

## Royce Da 5'9 "Soldier Story"

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Ugh ugh What up Reef?

Yo, I'm horse-backin' the drum from the kick to the  
snare  
Get them shits in the air, the shit is fixin' to flare  
Spit on a beat, wrap it and ship it  
Put it out, shit on the streets, that's me  
Bust you in your shit and tell you don't you ever, that's  
me  
I need respect, don't you better, that's me  
Chrome beretta, in the waist line of my own get up  
I'm goin' and still goin', that's me  
You hear a pop, see a drop, I'm comin', that's me  
When everybody on your block is runnin', that's me  
With the rocks that can block the sun in  
The glock that I got a box it come in  
I'm like the fear that Biggie and Pac is comin'  
The reason why them baller boys cop them onions,  
that's me  
Five to the Nine, dew-rag be tied to the side  
You can either ride wit' it or die

DRRROOOM! There, now you know a soldier's comin'  
He came right in to ya hood and he sold you somethin'  
He spit with a frozen flow and he told you somethin'  
I think I hear a soldier comin', that's me  
DRRROOOM! There, now you know a soldier's comin'  
You better run for it, run for it, run!  
There now you know the soldier is comin'  
You better run for it, run for it, run!

We soldiers, we bats, chains, gats, game, raps, names  
We soldiers, in the streets we keep heat  
Niggas is deep and niggas'll creep

Far from what you would call soft  
Compete and watch you fall off  
I'm beef you call off, that's me  
The one you supposedly beef with, that's me  
We fought, but you kept it a secret  
Talking about what you gonna do when find me and

keep seeing me  
Liein' like you diein' to catch me and put three in me  
Told him cut the j

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