

The Game, I'm A Soldier

(Intro)

Yo Mel, they tried to kill me man,
Five Shots and I'm still here niggah! (hahaha!)

(Chorus)

I don't give a fuck where you niggas from,
East to Westcoast I'ma bang my gun,
You better wear a vest when you come outside,
'cause niggah this's Westside 'til i die

I'm a motherfucking Soldier niggah,
I'm a Soldier niggah,
I'm a motherfucking Soldier niggah,
I'm a Soldier niggah

(Verse 1)

He signed with Dre, he gon' sell,
will he do a mil' plus or will he end up in jail?
get real close to the speaker, i got a story to tell,
he went from the front porch to the cover of double X-L
i took one in the heart, i'm ready to die
and all this henneseey'll make a nigga crash the G-5
catch me at a stop sign, niggah i ain't drunk,
i'm gangsta i pop mine leave you eye in the pump
tie you faggot ass up, let you die in the trunk,
i'm from westside compton, niggah i ain't a punk
streets is talkin, is he from cali? is he from queens?
do he ghost for P. Diddy, can he sixteen?
did he take 5 shots? is he a blood or a crip?
ride through the CPT, my hood painted on them bricks
and I'ma die with a empty clip, 'cause I'm a ghetto boy
i just rap a lot like J-Prince(?)

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

In '99 i studied +The Chronic+ inside out,
a +Doggystyle+ for breakfast, lunch was +Reasonable Doubt+
I ain't know how to count bars, i was writin' on napkins(?)
high as fuck i wrote my first sixteen to +Illmatic+
I was in the hood fightin' with niggaz, over who the best MC
Ice-Cube, Snoop Dogg or Xzibit
and how the east been makin' the killin'
since them long-beach niggaz walked in new york and crushed the buildings
then this marcy-project niggah came and stole the crown,
right after the king of NY got shot down,
ten years later I'm in Harlem killin' them mixtapes,
they like me, i want them to love me like they love Mase,
but holla in LA them niggaz tell ya they hate me,
and the plan is to catch me with my gun on safety
niggah I'm still breathin', I ain't dead,
next time you try to kill me, put one in my head

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Before Jimmy lovine the kid wasn't IV(?),
these bitch niggaz tried to take my live for five G's,
i was in the projects, two o' clock in the mornin',

playin' madden, niggaz kicked in the door and start blastin',
niggah i'm a gangsta, i don't need no pitty,
i just sit inside the ferarri and roll up a fillie
and i been compared to shyne like shyne was compared to biggie,
i'm from compton, he from new york city
come on really, you gotta be kiddin', ain't nobody biggie but biggie,
but i'm a six figi niggi, and i know Fifty,
but that don't mean i can get you backstage at awards,
or 'cause you went to highschool I'ma take you on tour,
'cause he got two bodyguards he can't get hit with the four,
and 'cause he wear a vest don't make him tupac shakur,
when you see me in the streets, ain't no security guards,
no L.A.P.D, no bullet proof cars, I'm a gangsta!

(Chorus)