

feat. Sticky Fingaz, X-1

[Chorus: Fredro Starr]

I'm a soldier, ready for war, ready to shoot  
I'm a warrior, ready to die for my troops  
I'm a baller, skatin on chrome, pushin the Coupe  
I'm a hustler, hustler, hustler, hustler  
Told ya, ready for war, ready to shoot  
I'm a warrior, ready to die for my troops  
I'm a baller, skatin on chrome, pushin the Coupe  
I'm a soldier, soldier, soldier, soldier

[Fredro Starr]

We play the block to the morning til the sun comes up  
Or fiends run out, hustle til them guns come out  
Or deans run out, hustle til them ones stack up  
Or boys roll up, we playin the block, you know man  
Niggas on the rock talkin bout the cars we roll  
Chickens in the club buggin on the money we blow  
Other People baby, gettin like a hundred a show  
When they see us, bitches pass out, they holdin the flow  
Man haters don't wanna see the next man bowl  
What the little nigga skippin in the Lexus for  
We in it for the hed, killa what that vest if for?  
Two stacks, glocks hidin in my Lexus dough  
Now ya wanna see the ice wit the electric blow  
They rather see shots flamin, not to test the row  
Then we love by the minute, but we feared by more  
Cuz I don't give a fuck, I'm ready to die, ready to go

[Chorus]

[X-1]

I'm a soldier, ain't that right, ain't that what I am?  
On the block yellin "two for five's" wit rocks in my hand  
Keep the money rolled in rubber bands, accordin to plans  
Dirty pots in the kitchen nigga shoppin in grands  
While Ms. Brenda from upstairs always callin the cops  
Stash rocks in the mailbox, them corners is hot  
Find a dumb bitch, get a crib, open up shop  
Blow it up for two months, then skip to the next spot  
This is a business man, don't mess wit that here  
Who can fuck around and plus ya still love in the air  
And that's a nice little toy ya got, let's raise that  
Put ya title on the line, big baller, let's bet that  
I don't need trees, nigga, all I need is them G's  
Money's my high, dollar signs stuck in my eyes  
Don't come to this strip, bitch, unless you comin to buy  
It's nothin to hide, drug dealers lovin they lies

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I come thru the block, niggas hold they breath  
They heart pump fear, they stand there, hold they chest  
My name speak for it self, kid you know the rest  
From outta the dark, Sticky speakin codes of death  
Do you know how much bloods been spilled on my name?  
Unless you walk in my Timbs you can't feel my pain  
Got no feelings for you niggas, ice chill in my vein  
Besides the millions in the bank account, I'm still the same  
Seen my own father slain, ain't dropped one tear  
If you died right now, you think I'd fuckin care!?  
I'd get everybody in this bitch, stuck up in here  
And all that war right now, is where ya blood gets smeared  
Rappers gettin shot up, brr, it's cold out there  
I guess niggas was really dyin, or blow that year  
Wit God as my witness, I end ya career  
Cross my heart, hope to die, and all my life I swear

[Chorus 2X]