

## **TRU (Master P) "Soilder Till I Die"**

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Dig:

Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that  
But no limit put that soldier shit on the map  
You niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that  
But no limit put that soldier shit on the map  
Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that  
But no limit put that soldier shit on the map  
Them bitch niggas hollar soldier this and soldier that  
But no limit put that soldier shit on the map

Verse 1

I hit the street with my soldier fatigues, stand with my  
heat  
I play this game for keeps and watch you bitch niggas  
bleed, ya heard me  
I'm that d-i-g nigga from the third ya dig  
Fuck around with me and you get that ass served ya  
dig  
Smoked like herb ya dig, ya heard me bitch  
I'm a give it to you raw and letcha burn ya dig  
Ya learn ya dig, this is what you earn ya dig  
Now you know the word ya dig, no limit soldiers bitch

Chours:

Master p/(magic)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die

Verse 2 (magic)

Bitch I'm a motherfucking soldier till the day that I die  
Come, get a little closer, see the tank in my eyes  
Man you bitch niggas don't worry me

You screaming soldier but you fake niggas are  
wannabe's  
Yall don't wanna fuck with me  
For real, nigga take this soldier shit serious  
I hope you niggas are hearing us, y'all niggas are  
fearing us  
Who started this, nigga we started this shit  
Work hard for the colonel, work hard for this bitch  
You from the hood and you's a soldier  
But if you ain't that false claiming shit is over  
You phony, I heard you snitching to them po-po's  
Boy you ain't no soldier, give it up to all them broke  
hoes  
Boy you ain't no soldier, you actin jiggy with your yay  
nigga  
Boy you ain't no soldier, but you gonna get your day  
nigga  
Boy you ain't no soldier, I'm from the ninth ward where  
we real to this shit  
We only taking what belong to us bitch  
Cause we motherfucking soldiers

Chorus:

Master p/(magic)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (ya heard me)  
I'm a soldier till the day that I die (what)  
We soldiers till the day that we die (ya heard me)

Verse 3 (master p)

Ha ha, what's up to all them motherfucking soldiers out  
there?  
What's up cash money nigga.  
We feeling y'all niggas.  
Niggas think we beefing nigga but it's realer then this.  
There's too much money for everyone to get.  
What's up dmX nigga, ha ha.  
Jay-z, so so def, motherfucking suave house.  
Them all niggas soldiers.  
Motherfucking rap-a-lot, y'all niggas soldiers.  
What's up mack-10 nigga, cube, e-feazy, ha ha.  
Bone, y'all niggas soldiers.  
To the north, to the south, to the east.  
And all y'all real niggas and real bitches in the west,  
represent.

This song here is only dedicated to the real  
motherfuckers.  
Treal motherfuckers.  
Fake soldiers, nigga might take y'all stripes and y'all  
guns.

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