

The Outlaws, Soldier To A General

(Napolean - Verse 1)

Yo, it's gettin colder with time, Thug rollers with rhymes
Gotta look out for the spineless, marchin with mines
Outlawz on the grind, in the back of my mind
Gotta watch out for the one-time all the time
Lot of fights on the block, so I walk with my glock
First head get hot, gettin shot on the spot
It's a sticky sitch-e-ation, tryin to duck to hatin
Fuckin with my family, I get worse than Satan
Turnin niggaz out, at a young age
It's what my life story's about, I ain't afraid
Turnin in the water, gaspin' for air
But I'm in the air at the same time, searchin for land
It's the life of a man, without no parents to call
Had to learn right and wrong when it's on, fuck all y'all
Walkin through the cemetery talkin to the dead
Conversation we gonna keep between us, heard what he said
Think about the niggaz that can't make it to see tomorrow
Left his family all alone cause he got hit by the lead
Drama on the streets is what the Outlawz fed
And if your ass get out of line, you got a price on your head

(Chorus - Young Noble)

I was born all alone, I'mma die all alone (yeah)
So I ride all alone, from a soldier to a general
I taught myself, went to court myself (uh-huh)
Made a choice, from a soldier to a general
A boy to a man, ain't nobody give a damn (fuck that!)
Live the streets without nobody, from a soldier to a general
We was raised around criminals, and played around criminals
The game of a criminal, from a soldier to a general

(Kastro - Verse 2)

I walk around with the weight of the world
Faith in my shotty since I made it my girl (love you)
Oh! Somebody save me please, I've been
Brought up amongst these scam blest thieves and
All they can show me is I fight with my muscle and (uh-huh)
I'd do anything for these stripes in the struggle and
Happiness is Hennessy, mixes, and bitches and I'm all about my riches
From a small time grinder to a timer am I
Scandalous mind is a constant reminder of the
Evil these men do, struggle contend you
Lord, what you got your boy all into
I must be mental, I must be psycho
Crazy deranged and my brains with a rifle
That's the price we pay to have life today
Will I have it any other way? No Way (oh)

(E.D.I. Mean - Verse 3)

Seems like my addiction to the streets been a life long one
I chose to wrong damn crease
See momma work her fingers to the bone to make me a happy home
But I chose the wrong, steppin out on my own
Intrigued by them big-league niggaz with the blow
See my first dead man as a kid in eighty-four
Seen crack come and turn bums to millionaires
Turn and die a bitch out, oh, and now she don't care
Something bought the ghetto in the Summer, make niggaz tougher
Niggaz die to be fresh, so we all turn to hustlas
Some stuck with it, some really couldn't fuck with it
Some trust the wrong, and now they gone
Them flowers for the dead, all the powers in my head
I give a fuck what them cowards said, I'm all about my bread

Struggle love to, huh, hustle ball to
From a soldier to a general, nigga you better let em through

Chorus

(Young Noble - Verse 4)

I grew up, like every other kid in the ghetto
Up the hill on my mountain bike, struggle to peddle
I was a freshman with no medals
But I earned my stripes
Wrong turns made me burn my life
Got a comment 'fore you walk soldier, follow the rules
Be a leader when I see you, don't follow the crew
There's only one way to live and one way to die
One way to fail and one way to try
My eyes bloodshot from the drugs on the block
And my thugs on the block got slugs for the cops
My moms loves my pops but she hurtin herself
Laid off, so she broke, not workin herself
On my own at fifteen, learnin the ropes quick
Had to eat so I hustled, turnin my coat quick
I ain't no shit, only how to be a criminal
But plan to expand from a soldier to a general