

## Joe Dolce

# "Soldier's Story"

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[Intro - Man talking] w/ (Royce)

We're in a situation, where everybody involved knows  
the stakes

(What up Reef) We're soldier's (\*echoes\*)

Soldiers don't go to hell, it's war

[Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"]

I'm horse-back on the drums, from the kick to the snare

Get them shits in the air, shit is fixin' to flair

(\*Spit\*) Spit on the beat, wrap it and ship it

Put it out, shit on the streets, that's me

Bust you in yo shit, and tell you don't you ever

That's me, I need respect, don't you better

That's me, chrome berretta, in the waistline

Of my own get up, I'm gone and still goin (\*Car horn\*)

That's me, you hear a pop and see a drop, I'm comin

That's me, when everybody on ya block is runnin

That's me, wit the rocks that could block the sun in

The glock that I got, got a box it come in

I'm like the fear, that Biggie and Pac is comin (Uh)

The reason why them baller boys cop them onions

That's me, 5 to the 9 doo rag be tied to the side

You could either ride with it or die

[Chorus - Royce Da 5'9"]

Groooooom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin

He came right into yo hood, and he sold you somethin

He spit, wit a frozen flow, and he told you somethin

I think I hear a soldier's comin, that's me

Groooooom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin

You better run for it, run for it, run

Yeah now you know a soldier's comin

You better run for it, run for it, run

[Bridge - Royce Da 5'9"]

We soldier's, (We) bats, (We) chains

(We) gats, (We) game, (We) raps, (We) names

We soldier's, in the streets we keep heat

Niggas is deep, and niggas'll creep, creep

[Verse 2 - Royce Da 5'9"]

Far from what you would call soft, you competing  
What you would fall off, I'm beef, you call off  
That's me, the one that you supposedly beef wit  
That's me, we fought, but you kept it a secret  
Talking bout what you gon' do when you find me and  
keep seeing me (Uh)  
Lying like you dying to catch me, and put three in me  
(Uh)  
Told him cut the jokes, but I guessed that he wan't  
hearin me (Uh)  
Convince his self that he wan't fearing me  
My niggas all killers, from the bottom straight to the top  
Ride wit me rather know they destination or not  
That's me, the baddest rap you heard in a while  
Ride with the gat in the lap, convertible style  
That's me, the killer that lurk in the dark  
Tear up ya goddamn hood, from the church to the park  
Groooooom, motherfucker, you hear that noise  
You better run for it, run for it, run

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Royce Da 5'9"]

Nothin' but underground shit, comin out of my pump  
Decade funk from a punk, comin out of my trunk (Uh)  
Everybody wanna thug, wit them triggers they pullin  
Be shootin pip-pip guns, that ain't as big as my bullets  
Live from Detroit comin, to a block near you (Uh)  
Real soon, somebody might get popped near you (Uh)  
All you wanna do is rap, I'll be listening right  
After flippin a bit difference, between a clip and a mic  
I'ma soldier (Soldier) cool as I wanna be  
Gun totin, talkin to hoes, rude as I wanna be  
Who wants some of me, this is no problem  
That I can't fix, I got a tool that I brung wit me (Uh)  
Hardcore niggas your nothin (Uh)  
Ben Franklin run this motherfucker, and in God I trust  
him (Uh)  
If you ever see my guns out, I'm probly bustin  
Why you niggas ridin and dying, I'll be truckin

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Outro - Royce Da 5'9"]

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Royce Nickel 9, 2000  
Big Reef, uh

[Man and (Woman) talking]

Beef, we soldier's, we follow codes, orders  
(Soldier's they justify everything that you do)

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