

## Magna-Fi

### "Walk Like a Soldier \*"

Visit "[Walk Like a Soldier \\*](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\* first single (send corrections to the typist)

[chorus 1]

Walk like a soldier, talk like a soldier  
Buck at them niggas, they ain't no muthafuckin  
soldiers  
Walk like a soldier, talk like a soldier  
Buck at them niggas, they ain't no muthafuckin  
soldiers

[Verse One]

Can't get no ???  
If you do better watch your bizack  
Can't get 'em, catch that click-clack  
That mean these Soldierz got a hizack  
Gotta get that fo-fo, rahseed, coalition up in this bitch  
And we ain't takin' no shit, ATL done hit a lick  
Old fake ass clown, don't even flex  
You ain't no soldier, gotta wear your vest  
Or you'll catch one, two, three, four, FIVE off in your  
chest  
We bout to (DO IT!) We fixin' to break this fucker off  
We gettin' (TWO WAYED!) That 404 ain't even soft  
We gonna (walk like a soldier), we gonna (talk like a  
soldier)  
We gonna (Buck at them niggas, they ain't no  
muthafuckin' soldiers)  
Muthafuckas better get your mind right, man fuck  
these foes  
We bout to throw some elbows and put some meat on  
these hoes  
BITCH!

[chorus 1]

[Verse Two]

What? What? Now nigga don't talk the talk  
If you can't walk the walk  
Rasheeda, that trill bitch buckin niggas who soft  
And if I gots to bring that fi-fi, nigga you die  
Fuckin with that 404, won't say no more,

I beat that raw ho  
Who keeps the club crunk? See I just don't give a fuck  
I shine it up, cock it back, and ask them what's up?  
Cause I be droppin it, droppin it, poppin it, poppin it  
Walkin it, walkin it, shit it ain't no stoppin it, stoppin it  
Make them niggas say "damn," and hoes say "what?"  
ATL forever bitch and we just don't give a fuck

[Verse Three]

AHHHH! WALK LIKE A SOLDIER!  
Give me the ??, let me put em on  
?? we'll take it slow, AHHH!  
TALK LIKE A SOLDIER, "ATTEN-TION! PARADE REST!"  
Reville in this fo-fo  
That C-P to that E-P to that D-E-C  
Lotta fuckin' soldiers want to march with me  
Paper chasin' is victory!  
Now you can tell that I'm a soldier by the way that I walk  
And you can tell that I'm a soldier by the way that I talk  
I stay tatoood down, I throw my soldier rag up  
I gonna keep this thang crunk, now who in the hell  
wanna buck?  
Look at me, look in my eyes! Soldier boy, I'm ready to  
die!  
Coup Deville, my D-A-N-K, 404 it's time to ride  
College Park to D-E-C, ATL gonna follow me  
East Point gunnin, Riverdale gunnin,  
Rest you soldiers get to runnin!  
SOLDIERS! ATTEN-TION! Come and march with me, I  
got  
Something in my Caddy that your ass gotta see  
Tech-9, banana clip, glock nine up on my hip  
In my trunk, I got more, I got enough to start a war!

[chorus 1]

[Verse Four]

Layin back in the club, tryna stay cool  
But you know I gotta keep it on real, tell you how I feel  
Like a fake ass soldier thinkin that they hard like Bogus  
With a fat chip on his shoulders  
When you see the Chevy come around the corner  
Betta cry, let your mama know its gonna get messy  
Please don't test me, all that game you poppin at the  
club  
Cause I'm really impressed, I see that  
Alcohol got you thinkin that you really the king,  
Now you wanna go and grab the steel  
But before you do anything, I think you better watch out  
for  
The Cadillac Coup Deville with the lights off, and the

mask on  
Ready to blast on anyone who thinks they +BAD+ like  
Michael Jack-son  
Face down, on the grass, son, that's how we laid you  
down  
And when we took all your plat-NI-um,  
That's what you get for tryna be a real killa  
Drug dealer, nine millimeter, where's your skrilla?  
Pop a nigga just to make your name bigger  
Now how your punk ass wanna be a wig splitta?  
Muthafucka betta holla now you wanna get up outta  
your predicament  
That you got yourself in  
Coalition come through like a tank  
That'll leave your body stankin right next to your best  
friend  
Black nigga wanna be on my nuts, wanna be on  
somethin?  
Fuck, nigga, be on these slugs  
The whack, on the other hand, is out of control  
I can feel them hollow tips fuckin them up  
Streets off, wanna ride, niggas better recognize  
Who the real Soldierz, fo-fo make you cry  
Southside, whether not dumber niggas ain't tryna put a  
nine piece  
Pop! Made them dumber niggas lay down

Visit [Magna-Fi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.