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## Soulja Slim "From What I Was Told"

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Talking: what's that big baby? You know what's 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 it's 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 what's real If they fake they gon' soldier hate I can freestyle about it without makin' no mistake, ask Trev 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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