

## Klaus & Klaus

### "From What I was Told"

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Talking:

Whats that big baby?  
You know whats sound dog  
They gon' like this here, ya heard me?  
They go like, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Fuck 'em

Chorus:

From what I was told niggaz say I'm a hit No Limit like  
Pac,  
Hit Death Row and make some mon', now dance hoe  
And blow, up like the world trade  
And be protected by No Limit tanks, soldiers with K's  
and hand grenades

Could you recall a soulja that used to be crawlin'  
Now I'm ballin', don't plan on fallin'  
For the world  
Left the furl in the dope man, on the set  
Cause I got plans bigger then the desire projects  
I run with steel object toes, niggaz that smoke coke  
And watch 'em in they back scopin'  
Outta all soldier haters  
Quick Draw McGraw niggaz see ya later  
Cradle to the grave ya  
Ya daddy made ya?  
Let's see if he can be ya savior  
When I cave ya chest in with me murder weapon  
They can't find out Smith and Wesson  
Only glocks and street machines with infer beams  
You know what I mean  
Fully automatic things light up the scene  
And break ham like Carl Lewis  
Nothin but gun smoke is all ya smell  
Niggaz lying dead on bullets and shells  
My people dwells to Uptown  
Where the shit goes down  
Shot callers and big ballers, mothers know  
And do-do brown, Beats By The Pound, somethin' you  
could smoke too  
Flavors like ? red, beans, rice, gumbo the stew

My little one said its all on you, and Choppers City  
My ? clique clanin' posse  
Ain't no stoppin', my committe  
Shits bigger then me, Nino Black  
And a can of Trinity, ya feelin' me?

Chorus

Incarceration had me real impatient  
I was local until ya heard me on Down South Hustlers, it  
was nation  
That told this shit is my creation  
Is it real, yeah, cause niggaz wearin' soldier rags and  
shit  
Keepin' it twreal  
My reservation is to make some mills  
And stay independent  
Stay wearin' girbauds and polos, and soldier Reebok  
tennis  
Crushed out tank on my neck  
Protect my chest like a vest  
No more coke, no more dope, just alcohol and sess  
Respect my rhyme because my mind is filled up with  
anger  
Sound like I got a glock for it  
With black ? bullets in the chamber  
Wait to be released and decease fake ass MC's  
Niggaz best freeze cause I squeeze gats and burn to  
the third degree  
Make you wonder will you ever breathe again like Toni  
Braxton  
Leave ya skull fraction, about more action than Jackson  
So you better ask somebody that know me  
If they real they gon' tell ya whats real  
If they fake they gon' soldier hate  
I can freestyle about it without makin' no mistake, ask  
Trey  
That's my compadre, a nigga that I ride with, all day  
Got it cocked  
And in the trunk bumpin' nothin' but the Beats By The  
Pound funk  
Pull that skunk out, the windows fogged up  
And the system all the way pumped  
Everything we drop be fire, don't nothin' be bunk

Chorus

I was a weed fiend, dope fiend and coke fiend with low  
key  
And I was on the cumma move,  
When you and LV used to rock the club 49

Back in 93  
Hoe was givin' me love  
Niggaz givin' me daps and hugs  
Soldiers respect soldiers, and soldiers respect thugs  
Thugs gotta respect soldiers, if they don't want they  
life to be over  
Brought to a closin'  
Ain't nothin' changed but the name  
When ya say soldier  
Mean magnolia  
Ya got that?  
And me keep me glock, for they cocked back  
Hoes jock that, when a nigga be all the way real  
Only thing they want is the dough, dick appeal  
But I don't fuck around no more  
And only saw me like that you little clown ass hoe  
If my flow was a gun, bitch you would run  
When you hear my come, from the head  
Every lyric is a bullet  
Fuckin' ya up with some of this shit I say  
In 95 nigga left for me dead but I didn't die  
And some of the soldiers die  
They only multiply  
God left me alive, so I can blow up in the world  
I thank the man every night for takin' me off that furly  
girl  
It gave me the opportunity to raise my son and my  
community  
Cause now a days niggaz got guns and shit  
Screamin' out unity  
Motherfuckin' nigga bruisin' me  
That something I can't go for  
I done signed the contract  
Shut the studio door

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