

Tupac Shakur

"Soldier Like Me (Return Of The Soulja)"

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(feat. Eminem)

[Intro: Tupac]

So what I wanna do, hopefully is... I wanna be, uhm not
a wannabe I am Tupac Shakur!

Tupac!

2005!

Guess who's back? G-G-Guess who's back
G-G-Guess who's back? G-G-Guess who's back
Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me

Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me

Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me

Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me

[Verse 1: Tupac]

Posse deep as I role through the streets
Motherfuck the police as we creep, in our Jeeps
Layin so long you think I'm asleep
But at the slightest beef, I'm robbin niggaz through the
teeth
And OPD can get the dick if they play tuffy
Last time them niggaz rushed me, I aint bust but now
I'm touchy
Trust me, aint nothing jumpin but these buck shots
Them niggaz got enough knots, I'm poppin corrupt
cops
Ya motherfuckaz catch a hot one
You wanted to start a problem, now you coward cops
have got one
And there's no prison that can hold a
Motherfuckin soulja, ready to role and take control
So now I jack 'em while they sleepin
Role to the door, through a grenade in the precinct
Some people panic, brothers bugged out

I had to keep poppin, cuz wouldn't stop until they
rugged out
And they vest don't protect from the head wounds
Reload ammunitions and them bitches will be dead
soon
Smoke rising from the barrel of my shotty
I finally got revenge, now count the bodies
20 cops, one for every year in jail
Tryin to keep a nigga down, but ya failed
Before I let ya take me, I told ya
Fuck being trapped, I'm a soulja

[Chorus: Eminem]

I betcha that I got something you aint got, that's called
courage
It don't come from no liquor bottle, it aint scotch, it's
not bourbon
I don't walk around like no G, cuz that aint me, I'm not
that person
I don't try to act like you do, cuz that aint you, you just
frontin
You aint?

[Verse 2: Tupac]

It's Tupac in the mad bitch
In them six-'fo, rag on them thangs, that's a bad bitch
Gettin ghosts on them bitches in the town
Bustin out the backseat, nigga when we clown
Homie is you down?
B got the strap and she anxious
Hurry up 'fo she spank shit
Commin round the corners, spittin rounds
They payin homie down
Caught them sucka ass bitches outta bounce
Now tell me how that sound?
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the
judgement day
Now tell me how that sound?
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the
judgement day
Stinkin BIATCH!

[Chorus: Eminem]

I betcha that I got something you aint got, that's called
courage
It don't come from no liquor bottle, it aint scotch, it's
not bourbon
I don't walk around like no G, cuz that aint me, I'm not
that person
I don't try to act like you do, cuz that aint you, you just
frontin

You aint? (Tupac)

[Outro: Tupac]

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