

# 50 Cent, Soldier

(feat. G-Unit)

[50 Cent and DJ Whoo Kid talking]

[Hook]

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT!  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT!

[50 Cent]

It's a fact homie, eagles don't fly in flocks  
But the eagles I got own sixteen shots  
Like beefin', homie I ain't sayin' a word  
I'll run up on your punk ass squeezing the bird  
Now what New York niggas know about country grammar  
Not much, but we know how to bang them hammers  
When I pull out that thing, you better break yourself  
Or win a trip to ICU, and you can take yourself  
If you lucky motherfucker, I'm solider I told ya  
Push ya shit back, put my knife through ya six pack  
Gat bust, adrenaline rush, blowin' the dust  
Five point O, burnin' the cluth, while I'm burnin' the dutch  
You thought them other niggas was hot, I'm turnin' it up  
This the blueprint, nigga are you learnin' or what  
You done told me you respect me, now tell me I'm the nicest  
Admit it nigga, I'm a mid-life crisis

[Hook]

(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! (I got the rep of a villian, the weapon concealin')  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! I started my own gang  
(I'm a soldier) G-UNIT! (full of controversy until I retire my jersey)

[Lloyd Banks]

It's like niggas rate the respect of who gat bigger  
Banks been blowin' on purple stuff before that fat nigga  
Henny's make dollars, and dollars make death threats  
I'm doin' remixes to bulletproof the Lex next  
Duck nigga, everdays war  
I'm heavy on sports, to my draw like NBA's store  
Don't make me send the piece at you  
I'll have your man walk around with another rest in peace tattoo  
Look creampuff, you can get killed here  
Nigga you ain't invincible, even Superman in a wheel chair  
I've always been a picky man, but I ain't a flowered star  
So I'mma fuck all fifty fans  
Look, whether you like it or not, right in ya spot  
All in your grill, wearin' the crown, airin' em down  
We're in the pound puttin' fare in the clown  
I'm running with gangstas, don't make one of em shank ya

[Hook]

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[Tony Yayo]

I'mma ride with my rap shit and my body armor  
Ride like a Taliban suicide bomber  
Four five six feet, I off ya feet  
I kill ya with a pillow when you fall asleep  
Your records can't sell, your company is buyin' em

Give it up, Burger King is hirin'  
You shoulda been a cop, cause you snitch a lot  
Talkin' to the jakes, you bound to get shot  
I used to watch Big Bird and Scooby Doo  
Now I'm choppin' big birds and them bundles too  
For that Master P money, that shoppin' spree money  
That coke, that dope and that ecstasy money  
I'm tryin' to build empires across the state line  
So move like vampires, never see me in the daytime  
I jump out with a nina and a mack  
I have you like Khia, my neck, my back