Like Toy Soldier by Eminem

(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 (1) 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) |

| SUB |
|---|
| 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 wanna destroy something I help build |
| It wasn't my intentions |
| My intentions was good |
| I (2) 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 (3) TV down talkin' a man |
| Who literally saved my life |
| Like (fuck) it I (4) this is business |
| And this (shit) just isn't none of my business |
| But still knowin' this (shit) could pop off at any minute cuz |
| Step by step, heart to heart, left right left |
| We all fall down like toy soldiers |

Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win

SUB inglés

| Ingles |
|--|
| But the battle 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 (5) 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 (6) him not to start |
| It he wasn't gonna go after 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 (7) 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 inglês

| Inglès |
|--|
| 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, strictly to show they support us |
| We'll maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus |
| To show them we love 'em back |
| And let 'em know how important it is |
| To have Runyan Avenue, soldiers up in our corners |
| Their loyalty to us is (8) more than any award 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 (9) 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 (10) with the knockin' |
| Cuz frankly I'm sick of talkin' |
| I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin |
| Rest on my conscience cuz |
| 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



- 1. them
- 2. went
- 3. over
- 4. understand
- 5. just
- 6. asked
- 7. erection
- 8. worth
- 9. perfecter
- 10. jaws