

Papoose, Go To War

INTRO BY PAPOOSE:

You wanna go to war? lets get it then,
If war bring peace im wit it then,
I don't start beef, I finish it,
Ghetto soldiers, we militant.

AKON:

I dont like to fuss or fight,
just tryin to live life right,
but dont take my kindness for weekness 'cause i will take your life.
At first i will walk away, unless you push me to play,
but thats somthin I know you'll regret, so please dont forget:

CHORUS:

Im a ghetto soldier,desperado oooo
Im a ghetto soldier,good man sing ooooo
Im a ghetto soldier,how white sing ooooo
yes, a ghetto soldier,black man sing oooooo

PAPOOSE:

The soldiers get trained my the lieutenant,
The lieutenant gets all of his orders from the captain.
General, when i was young, i got drafted.
Sent me to the army of brooklyn, those bastards.
Full of soldiers, my homies lay in caskets,
They couldn't survive the heat,
Just like the mavericks.
And I dont buy wolf tickets from niggas,
But niggas be wolfin so i walk around wit my clippers.
Some of my people was alive for my struggle,
But aint lived to see my success.
They wanted to see me make it, but got stripped naked,
And layed in the mall cuz of death.
So yo now that Im successful,
how can i celebrate it?
They died early, so in their eyes I never made it.
I ain't goin' give you my life, you gotta take it,
Soldier, I'm going out Blazin'.

CHORUS:

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PAPOOSE:

We said the same thing at the same time,
I aint knock on wood.

Black cat crossed my path, my luck still good.
Broke a mirror, I aint get 7 years of bad luck.
Nuttin bad aint even happened, my left eye jumped.
Put my hat on the bed when I walked in the room.
Swept my feet, and I aint even spit on the broom.
What im try'na say is, Im not superstitious.
Akon what am I ?
((akon)Im a ghetto soldier)
My right hand itchin, been havin money kid.
I even opened the unbrella in da crib.
Bought my girl some shoes, she aint walk outta my life.
No bad luck, I skipped the po twice.
No superstition, just wise intuition.
On the battle field get killed or do the killin.
By the way my good luck charm is a biscuit.
Ghetto soldier to the ended...

CHORUS:

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PAPOOSE:

No pain no gain,
All of the trama is killing me.
Pain cant swim,
thats why I drown in that Hennesey.
Tired of the enemy, runnin to your crib,
Slumped you in your fireplace, and have smoke comin outta
your chimney.
I could see straight through your plots and your trickory.
It dont mean shit to me, im trying to get to the bottom of it.
But I lost a whole lot of my energy,
Tryna get to the bottom of a botteless industry.
Now-a-days all i got is my pride and my dignity.
You ridin with sympathy
They say misery needs company, why keep em company?
You kiddin' me? when I could grab a weapon and put him outta his misery.
Says shots asked you to tell you Im not playing!
When you fire back you let me know what chu saying.
This gun busting its like an unspoken language.
We communicate with our guns, this shit is dangerous

CHORUS:

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Ya know...