

# Tupac, Soldier Like Me (Return Of The Soulja)

(feat. Eminem)

[Intro: Tupac]

So what I wanna do, hopefully is... I wanna be, uhm not a wannabe I am Tupac Shakur!

Tupac!

2005!

Guess who's back? G-G-Guess who's back  
G-G-Guess who's back? G-G-Guess who's back  
Everywhere I see, a soulja a soulja  
Everywhere I see, a soulja like me

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[Verse 1: Tupac]

Posse deep as I role through the streets  
Motherfuck the police as we creep, in our Jeeps  
Layin so long you think I'm asleep  
But at the slightest beef, I'm robbin niggaz through the teeth  
And OPD can get the dick if they play tuffy  
Last time them niggaz rushed me, I aint bust but now I'm touchy  
Trust me, aint nothing jumpin but these buck shots  
Them niggaz got enough knots, I'm poppin corrupt cops  
Ya motherfuckaz catch a hot one  
You wanted to start a problem, now you coward cops have got one  
And there's no prison that can hold a  
Motherfuckin soulja, ready to role and take control  
So now I jack 'em while they sleepin  
Role to the door, through a grenade in the precinct  
Some people panic, brothers bugged out  
I had to keep poppin, cuz wouldn't stop until they rugged out  
And they vest don't protect from the head wounds  
Reload ammunitions and them bitches will be dead soon  
Smoke rising from the barrel of my shotty  
I finally got revenge, now count the bodies  
20 cops, one for every year in jail  
Tryin to keep a nigga down, but ya failed  
Before I let ya take me, I told ya  
Fuck being trapped, I'm a soulja

[Chorus: Eminem]

I betcha that I got something you aint got, that's called courage  
It don't come from no liquor bottle, it aint scotch, it's not bourbon  
I don't walk around like no G, cuz that aint me, I'm not that person  
I don't try to act like you do, cuz that aint you, you just frontin  
You aint?

[Verse 2: Tupac]

It's Tupac in the mad bitch  
In them six-'fo, rag on them thangs, that's a bad bitch  
Gettin ghosts on them bitches in the town  
Bustin out the backseat, nigga when we clown  
Homie is you down?  
B got the strap and she anxious  
Hurry up 'fo she spank shit  
Commin round the corners, spittin rounds  
They payin homie down

Caught them sucka ass bitches outta bounce  
Now tell me how that sound?  
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the judgement day  
Now tell me how that sound?  
A double date laced with hate, make 'em pray for the judgement day  
Stinkin BIATCH!

[Chorus: Eminem]

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It don't come from no liquor bottle, it aint scotch, it's not bourbon  
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I don't try to act like you do, cuz that aint you, you just frontin  
You aint? (Tupac)

[Outro: Tupac]

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