

Solomon Childs, Fast Money

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah, what?
We gon talk about my life, you heard?
Gon talk about me, it's about what I see

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

For fast money, drug sales and rehab
For fast money, turned to crack heads
For fast money, trees and whips
Females strip for fast money
We all gettin killed for fast money
We live life for fast money
My community trife, for fast money
For fast money, trees and whips
Females strip for fast money
We all gettin killed for fast money

(Solomon Childs)

My life deep, poverty sleep, stick-up kids
On the creep, projects wannabe Willie Lex Lugers
Bootleg nine rugers, crack heads and scholar's
Under the wing, out of town duelers
Brought through by the old schoolers
'86 cats stash yae yo-las, in the coolers
What the deal is? Some sister came to switch this
Set ups, I swear this crooked bitches, better livin'
My momma wishes, two spoons and three dishes
Snake niggaz, bad waves, Allah puttin us all through a phase
Livin in the last days, screamin "Where the money at?"
Eleven karat fronts, twenty-two's and blunts
My peeps gettin old on the corners, old Gods tried to warn us
'Bout the clear pops bubblin', white rocks
Supreme Clientele on the blocks

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

Times is realer than the dope game, ain't nothin changed
Crime partners, bulletproof Ac's
Glitches in the project match, blindin from the hydro and Hennessey
Fast money, third world wars, blood all over my valor's
Slum Cuban Link brass, peep the half
Giulianni left a dent in my staff
All of a sudden, the Chinese man be takin food stamps
Incarcerated champs, snitchin on ya own brothers
This is hell, they say Allah's supposed to love us
Momma's sleepin wit the rent office
Little Nina need to sell reef' for fast money
Poppa said the best of them bleed for fast money

(Chorus)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, and I solemnly swear, uh-huh