

Joell Ortiz

"Soldier"

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I'm a soldier. (x4)

Down on one knee before we fight we say a prayer
Soldiers ritual before we dance like Fred Astaire
Slide my armour on and throw my helmet on my hair
Sword in my right hand now every enemy beware

I defend my Kingdom by all means
Bastards won't even lay an eye, let alone'll handle my
Queen
With every ounce of blood I shall bleed for the cause
Your messengers all welcome to speak to me Lord
Sincerely hope every word that you speak is in short
Cause you'll die if I write to a beat and record
And your men you'll lie beside them creeps in the
morgue
As your land burns to ash and your screams get
ignored
And the people thank me but I don't need a reward
I'll be happy just knowing that real heat is restored
These shenanigans carried on for quite too long
May the sharpest arrow pierce every mic you're on
This isn't difficult it's a matter of right or wrong
King radio forces people to like your song
Over here we give civilians the power to choose
That's why it's such a slaughterhouse when we devour
you fools

I fought many battles, and fought many wars
Disfigured the opponent with every scar that he wore
I'm really sore God therefore
I fuck princesses, you orally please the town whore
And then you rhyme, maybe that's why you sound sore
You are such a pig, you should lie around boar
I don't spit no, I announce raw
Not a wrinkle in my flow cause I iron out flaws
Pure perfection, my sword's the best and
When I die, don't cry
If I fall, it's destined

Just promise to tell my story to the youth

And place my name in no category but "The Truth"
Even tell them of how you caught me on the roof
With the queen on all fours, getting doggy, going woof
No, don't tell them that, I was just kidding around
But only about you telling, I was gripping that crown!
Yes it went down like anyone who's challenged me
Wait a second Jarik I gotta find the alan key
Aw son he got me over here fixing his bike, while I write
Now where we at? Ah yes, picking a fight
That's not a wise decision if perhaps the guy you're
picking
6 foot Peurto Rican and a chop like Mike in Pippin
With 2010 you couldn't see me despite your vision
Poverty stricken lie to the kind of life I'm living
I'm never going back to the places that I've stayed
The garments that I wore and the weeks without a
shave
Lot of me old pals are in prison or a grave
So every morning I awake you'll find me sharpening me
blade
My children shall be more than good when all of this is
over
Defender of hip hop until I drop, I'm a soldier

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