Eminem, Soldier

I'm a soldier, i'm a soldier, i'm a soldier, i'm a soldier...

Yo', never was a thug, just infatuated with guns,
never was a gangsta, 'til I graduated to one,
and got the rep of a villain, for weapon concealin',
took the image of a thug, kept shit appealin',
willin' to stick out my neck, for respect if it meant life or death,
never live to regret what I said,
when you're me, people just want to see,
if it's true, if it's you, what you say in your rap's, what you do,
so they feel, as part of your obligation to fulfill,
when they see you on the streets, face to face, are you for real,
in confrontation ain't no conversation, if you feel you're in violation,
any hesitation'll get you killed, if you feel it, kill it,
if you conceal it, reveal it, being reasonable will leave you full of bullets,
pull it, squeeze it, till it's empty, tempt me, push me, pussies,
I need a good reason to give this trigger a good squeeze...

[Chorus:]
I'm a soldier, these shoulder's hold up so much, they won't budge,
i'll never fall or fold up,
i'm a soldier,
even if my collar bone's crush or crumble,
I will never slip or stumble,
i'm a soldier,
these shoulder's hold up so much, they won't budge,
i'll never fall or fold up,
i'm a soldier,
even if my collar bone's crush or crumble,
I will never stumble...

I love pissin' you off, it get's me off,
like my lawyer's, when the fuckin' judge let's me off,
all you motherfuckers gotta do is set me off,
i'll violate and all the motherfuckin' bet's be off,
i'm a lit fuse, anything I do bitche, it's news,
pistol whippin' motherfuckin' bouncers, six-two,
who needs bullets, soon as I pull it, you sweat bullets,
an excellent method to get rid of the next bully,
it's actually better cause instead you murderin',
you can hurt em' and come back again and kick dirt at 'em,
it's like pourin' salt in the wounds, assault and get sued,
you can smell the lawsuits soon as I waltz in the room,
everybody halts and stops, calls the cops,
all you see is bitches comin' out their halter tops,
runnin' and duckin' out the Hard Rocks parking lot,
you'll all get shot whether its your fault or not, cause...

[Chorus]

I spit it slow so these kids know that i'm talkin' to 'em,
give it back to these damn critics and sock it to em,
i'm like a thug, with a little bit of Pac influence,
I spew it, and look how I got you bitches rockin' to it,
you motherfuckers could never do it like I could do it,
don't even try it, you'll look stupid, do not pursue it,
don't ever in your life, try to knock the truest,
I spit the illest shit, ever been dropped to two inch,
so ticky-tock listen as the sound ticks on the clock,
listen to the sound of Kim as she licks on a cock,
listen to the sound of me spillin' my heart through this pen,
motherfuckers know that i'll never be Marshall again,
full of controversy until I retire my jersey,
'til the fire inside dies and expires at thirty, and

Lord have mercy on any more of these rappers that verse me,
and put a curse on authorities in the face of adversity, i'm a...

[Chorus]

Yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,
right, left,
yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,
right, left,
yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,
right, left,
yo' left, yo' left, yo' left,
right, left...