

**N\*E\*R\*D  
"Soldier"**

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(Santogold)

I don't know what they told you  
I am soldier, babe  
There's nobody I won't go through  
Just to hold you, babe

I'm in the back of the rumble  
Even the night now  
I know what you like  
Just won't deny it

Bum Bum, Bum bum bum bum  
Bum bum, bum bum bee-low  
Bum bum, bum bum bee-low

I know what you like  
(YOW!)  
Just won't deny

(N.E.R.D.)

What's wrong with my reffing-oh?  
What's that on your news channel?  
All your beef has plans, I know.  
That is why we wear camo.  
Yes, we love are fans and so.  
Have some fun and shake and so.  
They don't know, they can't go.  
Next time when the speakers blow.  
Cross until they can't no mo'  
Hop on stage and pass our show.  
We 'preciate you spendin' that dough.  
If you wanna hear a word from our intro.  
Interesting with your friend  
We're your sh\*\*  
We're my sh\*\*  
Yes I rock my friends and so.  
This they know? UH NO.  
You ask what I'm fighting?  
You wanna know what I'm fighting?  
On the radio, ain't exciting.  
On the T.V., ain't exciting.  
Wanna what's behind and

Books I raise are dying.  
Wanna know, with the hope, you buying  
Looks I'm out to frying.  
Screw you and your corp quarters.  
We taking your sons and daughters.  
It's time for social order.  
This is the social order.  
And now our loves are now shorter.  
Gotta jump inside the the water.  
Get that Miss Porter.  
Now turn off your camcorder.

(Santogold)

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(N.E.R.D.)

Every time you come see us  
Show some love, the walls might bust.  
We go crazy cars might crush  
Tell security (don't you cuss)  
Kick the stairs and cop their teeth  
From our stage to our roadie  
If security comes and ask  
"Where's your pass?" Say you're me.  
Flick off to whatever he says  
Hop the fence and jump the stage.  
Make sure you're seen, make sure you're hurt  
Snatch the mic and sing the words  
If they kick you out the door  
Turn around come back for more  
If they won't let you in line say  
"F\*\*\* you I had a great time."  
You ask what I'm fighting?  
You wanna what I'm fighting?  
Club rhythm aint exciting.  
Deuce givin' em aint exciting.  
Oh, it don't fit the timing  
'Cause you always lying  
Sometimes when we aint whining.  
Screw you and your chauffeur  
We taking your sons and daughters  
It's time for social order.

This is the social order.  
And now our loves are now shorter.  
Gotta jump inside the the water.  
Get that Miss Porter.  
Now turn on your camcorder.

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