

Artist: magic

Title: Soldier

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Chorus: Magic

Bitch i'm a soldier (until the day that i die)
A No limit soldier (yes i am, yes i am)
I thought that I told ya (and nothing or no one could ever change that)
Ain't no need to ask me why I'm a soldier til i die.

[Magic]

I'm a soldier see the tank on my neck?
Mr. Magic is my name y'all better give me respect
You might remember me from seein' me postin' up on the block
With a .45 Glock
and a mouth full of rocks
Hustlin' like I didn't even care
Wakin' up my neighbors poppin' pistols in the air
Tryin' make a million pullin' all night flights I'm praying cuz I'm
knowin that my life ain't right
Forgive cuz I'm wrong but I'm begging or forgiveness
And now I'm hustlin' in a whole other business
Tryin' to do right for the people that I hurt
in the process of growin up
I've change my ways i guess thats why I'm blowin up
I'm comin' back for all my peeps
Just try to stay alive and keep your ass off the streets
For the ones that gotta hustle just to eat
Lord, I say a prayer for you before i fall asleep

Chorus

[Magic]

How man heard Sky's the Limit?
Shit i ain't finished this is only the beginning
I'm with no limit
Just think I'm in my prime
If I'm not the best just give me some time and I'll change your mind
Niggas like me hard to find
Genuine I'm the only of my kind young black and full of pride
With a mind to teach the whole world
If you just listen to my words
Y'all can feel my pain
A lot of years wasted, buku friends died a lot of wet faces
The other half caught a bunch of fuckin' cases
So still a lot of tender spaces
Wish I could erase the hate
Who said money makes you happy?
It can never bring back my daddy
So fuck the Navi and Caddie
I'm hopin' y'all could hear me
Cuz I'm speakin' this from the heart
Me and my fans never torn apart

Chorus

[Magic]

And to the haters that be hatin' on my click
Find a spot in line or suck a nigga's dick
I'm gettin a lot of call now
Bunch of fake bustas I couldn't ever trust ya,
fuckin blood suckers
Want me for the gift that you never thought I had
I saw your other side, but fuck it I'm mad
You say a lot of shit but you never ponit the finger
I'm guessin' that Mr. Magic gon' remember
Surprisin' a lot of so called superstars
Passive comments but really don't want go to war
Not with me my reputation stands for itself
Just pull the disc out can't keep it on the shelf go and get it like
it's the last one left
I work the piss out the people who press 'em
I thank the lord for such a wonderful blessin'
Every word that I speak is a lesson
hard to believe that this nigga is from the projects

Chorus