

Soldier's Story

La Coka Nostra

(Everlast)

We all gonna die telling soldier's stories
When I buck off the gun watch em all duck and run
P.E. number one, my Desert Eagle weighs a ton

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(Ill Bill)

I got fly bitches twice as hot as Ice La Fox
That'll get you sliced and popped for that icy watch
Y'all fucking idiots could learn a lot about business
Y'all buying Benzes, I'm putting down payments on buildings
The king of the kidnappings and big ransoms
It's Ill Bill homie, I break atoms and spit anthems
We Mansons, grab automatics and throw tantrums
Show you how the fuck we pop off the banger
He was an alchy with lots of coke
A perfect stranger like Balki Bartokomous
He saw the Glock, he froze, he fell to his knees, begged for his life
Said he was holding another ten keys with his wife
Told me her address, threw him in the trunk of the car
Got ten more bricks plus twenty thousand dollars
Robbed him of the bread, put the cocaine in the jar
Shot him in the head, took the yeyo then I'm gone

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(Sick Jacken)

We place the O in the soldier, wear the mask for the psycho clique
My name embedded in the game like a microchip
You hear the name and you know that the mic get ripped
Psychorealm, LCN, and we don't like your shit
I keep my spit raw with street slang
I script all unauthorized biographies of sick dawgs
My block filled with the war stories
So we document the crazy lifestyles of the scarred homies
We psycho Mexicans, that's how we roll in cliques only
And got an arsenal to go against your sick army
The casualties of war from faculties that fall
The folklore turns real in a street assault
Soldiers dying in the killing fields
This a rap song, that street gang banging shit is really real
Don't get it confused, the city kills
I burn nine milli drills the enemy of warfare's get it ill

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(Slaine)

I reach my speech bitterly through every bitter release
Chasing demons out my mind to get rid of the beast
Walk across roads of lost souls, considered deceased
Then watch the puppet masters dangle strings litter the streets
The young man pulls his jeans, crease fitted his piece
By his belt buckle, grabbing his balls, gritting his teeth
Violent and lone, waiting just to settle his beef
His fate becomes a weight inside a heart so heavy with grief
Inside a cemetery children of the 70's sleep
Products of the 80's fight for Hell and Heaven each week
Dormant dreams and the doorways to never be reached
Now it's absolutely evident whenever we speak
For me to pick up all the pieces sick assault from a sicker soul
Watching girls sliding down a stripper pole sniffing blow
The drug game's a sport, it's not pick up ball
I got a five-year mando right next to my dick and balls

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