

Willie D, I'm Goin' Out Lika Soldier

Born, born, born, born, born, born, born, born killer
I'm that mothafucking god damn nigga
The brother that's tougher than any other you cover
The one you don't wanna take home to your mother
Fuck a loose screw, let me enlighten
I got a whole mothafucking toolbox need tighten
Fast like lighting, punch like Tyson
It's a clash of titans when I start fighting
So what's a god damn reporter?
A nigga with a foot in his ass and a tape recorder
Dissing W-I double L-I-E-D
And don't know shit about me
But you don't see me running
I'm from the ghetto, hoe, so I keep coming...
With more nerves, more verbs, more cuss words
To fuck with the suburds
You can't stand me or can me
Bullets gonna go thru people if you ban me
Cause you fucking with my livelihood
For your health that ain't no good
Like Breed I'm 20 below and getting colder
Going out lika soldier...

Crisp and clean I'm leaving the scene
Blowing mothafuckas to smithereens
And if I fall you know they didn't pimp me
Cause the banana clip will be empty
You say: Willie, clean up your act
And maybe you can sell more records than that
Survival comes before principles and morals
So to the man on the street I'ma stay loyal
And fuck up those who oppose
Outta there smelling like a rose
You ain't never seen a mothafucka kill a mothafucka
Lika mothafucka named Willie D mothafucka
Rambo can't go
And Robocop get dropped like a hoe
By something that they never saw
An M-72A2 mothafucking law
We can rumble in the jungle
Or have a World War 3 right here on the concrete
God damn, I done told ya
(Willie D) goin' out lika soldier...

Fuck this, fuck that is my motto
Willie D is fucking everybody like a hot hoe
So you better put a condom on your ear
Cause I'm burning up the normal shit you hear
Smoking, smoking
Y'all mothafuckas know I ain't joking
I've been paying my dues for a decade
(What time it is?) It's time to get paid
Yeah, fuck the bullshit
And that nigga standing at the damn pulpit
I left Charlie Brown on the cut
Cause I felt like Snoopy working for peanuts
Now my ass is soe
And I can't be fucked no mo'
So if you wanna test me, that'll hold ya
I'm goin' out lika soldier...

I'm goin' out lika S-O-L-D-I-E-R
Pumped up for an all out war
Searching like a predator

With an M-16 looking for a magazine editor
I know they don't write the columns
But they co-sign every volume
So I'm cutting off the head of state
So the rest of the body can't operate
And while I'm into the slaughter
I may as well bust a cap on a TV reporter
And a DJ by the way
For giving that wicky wack shit radio play
If that's your preference so be it
But I'ma call it like I mothafucking see it
And never be a pop chart trick
Y'all talk loud but you don't say shit
I'd rather boycott that picture
And rap about that which affects ya
You wonder why the cussing won't disappear
God damn, we ain't happy down here
Willie D got problems
So when mom walk in, turn down the volume
And act like you're doing your homework
Or get your pussy or your dick knocked in the dirt
There's a vet in your vicinity
So pump up Ice Cube and jam Public Enemy
And let the O.G. Ice-T kick a rhyme that'll mold ya
And go out like a soldier...