

50 Cent, Soldier

(feat. G-Unit)

[50 Cent and DJ Whoo Kid talking]

[Hook]

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT!

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT!

[50 Cent]

It's a fact homie, eagles don't fly in flocks

But the eagles I got own sixteen shots

Like beefin', homie I ain't sayin' a word

I'll run up on your punk ass squeezing the bird

Now what New York niggas know about country grammar

Not much, but we know how to bang them hammers

When I pull out that thing, you better break yourself

Or win a trip to ICU, and you can take yourself

If you lucky motherfucker, I'm solider I told ya

Push ya shit back, put my knife through ya six pack

Gat bust, adrenaline rush, blowin' the dust

Five point O, burnin' the cluth, while I'm burnin' the dutch

You thought them other niggas was hot, I'm turnin' it up

This the blueprint, nigga are you learnin' or what

You done told me you respect me, now tell me I'm the nicest

Admit it nigga, I'm a mid-life crisis

[Hook]

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! (I got the rep of a villian, the weapon concealin')

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! (full of controversy until I retire my jersey)

[Lloyd Banks]

It's like niggas rate the respect of who gat bigger

Banks been blowin' on purple stuff before that fat nigga

Henny's make dollars, and dollars make death threats

I'm doin' remixes to bulletproof the Lex next

Duck nigga, everdays war

I'm heavy on sports, to my draw like NBA's store

Don't make me send the piece at you

I'll have your man walk around with another rest in peace tattoo

Look creampuff, you can get killed here

Nigga you ain't invincible, even Superman in a wheel chair

I've always been a picky man, but I ain't a flowered star

So I'mma fuck all fifty fans

Look, whether you like it or not, right in ya spot

All in your grill, wearin' the crown, airin' em down

We're in the pound puttin' fare in the clown

I'm running with gangstas, don't make one of em shank ya

[Hook]

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[Tony Yayo]

I'mma ride with my rap shit and my body armor

Ride like a Taliban suicide bomber

Four five six feet, I off ya feet

I kill ya with a pillow when you fall asleep

Your records can't sell, your company is buyin' em

Give it up, Burger King is hirin'
You shoulda been a cop, cause you snitch a lot
Talkin' to the jakes, you bound to get shot
I used to watch Big Bird and Scooby Doo
Now I'm choppin' big birds and them bundles too
For that Master P money, that shoppin' spree money
That coke, that dope and that ecstasy money
I'm tryin' to build empires across the state line
So move like vampires, never see me in the daytime
I jump out with a nina and a mack
I have you like Khia, my neck, my back