

Pet Shop Boys

"I'm a Soulja"

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{Master P talking}
oh yeah you see this soldier thing we take this thing
serious
you gotta be real to be a soldier
you gotta keep it tru-eal
Ghetto Commission, Mystikal, and Master P
this to all the soldiers out there and soldierettes

Chorus:
I'm a soulja [soulja]
on this battlefield I'll die
and im wanted [wanted]
dead or alive
I'm a soulja [soulja]
in the steel tank I ride
and im wanted [wanted]
dead or alive

{Master P}
2 years flat [ughhhh]
but im back on my feet
and I hustle with the homies
cause y'all know mama gotta eat
give me my duties
cause we gon ball till we fall
see for No Limit I'll do anything
to put my name on the wall

{Mystikal}
even if I gotta shoot to kill on the battlefield
march from the ghetto to the top of the hill
im black and N-Oed tired of selling boulders
trying to keep it real still represent my soldiers
started from the bottom finished on the top
the wars not over cause the struggle don't stop
bullets in the chopper food in the pot
money in the bank and weed in my sock

{Commission #1}
see a coward dies a million deaths
but a soldier dies once

see don't blame No Limit fool
put it on these gats and these blunts
and the army had said
be all that you can be
I made a couple of boulders
now every ghetto kid can be p

{Chorus}

{Commission #2}

now im a marked man cause this flame on my arm
and the tank around my neck
wasn't expected to progress
now I hold the industry hostage
see its famed Ghetto Commission
TSO till I die
my family consist of outlaws
and riders who ride
im a soldier living this soldiers life
flashing my ice
when if I get killed on the battlefield
then bury me with my steel and my mic
ghetto born ghetto raised
so I use my ghetto tactics
nine times outta ten
it results to the second lines and closed caskets
in the steel tank I ride
from the Westbank to the billboard spots
loved by few hated by many
but we still wont stop
climb from the bottom to the top
role with the platinum and gold
a commendation from the colonel
but still I gotta trunk of soul

{Chorus}

{Commission #3}

im a black dicabileras
Spanish for cowboy
a no limit soldier
that's rowdier than wild boy
I keeps a 4-5 in a holster
with a rifle across my shoulder
im a ghetto vet with a killer click
that wont hesitate to smoke ya
its Ghetto Commission till I retire
im living larger than a sire
no limit symbolizes gas
and they done mixed up with some fire
peep that flame tatted on my arm

wont play when they causing harm
we irresponsible for our actions
you niggas duck and warn

{Commission #4}

I got a price on my head
because of the gold around my neck
and the tank on my chest
resting on my arm is a flame
I lost ride on the desert plain
made famous by wanted posters
keep a pistol in my holster
cause the laws are getting closer
role as a No Limit soldier
on our way to the bolder
with blood on my hand
from the last man to take a stand
against me and my clan
we wanted, dead or alive
believe it or not
they jealous of our billboard spot

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