

## **Bun B**

# **"Another Soldier"**

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[Bun B:]

Remorse

Vengeance

Lost of a loved one

Relative in commander to the game of life, in which  
one chose to adapt to as a gangsta

Enter my mind

Fill my heart

My emotional pain

Can you feel it?

Naw

Can you feel it?

If you haven't experienced that nature of life, it's gutta

[Chorus: Cobe]

I got this drama

Don't worry momma

Cause I got the armor

On my back, when I

Drive through the streets

Everybody on me

Tryin to take my life

But I don't give a

What about that

Grip that thang

Cock that back

You don't wanna be (GONE)

Another goner (GONE)

In the game (GONE)

Another soldier (GONE)

In a grave (GONE)

Bendin' corners (GONE)

Finna bang (GONE)

Another soldier (LONG GONE)

In the grave (grave [x7])

[Bun B:]

We are the mighty Middle Fingaz

We do not accept hate

Love us or die

[Mddl Fngz:]

Yeah fatboy slow, but a nigga ain't quick  
Ho limped through the door, lay a nigga on his d\*ck  
Open up tha door, nigga standing like "shit"  
Fifteen full bricks, same price for a hit  
Nigga I done done it, it ain't gotta be a lick  
And if I'm plexin with you patna then the choppa gon  
piss  
Shootin up ya corna make a sound like "Swish"  
But I low so gat cause the chopper don't miss.

[Bun B:]

No the choppa gon hit  
Bound to leave ya dome split  
Lose ya bodily functions  
Have me think you gon shit  
Middle fingaz, strong click  
Bun B, the strong spit  
Put you six feet under  
Why not have a long sit  
Long walk, short pier  
Mane have a long flip  
Got the streets on lock  
And got the yola on whip  
Tell momma we comin home so don't trip

[Mddl Fngz:]

If I Tee, don't worry bout me  
Momma I'm a G  
I know how to handle niggas tryin to come up on me  
Tryin to run up on me  
Thinkin you gon try me  
Shit in a bag  
Drinkin through a IV  
So appreciate ya breath  
While you got some left  
Ya life's a bitch  
They got permanent PMS  
And my only fear of death is reincarnation  
So it ain't shit for me to make you niggas ER patients  
Another soldier in the grave

[Chorus]

[B.A.N.D.I.T:]

Two nines, four clips  
Prayin that you niggas trip  
Lookin for some trouble  
Finna bust you niggas bubble  
And I don't give a fuck about your happy meal mug  
We can go toe to toe, or trade these slugs  
So catch a square nigga

And I won't budge  
Don't plea bargain now, nigga save it for the judge  
I might have you niggas lookin like a strawberry fanta  
Did so much, done burned myself, retire my bandanna  
SOUTHWEST got them soldiers  
Some movin doja  
Some movin X  
But they mostly movin yola  
With guns in tha holsta  
We never leave tha toasta  
Face could wind up on a rest in peace poster  
Rest in peace? No suh  
Pissin on ya gravesite  
Then get real nigga with it and go fuck ya wife  
So think twice  
One for you and ya momma life  
Band I-T, shoot the soldiers like I shoot tha dice

[Bun B:]

For my nigga Bad Ass Bam, I'll open ya head  
For Young Lo, I'll let that forty-fo fill ya with lead  
For Big Munsta, I'll pull out the Thompson and straight  
squeeze it  
Behind Sean Wee I'll cut you off at the knees  
For the Band I-T, I'll close range ya with the mac  
And for K.S.O lot, I'll put the glock to ya back  
Middle Finga, this ain't a act  
This uncut coke  
Don't ever play us for a joke  
You'll get ya bitch-ass smoked  
We go for broke

[Chorus]

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