit as leaves, only to be chopped and burned
I don't think there'll ever be a remedy for my disease
As tears proceed bleed from eyes of those
Who scream as they desperately search for peace
A life of misery, all you've ever givin' me
I've tried to pray, but my faith won't let me go no
further
If I got to die for something, it'll be my freedom
This ain't no physical war, it's all mental
Livin' in a final era
Of the very last pages of the Holy Bible
It's almost time to go
As judgement day awaits our mortal souls

Sound off: one, two
Sound off: three, four

[Tombstone]
This is world we live in
Truly devoted, frustrations gettin' out
This splurge of mental traffic can drive you crazy
More than enough problems we're facin'
That's why Stone keep his mind in a zone, huh
Real with ourselves
We way off in the wasteland, nobody wanna die
No, nobody really give a damn, strugglin's a mother
Gotta play it out, can't unroll your cover
On the down low hustle, trustin' in God
Lettin' Him provide, we strivin' survivors
Ain't about what it was, what it is
The deal, real gorillas in the midst

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