

S.A.S. "Ur In Da Army"

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Babycakes, your in a foreign land
Uncle Sam does the best he can
You're in the army now
Oh-oh, you're in the army, now
Now you remember what the draftman said
Nothing to do all day but stay in bed
You're in the army now
Oh-oh, you're in the army, now

Verse 1

Mega:

This is thuggery, yo I'm thuggin', see
Nurses said I need 3 months of recovery
(That's what they said)
They was loving me, plus they was rubbing me
Shit, I'll shoot a sucker free just to show 'em I'm sucker-
free
Slewin' the booth, pursuin' the truth
You're in the army now, I'm the one recruitin' the troops
So yeah (yeah)
This is a leadership, hop on this leader ship
But you ain't leading shit
No, you ain't a leader prick
I been had metal on my hip
Way before I got into beef and got metal in my hip
Ah, calm you crooks, you gwaan and shook
You don't wanna go to war like Sadaam and Bush,
you're puss
Yo my weapon long (Brraat)
We can get it on (Brraat)
It's some Blitzkreig, Vietnam, Desert Storm
And, and, when you thought I passed away
I'm on the operatin' table for like half a day
See I'm a soldier

Hook

S.A.S.

Loading the Glock
Reload and it's cocked to pop
Whether you know it or not, shit
(You're in the army)
Yo it's war in these little streets

North, south, or west, it feels like the middle east
All the ballin's over
This is a commemoration for my fallen soldiers, yeah
Who Dares Win, so strat me clown
I spray these rounds until you niggaz can't be found

Verse 2

Mayhem:

I remember days I was pitchin' crack, tryna duck
squalie
Now I'm a Diplomat, and a rap artist
Find me where my niggaz at
Turn the block, Barney
And Blood, when them triggers clap, you will not harm
me
Your boy getting loot for days
I breeze by you, cologne smell like Joop & Haze
Me, Adamu, troops who blaze
Them Rugers, K's
One phonecall, moves is made
Rep 9-Treezy gang, that's a shout to the set
Got clout and baguettes, I'm about my respect
So, get prepared if you scared
Cuz this shit here make niggaz disappear
It's all timin', rhymin', grindin', shinin'
Dipset bitch, read in between them diamonds
A few O's spare, I move those, yeah
With two guns on me like "Nigga, who goes there"
I'm in the army

Hook

Verse 3

Juelz Santana:

Reportin' to you guys, reportin' to you live (from where)
From the corner, that's my bitch, I'm on her (Yes)
I hug her, I love her, I trust her with my life
Like a brother, like a mother, like a wife
And nuthin' else
The kid struggled to get to stardom
Now I'm on, it's on, yeah it's big trouble in little Harlem
Fuck fightin' a war, catch me fightin' on tour
Least I know who I'm fightin', what I'm fightin' him for
They say we shouldn't fight for colors on a rag
Well, we shouldn't, like we shouldn't fight for colors on
a flag
America, open your eyes to the facts
There's a war goin' on and it's not in Iraq
Uh-uh, Bush smerkin' (yup)
The hood's hurtin' (yup)
It's a drought, nobody getting good work in (yup)

Fiends is cranky, I'm seeing lately
Hustlers, plottin', watchin' and seeming shaky
In the army

Hook

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