

Solomon Childs, The Mission

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Come on, New York City
Yo, Tone Starks, I got you man
Theodore... uh-huh
Thinkers and doers, nothing to gain (that's right)
Hear the hunger? Huh?

[Solomon Childs]

I'mma show you how the game is formatted
How types grew up when the pressure's had it
I'm gon' corner the market, I've been straight for three years
And robbery homicide's, still got me as the target
Military apparel, keep walking
While you motherfuckers talk shit
Boulevard Time Warner, death on your mans
These cats kill me, they be so gangsta
Two gats on 'em in the parole office
Thirty one wins, no losses
And hear the camera shots in the hood
Run off faster, then Kentucky Derby horses
You ask what's really good, half of these gangsta rappers
Ain't even allowed back in they own hood
With they war stories and they sinister box
And explain how you so hardcore
For being in a video with R. Kelly doing the wop
Valentine bees up, Funk Flex you killin 'em homey
So fuck what they say, never ease up

[Interlude: Solomon Childs]

Yeah... the Theodore... Yo Starks, what's good man
I'm looking in they eyes, man
They not ready, man, they are not ready, you hear?

[Solomon Childs]

Since B.I.G., everybody ready to die
Not me... I'm try'nna live til I'm a hundred and five
T-H, E-O, D-O-R-E
Lauryn Hill, I'll kill a nigga softly
Grace period, part one
You little niggaz gon' be our son
Gon' have niggaz in yo backyard
So what you got knowledge of self
General Starks can't save you god
The Theodore, gon' swarm down on you like hawks
You ain't a killa, motherfucker
Ease up, on the gun talk, let's bring it back
To the knuckle checks and pipes
Blood, no exception, gon' have me
Strip you wannabe niggaz for ya stripes
Homey, I ain't got no time for the two twelve
This the championship edition
I want trophies on the shelf
So put the bally in the air, and yell out 'the king was here'

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

2-20, motherfucker...
You can't see me, man
Castleton Avenue hero
Broadway & Henderson
The mayor of New York...
20-20 eyesight..
And I bury you...
New York City, man
All the way from the future

Yo... that's how we doing it