

Cappucino

"Soldiers Only"

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Yeah though, deezie, off the heezie, straight up off the
hundred block
Mark ass bitch you know crestsider in the
motherfucking door
Representin 100% real niggas, is you feelin'(is you
feelin')

[Verse One] Dubee

I bring what's righteous through a time of holocaust
Lace game, then bust they mental and pay the cost
Now picture this, just remeniss the brother with the
jheri curl
Shakin them scary girls, gone in a merry world
Wasn't trippin' off democrats or repub-u-lican
Steady trickin' off my tax sales but time kept tickin'
I reckon' my intelect got deep off in these streets
And that nine millimete was just precautional heat, so
peep
This here will freak your mental, like a dental
And proceed to cop the chop and fuck the block is
fundamental
And a rental was runnin' around a corner was on a
Whole other page in life a nigga could've been a
gonner
Time reaveled and a nigga still had to get sharper
Bring in that cold and trippin' shit and I really doubt
that a barber
Can fade me literally or metaphorically
And if I catch you hawkin' me then my response will be

[chorus]

I can't tell you why they be phony
So I keep game air tight, soldiers only
Cause we be lethal ghetto people
Shakin' them kilo you need to know, stackin more chips
than reno
You know (you know)

[Verse Two]

Man not a matter a hand so detrimental

Parental guidance on the label and it all be
consequential
Young mental, want to soak it up like bounty or this'll be
Shove and throb it in your grill, I knew your ass wouldn't
risk it
This get deep as abyss with hits like heat seekers
They don't miss bound like a clinched fist ghetto
verbalist
Gamble take a risk but most gon' spectate
Can't step off in the game leave a footprint and then
shake
I'll bake workin fiends for a bank with a jaw shot
verbally
Put it down and the word will be that ain't no servin' he
The turf dog, hog with pongs
Servin' the game so succulent like prohms cause I'm
The nigga with the verbal lashin', smashin' niggas in
this hemisphere
Kickin' in the door just to let them know I'm in this here
Your business here is to soak game and all info
From your playa potna kinfolks that's why I choke on
indo

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm the enlightener boss game bustin' out the seams
Eliminatin' undistorted information laced in the streets
My league of nations still chasin' searchin' for screws
Fools in the gae of life man, but livin' bruised
Scratch your noodle it's fuedle waistline contraband
With a nickel plate in his hand skeemin' on a few grand
It really ain't nothing new but it's a all to common site
Every state every block in all hours of the night
Thug heart niggas holler fuck the world
Bald heads, fades, braids, perms, and jerri curls
Better hurl teflon in the name of the pocket nation
Start bracin' yourself for the verbal altercation
Replacin' game representatives throughout parts of the
region
For reasons them niggas is blessed fiendin' on how we
breatin'
Decievin' terminologies never obscure
we raw, real, rugged, potent, and pure

[Chorus 2x]

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