

MACKLEMORE, Soldiers

This is for my soldiers
Not my soldiers that chose to be soldiers
But the soldiers that were forced to be soldiers

Now what's the trouble, you scared of being a human?
If the truth is a tool I double dare you to use it
Hit the booth and I'm well aware of what I'm doin'
If I confuse you with the humor I'm preparing them for the movement
I've been alive before and every person's got a purpose
Most don't observe it or know what they're striving towards
Only you can light the torch
'Cause you won't survive the war if you don't know what the fuck it is you're fighting for
Most of us won't open up and trust the inner source
Combined with being tempted to just accept it
But don't twist the message, if you must think of my support
Sometimes you gotta pull off the tees and get on some left right left shit
I worked with 80 soldiers hooded behind locked doors
Forced into a war, an entrance with no exit
Before they could grow up, just some crazy soldiers
Arming them with crack and guns, in essence, defenceless
Yup, my man rapping, charismatic and handsome
In his own words 21st century panther
Thirteen-years-old gets into a fight
Decided to steal the kid's bike
Cops come and he ends up in hand cuffs
Two months in and now he's caught in the trap
Got out, got caught with a gat and crack
Now what do these people think
Juvenile life like that he grew up in a room with a mac
And he'll be policed until the day he can legally drink

Now tell me what's the matter with this picture
I wish it was a dream but it seems too vivid
There's blood on these streets I can't see who's is it
I should probably mind my business
I said tell me what's the matter with this picture
I wish it was a dream but it seems too vivid
There's blood on these streets I can see whose is it
America wants me to mind my business

Now if you contain anything in a cage
Its natural tendency is going to try to be escape right?
When these kids get out of the gates and face life
If you raised them as a criminal what do you estimate they'll behave like?
The ratio is 80 something percent of kids who get locked up again or go straight to the pen
And that's strange right
It's a snowball effect, and they wanna see you again
So they can make sure that America remains white
Yup, going back on that race shit
Most of the neighborhoods are like cages they try and escape and
If the American dream is to make it
It's obviously blatant that if you're left with nothing, what do you do?
Take it
Attempted Murder was the case
My man got beat up, stomped in his face
Ask George Bush what you do when you're attacked
His boy went and let it spray, hit one of them in the leg
Now George you can relate
Remember Iraq, or was it Afghanistan? Just ain't funny
Proving sometimes you gotta take something to make money
My man's homie snitched and said that he planned to hit
And he'll be out when he's 46
Now ain't the game something
The soldiers follow the same orders

The generals are Crips folk and south of the border
Nortenos and bloods
Now is it a kid with a gun or the system he lives in that has his disorder
If there's a fiend on the block, somebody's serving em
If there's a teen with a Glock, there's a cop looking to turn 'em in
If you have something I want, there's somebody murdering
Since 1492, where the fuck do you think we learned it from

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