

Beenie Man F/ A.R.P., Tony Curtis

"I'm a Soldier"

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[Silkk The Shocker]

You can tell I'm A Soldier

You, you, you, you can tell I'm a soldier (4X)

All I wanted to be was a soldier, bitch!!

And If you ain't a soldier, then what's yo' purpose
bitch?!!

1st Verse: [Silkk The Shocker & Master P]

[Silkk The Shocker]

See, I'm a N-O, nigga L-I

M-I- to the T

yeah, I'm Silkk the SHOCKER!!!!

And yeah, that's me

Tank dog all I wanna be, nigga I told ya

tat on my back, is that of a no limit soldier

About face for a TRU salute, to my tank dogs

y'all scared to bust, niggas duck, cuz we ain't sure

So don't flip me, cuz you'll end up empty

and then I'll reload

and reload, and reload, and reload, and load

whole barrel explode!!!!

Nigga I'm T-R-U, that means I'm TRU 2 Da Game

mention me to my enemies, they takin' the pain

Now you can do what you wanna

but y'all don't wanna start

fuck, these No Limit soldiers

cuz y'all don't wanna go to war!!!

[Master P]

No Limit mercenary killas, nigga wit army fatigues

tattoos and gats, niggas gone off hennessy and weed

Colonel, nigga becoming the ghetto E.F. Hutton

holler ungh!!!!!!! And every fuckin' soldier start
stuntin'

Nigga just robbin' and niggas they ridin'

dressed and robbin' on the side,

niggas just Bout It, Rowdy

niggas better show me that them muthafuckas still
gettin' rowdy

I cut wit G's nigga

march playas, step wit me killas
come wit me, real soldiers keep yo' eyes on yo'
enemies!!!

Chorus: [Silkk The Shocker]

I'm a N-O- nigga L-I
M-I-T soldier (2X)

2nd Verse: [Fiend & Lil' Gotti Gambino]

[Fiend]
All my rivals remember me, Fiend
the one that call the shottie
blastin' the mafi, there them niggas that wanna rob me
Givin' you hobbies
Gettin' slugs at your own body
for my piece, or Sugar Hill, I'm New Orleans like Lolli
I'm fearin' no man, as long as I'm stompin' in these
Broganes
there's no playin', soon as this army stop, ya' got no
hands
Damn!!! Ready for war, and keep the weed lighted
if they ain't indicted still, blast it, Fiend the insightful
prophet

[C-Murder]
I'm a No Limit soldier, nigga, it's in my blood
I started rappin', so I wouldn't have to sell drugs
We Bout It!!! Muthafuckas representin' them killas
TRU tatted on my back cuz I make moves wit thug
niggas
You don't wanna go to war, cuz I'ma bring the brigade
ask the colonel, we rowdy nigga tryin' to get paid
Affiliated with game, totin' thangs that pain
on the corners we hang, and we slangin' the pain!!

Chorus

3rd Verse: [Mystikal, Mac]

[Mystikal]
A helluva, helluva nigga right chea
you can take that and fear it!!
I'm a cold blooded killa comrade
and a highly decorated lieutenant
I'm up on the front line, you all the way to the rear
but ya still gettin' injured
NIGGA DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW THE TANK CAN'T BE
DENTED?!!
And when we reach a hundred million cartridges

we ain't finished
Bitch shoot yoself in the head, if you can't take it
cuz we gonna represent it!!
If I said it, I meant it!!
If I told ya', I showed ya'!!
I'll break y'all, outrank y'all, I'LL MAKE YA' BORN TO BE
A SOLDIER!!

[Mac]
Whoa, murder, murder, kill, kill it's real
Shell-Shock turn your neighborhood block into the
battle field
Nigga, soldier rag still on my eye, no lie
I'm camouflaged, I never die, I live longer than them
white guys
We tattooed, I done gone cashews, ain't no turnin' back
nigga won't be burnin' Mac, uh, I got the thirty gat
And it get trifer, but I'm a lifer
a camoflaue sniper, from the rooftop I might ignite ya

Chorus

4th Verse: [Lil' Gotti Gambino, Skull Dugrey]

[Lil' Gotti Gambino]
Gotti I told ya', I'm a muthafuckin' soldier
forty calibers and doja, what keep makin holes
Nationwide exposure, for me and my brethren
for Fiend to bust'em, leavin' my enemies bleedin'
Being a soldier many fourteens, I be needin'
a No Limit soldier, till the day of my leave

[Skull Dugrey]
I been a No Limit soldier since 1994
them niggas know one thing, that Skull broked in the
door
They watched me in Waco, as I bring the flow
what you sayin', hanh you nigga? You bitch? Yeah, you
hoe!!!
You know one thing you can't be fuckin' round wit these
niggas
niggas out the tank, straight spittin' on you niggas
You nigga!!! You think, you gonna get away
slammin' jive bitches like you, dead in the pavement!!!

Chorus

5th Verse: [Big Ed, Mia X]

[Big Ed]
Nigga make some room!!! Nigga, Back up, back up

Forget that thing out the trunk, and act up, act up
Got my tank dogs steppin' camoflauged fatigues
I represent like a loaded weapon, paper bought wit P
When I get that thing, everybody look down and round
and round
Got the M-1 spittin' fire, bring yo' set to the ground
Got the C-4 explosives in the black backpack
Big Ed be puttin' down like that!!!!

[Mia X]

We come strapped in we roll thick
we represent that TRU click
Playa Haters, yeah we know who you are
make infrared shine on your head like the North Star
Bomb shit, boss bitch, mama set it off
let it be known cowards you don't wanna go to war
The hard hitta still be the biggest mama nigga
swallow yo' shit like a fuckin' Anaconda nigga
So, bring it, bring it on, how you wanna do it, what?
Cuz next to other's knees, I cover fuckin' dust
Anten-Hut nah, take it to the battle field
shoppers gon run, while we kick our enemies doors
I ask the lord, they don't want no more?
Mama, drama, told ya' No Limit done took over

Chorus

[Silkk]

I thought I told ya
Pass the doja
GAME OVER!!!!

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