

Souljah Slim

"Pray For Your Baby"

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Only for the real niggaz who I fuck with
Know what I'm sayin'?
REal niggaz gon' feel this shit
Cause its only who I fuck with
Know what I'm sayin'?

Show by hands
Put 'em up in the air if you bout makin' dollars
And you be bout this real shit
That be to hard to swallow
Come follow?
Me to the land
The home of the soldiers
If not committed they will cut throat ya
Play brawl then go to
Soldier streets but don't sleeps
And shots to knock ya off ya feet
Specialise in assassinatin', all bustas who be soldier
hatin'
My bodygaurd is the Lord
Mines in the back of my head
My dogg, a born killa
Treal nigga
Been runnin' with me since I was small
Alot of y'all probably know him, then again ya probably
don't
Cause its sung to strugglin' that be ridin'
With head biters in the trunk
Elliotts name was double crosser
He'll double cross ya, when he woulda taught ya
Told me not to get my hand dirty
He'll be my nigga tosser
Tellin' me to do my rap thing
No Limit bring me out there
Just chill, and make my mills
With my skills and keep it real

Chorus-1:

That's a, born killa
1- A treal nigga

2+3- Big time, dope dealer
A real nigga, that get it how I live on it
Fuck with born killas, dope dealers and real niggaz
Ill niggaz, and treal niggaz
That get it how the live nigga
Born killaz
Dope dealers
And treal niggaz
That get it how they live

The real niggaz, stay real
And the fakes stay fake
And you's a busta type nigga
Then stay the fuck outta my face
Because I'm tryin' to stay busta free
But y'all not hearin' me
Its nuts or cuffs
Get it how you live, on these city streets
And every nigga roam,
Gotta be Bout It Bout It
Niggaz pourin' syrup in the game
They not bein' solid
And thats the busta type
Niggaz I can't fuck with so I stay my distance
And run with real soldiers that love me
Only a handfull, duck and holler back
Real niggaz for sure got my back
All about the combat
All of the rest of 'em dead
Bread, ridin' red
A big dope dealer I used to fuck with doin' time in the
vet
No need to say his name, my nigga used to slang them
thangs
O-Z's and kilos
Heard the smack mayne
He used to give me grams
Never wanted to give me weight
He knew my habit, had me out there, he was goin' to
get blazed
I respect that by me bein' an addict
I was, here I had to snort about half a gram to get me a
buzz

Chorus-2

I got sent to the old jail, where alot of niggaz don't
survive
I rolled on the till bout a quarter of five
Got up early in the mornin'
Four feet up old mill

Guess who till rep
My dogg Cheer Will
He gave me five scoops, cause I just rolled in
But I gave that shit away
Cause my head bone bent
A murder charge in three attempts
What the fuck you expectin'?
I'm facin' life in prison, with a leathal injection
But these dick suckin' DA's
They refuse the charge
I rolled off B1, makin' boo-koo noise
Screamin' those bitches can't hold a Soulja like me
down
Then my pajamas, socks and T-shirts, with a tank from
? town
I ain't stay out, cause thirty days
I come right back in this bitch
Probation violation, gotta do a year in six
I bet you dick suckers won't see me
No mothafuckin' more
I got big plans, ya understand?
By slangin' lyrics like dope
To all my people locked down, y'all be home in a
second
Just keep it real, and stay treal and make them bitches
respect ya

Chorus-3 till end

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