## 404 Soliderz "Walk Like A Soldier"

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\* 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

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[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, rahseeda, 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 tatooed 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

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