

# Ice T, Message To The Soldier

Yo, Ice, you been down with the struggle for a long time, man...  
Why don't you drop some knowledge for these brothers who  
want to get involved in this war...

Take notes: real gangstas wear trench coats  
Grey suits, black ties and they seek votes  
And you're not to be misled  
They'll kill you in your fuckin' bed  
They don't sell dope, yo, excuse me, yes they do  
But they don't look that much like me or you  
But if you pull up the sheets and expose them  
They'll crawl up like snakes and show fangs of venom  
Now I've been soldier for years  
Representin' the tattooed tears  
Other brothas locked up with no choice  
Left in the bowels of devil with no voice  
My phones are tapped, my crib is bugged  
My car is tailed from club to club  
And this ain't no fuckin' joke  
They want to see a nigga broke  
You can't slip, if you slip you're out  
You gotta know what you're talkin' about  
Drop science every chance you get  
Hit direct and indirect, speak in code  
Cause you're never alone  
That's why I use this low tone  
Follow this and you might grow older  
This is a message to the soldiers...

Now they killed King and they shot X  
Now they want me, you could be next  
All you gotta do is speak too loud  
All you gotta be is be too proud  
Cause once you let'em know  
Who you are and where you're at  
You better watch your back  
Cause you might think you're just dope  
While you're livin' in a sniper's scope  
I'm not tryin' to scare you  
But there's a danger if you get too deep  
Some nights I don't sleep  
All you wanna do is tell the truth  
All you wanna do is save the youth  
Ice Cube knows, Souljah knows, P.E. knows  
They throw death blows  
And if you got kids or a girl that's true  
They'll move on them too  
But when I'm gone I need you to carry on  
You gotta be strong and fight for our salvation  
But there will be retaliation, soldier...

To think that rap could be attacked  
Is ignorin' the simple fact  
That they never ment us to speak  
They had planned to keep the black man weak  
But rap hit the streets  
Black rage amplified over dope beats  
Now they want to shut us down  
And they don't fuck around  
Check the history books, son  
Black leaders die young  
They tell us that your words are scary  
They're revolutionary  
Because we speak the truth

About crime and drugs  
And expose the real thugs  
This info is not beneficial  
To the groups that go by three initials  
So they try to discredit  
They'll dog you with an edit  
Print the words the way you never said it  
But we gotta make'em regret it, soldiers...

Word! I know a lot of brothas out there want to get in this war...  
You know what I'm sayin'? a lot of sistas got a lot of knowledge  
to drop on our people but right now they're movin' to shut down  
all hip-hop! The first amendment had absolutely nothin' to do  
with black people at the time constitution was written, we were  
considered nothin' but property...The expectation of havin' black  
people speak on records never came to mind, so we gotta move!  
But belive me all the black leaders have been silenced and most  
of the time it's been violent so if you choose to get in this war,  
realize what you're in for but we gotta move on...  
And we gotta stay strong...

Message to the soldiers, welcome to the struggle...  
Message to the soldiers, be careful, soldiers...