

Ilan & Ilant

"East Side Soldier"

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Verse 1 *(Seagram)*

Uh.

Sweatin in the kitchen
cookin 3 chickens
I'm Chef Boyardee
when it comes to a key
43 OZ's is what I see
everytime fa sho
latex glove so it don't get into my pores
hardcore to the marrow
4-5 barrell
Yo my dinero
is bein stacked an packed away for a rainy day
I slang caine
mayne through the Bay
Hey!
A-K's is packed on the regular
funk my competitors
and the predators
who like to plot my riches and my misses
but she packs a duce-duce Gucci really misses
suspicious
niggas didn't flip the pain
you couldn't watch Scarface to get this game
or the Godfather
or New Jack City
I'm from the crew with no pity
the 60's like Ripley's
'Believe It Or Not' I'm top notch
sippin on scotch on rocks
and it won't stop
I stay down an ready for my fedi
no matter the cost
the Chevy I floss
see Eddie's the boss
I get crossed by the pigs
I can smell the sweet aroma
you didn't know 6-9 was in no cahoots
try to warn ya
about fuckin wit my paper route

I got major clout
throughout
the south
the north
the west and the east
it's the Seag struttin nigga
gettin more than a piece of the pie
the sky's the limit
it's the authentic 6-9 apostile
makin niggas seek the gospital.

Chorus *(Yukmouth, Dru Down)*

Nigga.
What would you do if you ain't got your strap?
Would you get yo ass jacked?
[Like this, like that?]
Nigga.
What would you do if you ain't got your strap?
Would you give up yo scratch?
[Blap, blap!]
Ha.
What would you do if you ain't got your strap?
Would you get yo ass slapped?
[Like this, like that?]
Bitch.
What would you do if you ain't got your strap?
Would you nut up and scrap?
[Blap, blap!]

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

I'm goin out like Tupac
shootin 2 cops in the ass crack
when ever the task jack the turf I be the first to blast
back
make that ass "BACDAFUCUP" like Onyx
I puff up chronic, that make ya vomit like Ginatonic
(you know me!)
Gold D's on trophies every summer
can't see me
might wonder if I'm ballin on the unda
I never be givin a fuck, but quick to get my grind on
(trick)
the nigga who slips is who I'm quick to pull my 9 on
Sheeit!
Now break it down, down break it
can't make it, so I take his grip and leave him pistol
whipped
stripped butt naked
I cooks up bricks of A-1 Yola

the soldier til it's ova
slappin bitches wit the Motorola
I know a busta, you know a busta too
juss a few on my shit list to get licked
you mutha fucka you
shoulda known the game was deep now
around the East Bound
we'll buck you up and fuck you up to see you six feet
deep now.

Verse 3 *(Dru Down)*

I'm juss an East Side Soldier
born at Kaiser
ever since then I have been on the rise up
came out the diaper from a switch to a big stick
I'm in the mix
and yes I'm like steadily foldin the grip bitch
Whoo!
I want you to know that I'm Down
I'm Down in the Town
I'm drawin down
I'm Dru Down
On who now?
And niggas wantin to do who?
But niggas couldn't do me if they wanted to
I'm out to pull you
Whoo!
Who?
You.
Who?
You
you'se an owl mutha fucka now what fool?
Another sucka put in the gutta
came the wrong way
I accidentaly had the A-K
and sprayed
I shot
he shot
hella shocked
he thought it was a plot
(He didn't know I got stripes on my side)
Why not?
Lame to the game
no skills that's real
no glory in the East Side Soldier story.

Verse 4 *(Pooh Man)*

Masked murderer
psychopathic villian

my dick is on hard when your guts start spillin
put my glock
caulk
your body drop
let off 7 shots
and my lead is hot
tore through your vest
ate through your flesh
all 7 in your chest and your laid to rest
nigga don't you know, ain't no room for guessin
class is in session meet Mr. Smith & Wesson
watch the bodies all drop
when they hit your block
it's when you know when I reach for my chop
no need for drama
cry for mama
I'ma
hit you wit this lazer beam sight and take you life
after the lead melts through you cranium
entering you mind like titanium
Yeah!
Your punk ass potna shoulda told ya
you done fucked up
an ran into an East Side Soldier.

(Chorus) 2x

(Dru Down outro)

Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap!
Hahahahaha!
International Blunt Funk biatch.
Rilla than real!

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