

# MACKLEMORE, Soldiers

This is for my soldiers  
Not my soldiers that chose to be soldiers  
But the soldiers that were forced to be soldiers

Now what's the trouble, you scared of being a human?  
If the truth is a tool I double dare you to use it  
Hit the booth and I'm well aware of what I'm doin'  
If I confuse you with the humor I'm preparing them for the movement  
I've been alive before and every person's got a purpose  
Most don't observe it or know what they're striving towards  
Only you can light the torch  
'Cause you won't survive the war if you don't know what the fuck it is you're fighting for  
Most of us won't open up and trust the inner source  
Combined with being tempted to just accept it  
But don't twist the message, if you must think of my support  
Sometimes you gotta pull off the tees and get on some left right left shit  
I worked with 80 soldiers hooded behind locked doors  
Forced into a war, an entrance with no exit  
Before they could grow up, just some crazy soldiers  
Arming them with crack and guns, in essence, defenceless  
Yup, my man rapping, charismatic and handsome  
In his own words 21st century panther  
Thirteen-years-old gets into a fight  
Decided to steal the kid's bike  
Cops come and he ends up in hand cuffs  
Two months in and now he's caught in the trap  
Got out, got caught with a gat and crack  
Now what do these people think  
Juvenile life like that he grew up in a room with a mac  
And he'll be policed until the day he can legally drink

Now tell me what's the matter with this picture  
I wish it was a dream but it seems too vivid  
There's blood on these streets I can't see who's is it  
I should probably mind my business  
I said tell me what's the matter with this picture  
I wish it was a dream but it seems to vivid  
There's blood on these streets I can see whose is it  
America wants me to mind my business

Now if you contain anything in a cage  
Its natural tendency is going to try to be escape right?  
When these kids get out of the gates and face life  
If you raised them as a criminal what do you estimate they'll behave like?  
The ratio is 80 something percent of kids who get locked up again or go straight to the pen  
And that's strange right  
It's a snowball effect, and they wanna see you again  
So they can make sure that America remains white  
Yup, going back on that race shit  
Most of the neighborhoods are like cages they try and escape and  
If the American dream is to make it  
It's obviously blatant that if you're left with nothing, what do you do?  
Take it  
Attempted Murder was the case  
My man got beat up, stomped in his face  
Ask George Bush what you do when you're attacked  
His boy went and let it spray, hit one of them in the leg  
Now George you can relate  
Remember Iraq, or was it Afghanistan? Just ain't funny  
Proving sometimes you gotta take something to make money  
My man's homie snitched and said that he planned to hit  
And he'll be out when he's 46  
Now ain't the game something  
The soldiers follow the same orders

The generals are Crips folk and south of the border  
Nortenos and bloods  
Now is it a kid with a gun or the system he lives in that has his disorder  
If there's a fiend on the block, somebody's serving em  
If there's a teen with a Glock, there's a cop looking to turn 'em in  
If you have something I want, there's somebody murdering  
Since 1492, where the fuck do you think we learned it from

Now tell me what's the matter with this picture  
I wish it was a dream but it seems too vivid  
There's blood on these streets I can't see who's is it  
I should probably mind my business  
I said tell me what's the matter with this picture  
I wish it was a dream but it seems to vivid  
There's blood on these streets I can see whose is it  
America wants me to mind my business