

Solomon Childs, Political Money

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Fuck it would have to be
Trench runners, b-bonics (King of New York)
Ain't nothin' commercial 'bout this (You'll like this)
Come on...

(Solomon Childs)

Bout it, bout it to live large
Solomon liver than the PBA card, I Allah master God
Millennium rise, CPR's to fly
And the seats hittin' four-fours, pay tolls
Baritone, gettin' it wet like Kenny Latimore
Lyrical bully from a later calling (that's right)
Blazers who ain't never been to Park Hill (no?)
Code of the streets: kill or be killed
'89, gettin' money, police was mad dumb (y'all)
Nickel and dimes in my mouth, my gums is mad numb (come on)
Tall bars and rated R, ghetto life, killas and courts, dirty poom-poom shorts
This is for the killas, million dollar ice grillas (what?)
Thuggin' every place I've been, mi mama is a Dominican
Mi papa representin' the Hondurans, you better listen to the chorus

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)

Political money, dead presidents for the crew
Clicks get money and don't know what to do
Whether the skies are gray or blue
Wit political money, I'mma do me, what about you?

(Solomon Childs)

Hell of a life, lyrical bully, millennium life
Lord I'm so scared of life, look in my eyes, Lord
Fires'll burn, trapped in the fourth term
Forever reignin' in my hood, son
Gotta eat straight live from my hood, son (what?)
Real life, double eclipse, thugged out
Forever fuckin' a black bitch, twin beaters
Layed up wit R&B divas, testimonies of a black Jesus
All I got in this world is my life
Levitatin' souls from South Central to Crown Heights
PO-9 be tryin' to hold me down, baby mother tryinna hold me down
Hundred grand laced in sound, project trilogy nights
Yo life is like a game of dice (uh-huh)
So be ready for the comin' of Christ (what)
Be ready for the comin' of Christ (what)
New millennium thug life

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)

Throwin' no hitters like Dave Wells
Solomon in the house gettin' them wet like L.L.
Political money, no turnin' back God
This ain't a game God, this for real God
Stop frontin' like you act hard, it's like I'm trapped God
Mama's screamin', get money and relax God
Fuckin' around and get ya smacked God
Comin' all out of ya face'll get ya clapped God
See me on the streets, you better ask God
Solomon Childs, twenty six hundred, rosary beads and blunted
King of New York, gorilla thug profile
One love to Big Un, Frukwan, Big Dance, Skee-Bop
N.W.O., killas for flow
This is what a thug about, girls in all complexions checkin' me out
(checkin' me out)

(Chorus 4X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Get that money, cuz this, is everything we gon' need to get by
And only this, hundred grand, trench runners, b-bonics
Kickin' ya niggas in the ass