

T Ice

"Message To The Soldier"

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Yo Ice you been down with the struggle for a long time
man...

Why don't you drop some knowledge for these
brothers who

want to get involved in this war...

Take notes: real gangstas wear trench coats

Grey suits black ties and they seek votes

And you're not to be misled

They'll kill you in your fuckin' bed

They don't sell dope yo excuse me yes they do

But they don't look that much like me or you

But if you pull up the sheets and expose them

They'll crawl up like snakes and show fangs of venom

Now I've been soldier for years

Representin' the tattooed tears

Other brothas locked up with no choice

Left in the bowels of devil with no voice

My phones are tapped, my crib is bugged

My car is tailed from club to club

And this ain't no fuckin' joke

They want to see a nigga broke

You can't slip, if you slip you're out

You gotta know what you're talkin' about
Drop science every chance you get
Hit direct and indirect, speak in code
Cause you're never alone
That's why I use this low tone
Follow this and you might grow older
This is a message to the soldiers...
Now they killed King and they shot X
Now they want me, you could be next
All you gotta do is speak too loud
All you gotta be is be too proud
Cause once you let'em know
Who you are and where you're at
You better watch your back
Cause you might think you're just dope
While you're livin' in a sniper's scope
I'm not tryin' to scare you
But there's a danger if you get too deep
Some nights I don't sleep
All you wanna do is tell the truth
All you wanna do is save the youth
Ice Cube knows, Souljah knows, P.E. knows
They throw death blows
And if you got kids or a girl that's true
They'll move on them too

But when I'm gone I need you to carry on
You gotta be strong and fight for our salvation
But there will be retaliation, soldier...
To think that rap could be attacked
Is ignorin' the simple fact
That they never ment us to speak
They had planned to keep the black man weak
But rap hit the streets
Black rage amplified over dope beats
Now they want to shut us down
And they don't fuck around
Check the history books, son
Black leaders die young
They tell us that your words are scary
They're revolutionary
Because we speak the truth
About crime and drugs
And expose the real thugs
This info is not beneficial
To the groups that go by three initials
So they try to discredit
They'll dog you with an edit
Print the words the way you never said it
But we gotta make'em regret it, soldiers...
Word! I know a lot of brothas out there want to get in
this war...

You know what I'm sayin'? a lot of sistas got a lot of
knowledge

to drop on our people but right now they're movin' to
shut down

all hip-hop! The first amendment had absolutely nothin'
to do

with black people at the time constitution was written,
we were

considered nothin' but property...The expectation of
havin' black

people speak on records never came to mind, so we
gotta move!

But belive me all the black leaders have been silenced
and most

of the time it's been violent so if you choose to get in
this war,

realize what you're in for but we gotta move on...

And we gotta stay strong...

Message to the soldiers, welcome to the struggle...

Message to the soldiers, be careful, soldiers

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