

Paris, How We Do

Yeah
Welcome
You are now in tune to the real
Hard truth - Soldiers
In about 2 seconds a soldier will began to speak

Welcome into Cali where we strong like that
We struggle with the struggle and it's on like that
We guard the gate, separate these boys from men
In the cities where too many take your life for granted

Stone cold with the message, it's on and crackin'
Niggas trifilin' ya quick lose ya life from scrappin'
Happens all the time see us dyin' playin' for keeps
Many fallin' to the callin' of these murderous streets

And the world keep spinnin' ...no stoppin' the rain
Seem everytime we happy come the trouble and pain
Even marks playin' heartless - who the hell could know
In a twist he resisted now he stiff in the cold

And we still ain't got no love for no po-lice
How many killin' niggas murder in these City Streets
Fuck a Pig and these busta ass nigga beats
It's Black Power on the map, blow the back out your coward-ass rap

Who could match when we spit bricks
See 'em scatter when I call blitz
Nigga scratch 'em out the mix
No matter what you been through
We still comin' with that
bomb bomb biddy in the city when we bring truth

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Still wanna cap those - coward ass rap hoes
Niggas can't match flows - Even when I rap slow
Still got the pill - when I spill over beats
And still comin' real never yield sayin' fuck peace

I bitch slap fairy tales of straps
What the hell happened to rap? It just collapsed
Perhaps it's ways of the paper chase clones
Niggas far gone from the sellin' of the soul

But I'm grown so check the essay, we deep as eses
blaze, make these haters behave, we on that Che
Guevera seen the fear in they eyes, we world - wide
Swat these phony niggas like flies, who wanna ride

And vibe off my serenade, terror made
Jiggy niggas raise afraid, we finna raid
And blaze when we come around, The black fist
Amazed how we turn it out - it's like this sayin

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Got my attitude from adolescence - nothin' changed
Gotta say my prayers count my blessin's - what a shame
In this game of life nothin' promised - another day
Got me packin' heat avoidin' drama - who to blame

When we all guilty doin' dirt
In the community too many of us in up hurt
No love for life in this complicated paradox
How many of us gotta die for the madness stop

I look around and all I see is these influences
the hard times in the eyes of the ghetto ruined
so hard to do it when you looked upon as second class
Another chapter for Amerikkka's ill-gotten past - you never last

If you don't hold your head high - keep strivin'
Brothers gonna get by - we keep risin'
Even though they want us dyin' - we still thrive and
Believe Imma keep fightin' - we street soldiers for life

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Yeah, Get ya mob on
Get ya mob on
Street soldiers
hard truth
yeah