

Soldier B

"Protect Your Head"

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[Intro: talking]

Yeah, it's 2003 ya feel me
Soldier B, fresh outta Camilla
On this Camilla album
Watch out for these crooked cops and these haters
Cause they want your head
So protect yourself, as well as your loved ones
Yeah, yeah, turn it up, turn it up
Yeah, yeah, turn it up

[Verse 1]

Better hide some straight to protect your head
Cause they flamin, aimin them green doted infa reds
Blood shed, cause of these haters, fakers, and these
busters
We real thugs, the G, V and ten got hustlers
And them monsters, nothin but some hard hitters
Rich figures, bustin killer, straight wig splitters
If you want us boy, you better come and get us
Cause we ain't slippin, tipsy off a gallon of Henny
Leave shots all up in your back in 'em
So when your fallin, shots rippin out your cop billy
Come through the ceiling, hollow tips, bustin through
bricks
Edge the clips, teflons and big slugs
Old guns protectin their head from young bugs
Like us, and now your sold and turn to dust
All because you protect your head off a repercussion
Watch out for a young hustler that's out there bustin
Protect your head

[Chorus x2]

Better hide some straight to protect your head
Cause them vest is, I'm gettin tell you, you gonna wind
up dead
Blood shed, ain't got no name on them teflons
Steppin stones'll put soldiers all around your home
Protect your dome

[Verse 2]

Better hide some straight to protect your head

Cause that hot lead aimin there for your forehead

Buck shots red, havin you scared, duckin, runnin
Young hustlers ain't playin, they payin real money
They have you wait on Sunday and get moved on
Monday

Then go to London, chillin with a bundle of honeys
That's how they runnin, mandatory no chest shots
Just takin braids, bald heads and bald spots
Them head shots, leavin ya dead on the spot
Protect they head, less they get no props
On burnt blocks, watchin out for crooked cops
And burnt blocks, protectin my girl from head shots
I'm hot, hot

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Better hide some straight to protect your head
That's what I said, haters yeah, they want us dead
But I ain't mad, over somethin they never had
But who's the last, everybody they gettin blasted
Hellish bastard, mamas' cryin, they close caskets
If you drastic, rock sheets and black plastic
Bustas is scandalous, pushin some dimes
I'm in back, with some fine tang
So for me I hate gettin active, hustlin and rappin
One guy ask if he could smoke my ashes and I ain't
laughin
Infiltrators they out there craftin, protectin families
No wonder them haters wanna blast me, but they can't
find me
Eyes shinin leavin ya blinded, criminal minded
All black, creepin in silence, the world is mine
Hustlers rhymin and big timin, protect your mind
Lord tryna show us a sign (sign), we all dyin (dyin)
Lord tryna show us a sign (sign), we all dyin (dyin)

[Chorus x4]

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