

(Step by step, heart to heart, left right left)

(We all fall down...)

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left

We all fall down... like toy soldiers

Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win

But the battle wages on for toy soldiers...

I'm supposed to be the soldier

Who never blows his composure

Even though I hold the weight of

The whole world on my shoulders

I am never supposed to show it

My crew ain't supposed to know it

Even if it means goin' toe to toe

With a Benzino it don't matter

I'd never drag them in battles that

I can handle unless I absolutely have to

I'm supposed to set an example

I need to be the leader

My crew looks for me to guide 'em

If some shit ever just pop off

I'm supposed to be beside 'em

Now Ja said "I tried to squash it,

It was too late to stop it"

There's a certain line

You just don't cross and he crossed it

I heard him say Hailie's name

On a song and I just lost it

It was crazy

This (shit) be way beyond some Jay-z and Nas (shit)

JUB inglés
And even though the battle was won
I feel like we lost it
I spent too much energy on it
Honestly I'm exhausted
And I'm so caught in it I almost feel
I'm the one who caused it
This ain't what I'm in hip-hop for
It's not why I got in it
That was never my object for someone to get killed
Why would I (1) destroy something I help build
It wasn't my intentions
My intentions was good
I went through my whole career
Without ever mentionin'
Now it's just out of respect
For not runnin' my mouth
And talkin' about something
That I knew nothing about
Plus Dre told me stay out
This just wasn't my beef
So I did, I just fell back
Watched and gritted my teeth
While he's all over TV down talkin' a man
Who literally saved my life
Like (fuck) it I understand this is business
And this (shit) just isn't (2) of my business
But still knowin' this (shit) could pop off at any minute cuz
Step by step, heart to heart, (3) right left
We all fall down like toy soldiers

Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win

wages on for toy soldiers...

There used to be a time
When you could just say a rhyme
And wouldn't have to worry about
One of your people dyin'
But now it's elevated
Cuz once you put someone's kids in it
The (shit) gets escalated
It ain't just words no more is it?
It's a different ball game
Callin' names and you ain't just rappin'
We actually tried to stop the 50
And Ja beef from happenin'
Me and Dre had sat with him
Kicked it and had a chat
With him and asked him not to start
It he wasn't gonna go (5) him
Until Ja started yappin' in magazines how we stabbed him
(Fuck) it 50 smash 'em
Mash 'em and let him have it
Meanwhile my attention is pullin' in other directions
Some receptionist at The Source
Who answers phones at his desk
Has an erection for me
And thinks that I'll be his ressurection
Tries to blow the dust off his mic and make a new record
But now he's (fucked) the game up
Cuz one of the ways I came up
Was through that publication the same one

That made me famous

SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

inglés
Now the owner of it has got a grudge against me for nothin'
Well (fuck) it, that (motherfucker) can get it too
(Fuck) him then
But I'm so busy being pissed off
I don't stop to think
That we just inherited 50's beef with Murder Inc.
And he's inherited mine
Which is fine ain't like either of us mind
We still have soldiers that's on the front line
That's willing to die for us as soon as we give the orders
Never to extort us, (6) to show they support us
We'll maybe (7) 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus
To show them we love 'em back
And let 'em (8) how important it is
To have (9) Avenue, soldiers up in our corners
Their loyalty to us is worth more than any (10) is
But I ain't tryna have none of my people hurt and murdered
It ain't worth it
I can't think of a perfecter way to word it
Then to just say that I love ya'll too much
To see the verdict
I'll walk away from it all before I let it go any further
But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coppin'
I'm just willin' to be the bigger man
If ya'll can quit poppin' off at your jaws with the knockin'
Cuz frankly I'm sick of talkin'
I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin
Rest on my conscience cuz
Sten by sten, heart to heart, left right left

We all fall down... like toy soldiers



Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win

But the battle wages on for toy soldiers

Fill in the gaps



- 1. wanna
- 2. none
- 3. left
- 4. battle
- 5. after
- 6. strictly
- 7. shout
- 8. know
- 9. Runyan
- 10. award