## Young Buck "Im A Soldier Ft. 50 Cent"

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Aye, I hope you motherfuckers out there brought an extra clip
Hit the lights, nigga, let them niggaz go right there
It's about to go down
Welcome to Cashville, motherfuckers

I'm a soldier, I done told ya Don't make me fuck you up Leave your head bust or my head bust Man, I don't give a fuck

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I'm come from a small town where organized crime is the rule You kill niggaz without permission, niggaz gon' kill you

We bang the rags too, red an' blue
This shit ain't out only there on the west side fool

Surrounded by section eight houses in the projects A place where you make the wrong turn, you get robbed next

We all targets, standin' out on the street corner That's why you see the lil' kids with the heat on 'em

Police pull up, hop out but they can't catch us They never even get a chance to say,  $\tilde{A} \not\in \hat{A} \not\in$ 

We on that 'Bishop in Juice' shit
I put this fo'-five in yo' mouth like a toothpick, you bitch
The south ain't safe no mo', so get a gun
An' pray to God that you make it to see 21

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You gon' make me crawl through your backyard An' cut off your light switch Kick in your back door an' take all that white shit Niggaz know what to do when I'm around Go put your pack up an' pick up your fo' pound

It's 'bout to go down, Buck back on that bullshit
He even got his baby mama walkin' with a full clip
Fucked a couple of R an' B hoes but now it's back to the
hood rats
They lick a nigga dick quick an' know where that good
at

Money don't make a nigga change It's just the niggaz that ain't never had nothin' Start doin' strange thangs They say I must like beef 'cos 50 got fifty enemies But if they fight him, they gotta fight me

Come ridin' through these dirt roads
An' let me show you how puttin' in work goes
The fo'-fo' bulldog small enough to fit in a nigga boot
So it's wherever, whenever, whatever you wanna do,
nigga

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I'm a soldier, left, right Left, right, left, right I'm a soldier, left, right Left, right, left, right I'm a soldier

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