

# Royce Da 59, Soldier's Story

[Man talking w/ (Royce)]

We're in a situation, where everybody involved knows the stakes  
(What up Reef) We're soldier's (\*echoes\*)  
Soldiers don't go to hell, it's war

(Verse 1 - Royce da 59&quot;)

I'm Royce back on the drums, from the kick to the snare  
Get them shits in the air, shit is fixin' to flair  
(\*Spit\*) Spit on the beat, wrap it and ship it  
Put it out, shit on the streets, that's me  
Bust you in yo shit, and tell you don't you ever  
That's me, I need respect, don't you better  
That's me, chrome berretta, in the waistline  
Of my own get up, I'm gone and still goin (\*Car horn\*)  
That's me, you hear a pop and see a drop, I'm comin  
That's me, when everybody on ya block is runnin  
That's me, wit the rocks that could block the sun in  
The glock that I got, got a box it come in  
I'm like the fear, that Biggie and Pac is comin (Uh)  
The reason why them baller boys cop them onions  
That's me, 5 to the 9 doo rag be tied to the side  
You could either ride with a die

(Chorus - Royce da 59&quot;)

Groooooom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin  
He came right into yo hood, and he sold you somethin  
He spit, wit a frozen flow, and he told you somethin  
I think I hear a soldier's comin, that's me  
Groooooom, yeah now you know a soldier's comin  
You better run for it, run for it, run  
Yeah now you know a soldier's comin  
You better run for it, run for it, run

(Bridge - Royce da 59&quot;)

We soldier's, (We) bats, (We) chains  
(We) gats, (We) gain, (We) raps, (We) names  
We soldier's, in the streets we eat, peep  
Niggas is deep, and niggas'll creep, creep

(Verse 2 - Royce da 59&quot;)

Far from what you would call soft, you competing  
What you would fall off, I'm beef, you call off  
That's me, the one that you supposedly beef wit  
That's me, we fought, but you kept it a secret  
Talking bout what you gon' do when you find me and keep seeing me (Uh)  
Lying like you dying to catch me, and put three in me (Uh)  
Told him cut the jokes, but I guessed that he wan't hearin me (Uh)  
Convince his self that he wan't fearing me  
My niggas all killers, from the bottom straight to the top  
Ride wit me rather know they destination or not  
That's me, the baddest rap you heard in a while  
Ride with the gat in the lap, convertible style  
That's me, the killer that lurk in the dark  
Tear up ya goddamn hood, from the church to the park  
Groooooom, motherfucker, you hear that noise  
You better run for it, run for it, run

(Chorus - Royce da 59&quot;)

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He spit, wit a frozen flow, and he told you somethin  
I think I hear a soldier's comin, that's me  
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You better run for it, run for it, run

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You better run for it, run for it, run

(Verse 3 - Royce da 5'9&quot;)   
Nothin' but underground shit, comin out of my pump  
The K fump from a pump, comin out of my trunk (Uh)  
Everybody wanna thug, wit them triggers they pullin  
Be shootin pip-pip guns, that ain't as big as my bullets  
Live from Detroit comin, to a block near you (Uh)  
Real so-n-so, somebody might get popped near you (Uh)  
All you wanna do is rap, I'll be listening right  
After flippin a bit difference, between a clip and a mic  
I'ma soldier (Soldier) cool as I wanna be  
Gun totin, talkin to hoes, rude as I wanna be  
Who wants some of me, this is no problem  
That I can't fix, I got a tool that I brung wit me (Uh)  
Hardcore niggas your nothin (Uh)  
Ben Franklin run this motherfucker, and in God I trust him (Uh)  
If you ever see my guns out, I'm probly bustin  
Why you niggas ridin and dying, I'll be truckin

(Chorus - Royce da 5'9&quot;)   
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(Royce da 5'9&quot; talking)   
Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Royce Nickel 9, 2000  
Big Reef, uh

[Man and (Woman) talking]   
Beef, we soldier's, we follow codes, orders  
(Soldier's they justify everything that you do