

Solomon Childs, Said Yo

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Word, nigga it's like

I always felt like I was trapped (Right, yeah)

I always come home, and I still on parole

And shit, I only felt like I was trapped

It's like I'm not anymore (I feel you)

And I'm still gettin' money

I'm still hittin' bullets, I'm still makin' moves

Man, rules gotta be made, man, it's like this ain't even a game and shit

Yo, check this (Tell 'em how it is dun!)

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs - inspired by G. Rap's "Streets of New York")

A little kid says "yo!"

I got a colored T.V., C.D. player and car stereo

And all I want is a capsule

I also got a .38, don't give me no hassle

(Solomon Childs)

Sellin' cracks to buy Timbs and shrimp fried rice

And project life, got a hell of a price

Shaolin, Body Brighton, ain't nothin' nice

Five hundred Benz parked in front of the hood

Twenty two years up in the hood

Code of the streets, money on the wood

Top the world, fish scale fragments

Roaches infested in model mahogany cabinets

Whatever you need, so whatever you askin' for

This the theme for a project war

Yo, this what a thug about, millennium pace

Poppa said they fuckin' wit you, punch 'em in they fuckin' face

To each is own, this is the projects, son

Hold yo own, you livin' in the projects, son

In '86, I was rockin' mocknecks, in '88, I was blazin' big Tec's

How many times must I say King of New York

Before it goes through ya thick head

And understand that I'm all on it for the bread

Solomon could hit a code red, this is for the food on the table

This is for the Pay-Per-View on cable

This is to give my daughter horses up in the stable

Not for nothin', but from losers to fuckin' wit winners

Barbeque potato chips, now I'm eatin' lobster dinners

This is ghetto, ashy, grimy... huh!

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)

I smell fear in ya heart, shootouts inside the Moncaro Park

Burnin' in the dark, Cuban Link dead Jesus cross

Renegade lyrical force, underground, never the boss

Try to see more units, then the Titanic, be easy before ya scwal panic

Listen duke, you soft, wise up or get pushed off

Make the baddest birds get wet when they walk

Do the knowledge to the thug talk

Lyrics is realer than Bronx Supreme Court

This is a bloodsport, wallet and fats from Southport

Huh, I declare doomsday, representin' for Henderson and Broadway

(B-Town baby) show you how to stag g's

(Hook 2X: Solomon Childs)

All you cats tryna sound like the dead

These the realest lyrics ever said

And to beatmizers, pullin' the same strings

Pushin' the same buttons, yo, on the frontline

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

...But she want me to keep money in my pocket

What kinda madness is that man?

What you talkin' bout, yo

You know it's hard for a brother to get a job

And you can't really do it like that

Cuz you ain't really tryin' to be behind the cash register

Flippin' no burgers and shit

You got the fuckin' hat on, you lookin' like a real cornball

And she's constantly tellin' you

"Yeah I need money, I need money"

And then the next cat up in the muthafuckin' draws

But you know what? Hah-hah, hah-hah-hah