

Solomon Childs, The Radio

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, hit 'em up, hit 'em up
Fly way shit

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

Tired of hearin' wack brothas on the radio, and wack brothas on the stereo
Hearin' the same kinda scenarios, seein' the same kinda video
Be ya own man, whether click, crew or band
Wack brothas on the radio, wack brothas on the stereo
Hearin' the same kinda scenarios, seein' the same kinda video
Be ya own man, whether click, crew or band

(Solomon Childs)

Babylon city, Galvatron, nitty
Magnified glory, West Brighton crime story
Hydro wit red bones, niggas had me confused
Like they was thugged out, but they was bugged out
Through the knowledge to the God talk, wilin' and flash the southpaw
Realer than Shaolin Supreme Court is a war
Pillagin' the Grant sisters, my crooked system, universal audio
Evil that men do, slash Dominican Hindu
Solo cut, bent up, all up in the club, bent up
Rugged four door Cadillac style, left hand, and snow on the bracelet
Twin quarters in the bugaboo bubble, paradox where it's all struggle
Underrated like catfish, Body Brighton God body style
Live, '86 - 2, Tone, me and Cappadonna takin' broads home
Killa Bee Network, my power imperial expert
Minimum scarred to snap, 24 hour cuffed and craft
From a range of rap, when ya know...

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

I prefer to see ya massacre ... golden era
Universal masters, spit flows colder than Nebraska
You got me madder then Meth, so I'mma wet somethin'
Never regret nothin', styles be runnin' rampant like a marathon
Soldiers in war like Babylon, supreme Capricorn
Hittin' like I was Megatron, niggas gettin' killed for they rap upon
I want thugs for a while to rap along
Underground mentality, blowin' holes through ya faculty
Lyrics'll spray rapidly, you small figures couldn't carry me
Runnin' around talkin' "you some veterans"
You gettin' bumped from prime time like David Letterman
Better start frontin', in time, I ran through better men
Solomon got ya tremblin', wit Killa Beez sightin' from New York to Florida
You and ya team up north rockin' the fake Nautica
Playin' the don quarter, now who's a big willie...
Shit, I remember Willie for sho though, you ain't the killer
You sort some kinda reporter for this rap court
I feel need to show off this law before order
It's brick in the border, for manslaughter
I see dreams to live my life as an extorter
Not cause nothin' to things I thought off
Bands be sneakin' in the tunnel wit the quarter
That's word to my grandfather's daughter

(Chorus)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Shaolin, gorilla music
Body Brighton, you heard?
For all ya'll wack M.C.'s out there
This is my year, my year, huh

What, what, what, what