

La the Darkman f/ Willie the Kid

"Soldier"

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[La the Darkman] Stand up guy, with family, shared a pie
To the cops and the judge, always tell a lie Look 'em dead in the eye, right hand high
For the D.A., get anything, 'fore I fry Sentence me to die, cuz I live by the oath
Any nigga snitch, stick a sword down his throat Pills, crack or coke; we hustle it all
Sometimes it seems we ball just to fall One nigga shouldn't get caught with a brick
Then the next 30 days, feds indict his whole click That's some homo shit, you worst than a bitch
Sit ya ass on the toilet, everytime you take a piss Get no realer than this, money orders get sent
To the pen, for my comrades and my friends Prisoners of war, chose not to crawl
Kept they mouth closed and live by they borgue [Chorus: sample (La the Darkman)] Do you remember me?
(Uh-huh, uh-huh) I'm a soldier (Uh-huh, uh-huh) (I flip that dime, I commit that crime, nigga) Do you remember me?
(Uh-huh, uh-huh) I'm a soldier (Uh-huh, uh-huh) (And if I get caught, I'mma do my time, nigga) [La the Darkman] I don't fold, nigga, I'm young, but think old New York, baby, I was raised in the cold
Round mobsters, dealers, pimps and real killas Power and manipulating people, we the realest Everywhere
broads feel us, to Brook, to Tennessee I'm like a carpenter, I keep that hammer on me I push that E., by ten thousand pills
Niggas don't, come straight, with the cash, get killed No prints, no weapons, no witness, neither Four A.M., in your bushes, I'm a certified creeper
You a certified sleeper, I came to bring death Niggas talk beef, that's peace, I'm a chef Put your ass in a box, like Boyardee Prepare all black suits, for your family
Like George W. Bush and Operation "Push" It's La W. Dark, I came to take your heart, nigga [Chorus] [Willie the Kid] Yo, yo, niggas shaking in they boots, I shoot dice and scoop paper
You brought a gauge for this shooting range, then shoot paper I bought a gauge for this shooting range, a few wakers My shoe game, champagne and blue bakesters
Back day, it's all about rope chains with anchors We paid corners til the cops camcorders ganked us While we never on the phone, niggas Crank Yankers
Then worse than a hater, is a fucking traitor Embassy, never fold, never tell, fuck rap

We got blue shots and gas for sale, my nigga Bang
bang bang and boom boom boom You're big dreaming
like the Boom Boom Room, I'm real life, nigga I'm
family first, guns and coupes Willie the Kid, I'm all that,
the Sidekick with the blue Cops gave me amnesia, I
ain't no snitch And I love my niggas, I don't love no
bitch

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