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JD Era "Soldier Story"

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[Raekwon:]Yeah, straighten up, niggas let's go, man For real, man, we goin' in there, man I'm just gonna say it like this, Eeyithing we do, is for real Dedication, man

From out the rising sun up north, I'm asking of love Writing poetry, click clack, my brain'll go all Lay this new down, I copped them out in Spain That's some new town, all W's up, come from under Wu Suckers switch rhymes, patterns on point, flexing slick lines

Catch me in the crease of the beast, Lexus big tires Always been a leader homeboy, niggas'll blow the beef up

Drink beef eat 'em I meant the German, she be, but try Thousands of talents, good with nine hundred of them Niggas don't eat, the Wu's take over then

If you call collect, you better say what's up with them If you borrow the tech, you better have a muzzle on them

If he out in despair, you better have a puzzle for them If we buyin' some gear, you know to bring the duffel for 'em

No we don't just hustle, all we do is tussle for it Get shot in ya mouth that's just for cussin' to 'em

[Hook:]We don't talk cause talk's cheap The wolves preyin' on the weak, lose paper or lose sleep, nigga My shit bangin' like a steel drum Hey this a dedication of the real ones From N.Y. to Long Beach To these tee'd ass streets Lose paper or lose sleep, nigga

My shit banging in your eardrum Hey, this a dedication of the real ones

[JD Era:]I'm writing to give you more of me, there's more to see

More than petty wars and monotonous beef I'm more than meets the eye, I'm the eye of the beast So keep eyein' me too long and get your eyelids beat The militia, ice water diamond steep Your rhymes is weak, and you don't want the line to speak Your wine'll freeze, Get drunk and climb in sheets

About a dollar, I could go through ten dimes in a week I got sick of chasing stars with spacious cars Like Takers, tape of ours, no tape no bars Hoping they, take it abroad in a place so hard That I could replace my broad and replace my job I pray that god grant me whatever I deserve Cause I don't want to grow to be legend of the curve But believe in it and the will come Ah, this a dedication to the real ones

[Hook:]We don't talk cause talk's cheap The wolves preyin' on the weak, lose paper or lose sleep, nigga My shit bangin' like a steel drum Hey this a dedication of the real ones From N.Y. to Long Beach To these tee'd ass streets Lose paper or lose sleep, nigga My shit banging in your eardrum Hey, this a dedication of the real ones

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