

Solomon Childs, Millennium Line Up

(Intro: Method Man (Solomon Childs))
Say what? (Niggas gon' think I got beef)
Say what? (Come on, come on)
Say what?

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)
Hit you with the new Millenium Line-Up
Niggas is hons but yo we all fired up
Leavin industry heads and CEO's tied up
Talk is talk, you get ya jaw wired up

(Method Man)
Made from the best shit on Earth
I bring it to ya first, sick verse from the dirt
In the darkness we lurk, load a cartridge and burst
On the scene, like a news team
Let 'em all Eye Witness, the Method how I do things
Perfected, my routine's are hectic and knockin
General Electric, I'm shockin (bzzz)
Now who top ten? The rotten, Clan once forgotten
Niggas poppin Crys' now, they stock market droppin
They poison, I'm the antitoxin, that keep the party rockin
And got me for assault, Johnny Cochran
Get me off, grant in the vault, if I walk
Put that order in the court, yeah
Jimmy Crack callin, who the fuck really care? (Yeah)
World best prepare for Tical 2, beware
Or be gone outta here, you be warned
Fuck off, get off that bullshit
And take the fuckin tux off, now it's on

(Solomon Childs)
Thug style, far from a pretty boy
My hardcore murder got DJ's screamin, "I told ya"
Hardcore composer, creapin even closer
Solomon scriptures written upon my shoulders
Militant rap vultures
How dare you and your crew pull out to battle!
Annihilation, throw in ya towels
Peep my West Brighton wolves start to howl
See, '74, March 9 style, it's on
So be prepared to fight
Lyrics hotter than a B-Town night
Rap formats for combat
Solomon'll throw elbows, so stop frontin
Mama said, "God forbid my baby take the time to write somethin"
MC's levitated, live in concert hotter than Earth, Wind & Fire
The worlds collide and divide, see my style of haywire

(Chorus)

(Q)
What? Uh!
Fuck the mic, spark the hydro, natural like the rhino
Knock you out like shadows on stage, ya hottest rival
Might get stiffle, and watch the crowd bounce ya life out
Raise the lifeforce, my only aim is like the rifle
Street is cycle, here in this game here we disciples
We only get triffle, open ya eyes you see a bible
Stainless scapel, BS will touchin collateral
Fuck the manuals, the automatic'll leave you casual
Drop you lateral, then charge you like a bitch's vaginal
Bring ya can-a-dles, let you know that's only flammable
Leave ya several, ya nice whore screamin for medical

My verse is federal, gettin money from this chemical
The only mineral, is Money Makin niggas physical
So use ya visual, search the streets for ya crystal
(’99) The mic is on, you only evacuate like pistol

(Son Don Moet)

Ah shit, it's '98 again

Yo, eh-yo, my man Big John keep my high to death

I'll empty this Tec to ya mouth 'til there's nothin left

Yo the feds wanna trap me but I got quick, first step

And I brawled out, so tell me what's next (Yeah)

I used to let off, bust a Tec off

Pop the cork off, Moet off

Like Janet, it's time to +Set it Off+

Let's history, I'm makin all y'all niggas feel my misery

Pissy off the Crys', but Crystal mixed with Hennessy

Remember me? First with the GS3

+It's All About the Benji's+ like my man PD

No question 'bout my flow cuz I got it, got it

Think I'm Master P cuz I be +'Bout It, 'Bout It+

I stay laced, all custom-made suits, Italiano

Beachhouse Carribiano, with Cap and Swiss models (Yo)

Yea, I know, you like my style cuz I be rippin this shit (Yeah)

Iced to the cross, y'all niggas is sick with it

What?

(Chorus)

(Outro: Son Don Moet)

Yea, yea, '99

Mr. Meth, Solomon Childs

My nigga Q, what? What?

And me, Son Don, uh

Yea, we out