

Soulja Slim, From What I Was Told

[Talking:]

Whats that big baby?
You know whats sound dog
They gon' like this here, ya heard me?
They go like, you know what I'm sayin'?
Fuck 'em

[Chorus:]

From what I was told niggaz say I'm a hit No Limit like Pac,
Hit Death Row and make some mon', now dance hoe
And blow, up like the world trade
And be protected by No Limit tanks, soldiers with K's and hand grenades

Could you recall a soulja that used to be crawlin'
Now I'm ballin', don't plan on fallin'
For the world
Left the furl in the dope man, on the set
Cause I got plans bigger then the desire projects
I run with steel object toes, niggaz that smoke coke
And watch 'em in they back scopin'
Outta all soldier haters
Quick Draw McGraw niggaz see ya later
Cradle to the grave ya
Ya daddy made ya?
Let's see if he can be ya savior
When I cave ya chest in with me murder weapon
They can't find out Smith and Wesson
Only glocks and street machines with infer beams
You know what I mean
Fully automatic things light up the scene
And break ham like Carl Lewis
Nothin but gun smoke is all ya smell
Niggaz lying dead on bullets and shells
My people dwells to Uptown
Where the shit goes down
Shot callers and big ballers, mothers know
And do-do brown, Beats By The Pound, somethin' you could smoke too
Flavors like ? red, beans, rice, gumbo the stew
My little one said its all on you, and Choppers City
My ? clique clanin' posse
Ain't no stoppin', my committe
Shits bigger then me, Nino Black
And a can of Trinity, ya feelin' me?

[Chorus]

Incarceration had me real impatient
I was local until ya heard me on Down South Hustlers, it was nation
That told this shit is my creation
Is it real, yeah, cause niggaz wearin' soldier rags and shit
Keepin' it twreal
My reservation is to make some mills
And stay independent
Stay wearin' girbauds and polos, and soldier Reebok tennis
Crushed out tank on my neck
Protect my chest like a vest
No more coke, no more dope, just alcohol and sess
Respect my rhyme because my mind is filled up with anger
Sound like I got a glock for it
With black ? bullets in the chamber
Wait to be released and decease fake ass MC's
Niggaz best freeze cause I squeeze gats and burn to the third degree
Make you wonder will you ever breathe again like Toni Braxton
Leave ya skull fraction, about more action than Jackson

So you better ask somebody that know me
If they real they gon' tell ya whats real
If they fake they gon' soldier hate
I can freestyle about it without makin' no mistake, ask Trey
That's my compadre, a nigga that I ride with, all day
Got it cocked
And in the trunk bumpin' nothin' but the Beats By The Pound funk
Pull that skunk out, the windows fogged up
And the system all the way pumped
Everything we drop be fire, don't nothin' be bunk

[Chorus]

I was a weed fiend, dope fiend and coke fiend with low key
And I was on the cumma move,
When you and LV used to rock the club 49
Back in 93
Hoe was givin' me love
Niggaz givin' me daps and hugs
Soldiers respect soldiers, and soldiers respect thugs
Thugs gotta respect soldiers, if they don't want they life to be over
Brought to a closin'
Ain't nothin' changed but the name
When ya say soldier
Mean magnolia
Ya got that?
And me keep me glock, for they cocked back
Hoes jock that, when a nigga be all the way real
Only thing they want is the dough, dick appeal
But I don't fuck around no more
And only saw me like that you little clown ass hoe
If my flow was a gun, bitch you would run
When you hear my come, from the head
Every lyric is a bullet
Fuckin' ya up with some of this shit I say
In 95 nigga left for me dead but I didn't die
And some of the soldiers die
They only multiply
God left me alive, so I can blow up in the world
I thank the man every night for takin' me off that furly girl
It gave me the opportunity to raise my son and my community
Cause now a days niggaz got guns and shit
Screamin' out unity
Motherfuckin' nigga bruisin' me
That something I can't go for
I done signed the contract
Shut the studio door