

Hip Hop Soldier

Sir Mix-A-Lot

I'm a hip hop soldier ...
I'm a hip hop soldier

All you wannabe gangstas, drivin' Volkswagons
Chillin' at the high schools, broke but braggin'
Under educated, your style is dated
You talk behind my back and your rope's gold-plated
But I'm back to take revenge, my beef will never end
I'll tear your midsection, 'til your body start to bend
Like a pistol, I'm a smokin'
I'm crushin', not jokin'
Whippin' sissies for a past time, and no I'm never chokin'
I blow away suckers with the flicker of my index
Not brass monkey, it's a natural reflex
Go getter tactics, makin' suckers holla
A vicious motherfucker with a rope around my collar
I carry lots a cash, I whip a sucker's ass
I drive a big Caddy, and I pull the trigger fast
Down at Arnold's on the Ave, I fight 'til the death
I let you suck my in my chest, and then I break your damn neck
I got the cold beats rippin', your needle's not skippin'
So many damn weapons that the military's trippin'
People in Seattle hate me, cause I'm not like a hood
But you rock heads wish that you could

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Now let's get one thing straight, my weapons are great
You 22 automatic suckers are late
Got a quarter Moon clip, and a Smith and Wesson
I'm about to give you roody-poops a cold gun lesson
I'm the wizard of mayhem, master of destruction
Got a 44 mag, with the blunt instructions
Page 1 says open, page 2 says feel
Page 3 says cock, page 4 says kill
A mini 14, full combat dress
A thirty round clip, and I ain't takin' no mess
Cause I'm a rough eyegrasser, a camouflage dresser
My M16 has a flasher presser
My Sterling mark six , it's funny but it hits
It looks sideways but the sucker will kick
A pack of dangerous beretta, kinda small but its good
Some of you wannabes wish that you could

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Now I'm about to get go, so I better clean up
I'm not avigatin' crime, but you gotta get tough
I don't believe in gun control, the theory is proven
Give a criminal a gun, and your public is losin'
For you gotta fight back, cause the pigs ain't black
No protection in your section, now it's time to act
A 22 won't due, you need rapid fire
I'm a ammo gum gun buyer
Big battle rifles, can make a suckers day

You mess around with me so lot, you might get blown away
Wearin' 5 gold rings, never intimidated
In Seattle they are jealous, cause a brother has made it
But they don't mess with me, cause they might get Iked
I'm not a gay rapper, I don't like to get knifed
The devil made me do it, and I wannabe good
Don't you roody-poops wish that you could

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I'm runnin' hollow point bullets, in my 38
So if you plan to get ill, you better stay in your place
Cause I'm not a game player, I'm just a rhyme sayar
My vigilante group includes my mayor
I pack two uzis cause they stop all crime
You might get yours, but don't let me get mine
I never beat woman, romance is better
If a freak wants to leave, boy you might as well let her
West coast rappers we all bust hard
When we chillin' on the set, we never need a bodyguard
People in Seattle hate me, cause I'm not like a hood
Some of you wannabes wish that you could

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