

Solomon Childs, You In The Wrong Place

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah! Aiyo, Kay Slay!

What's popping homey!

East Side Gangsta! We run New York!

Theodore Unit! The movie, enjoy a classic

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

You in the wrong place, like you fell down an avalanche

Into a wolf pack, and your legs crumbled

You in the wrong place, like your plane blew up

And you all alone in the jungle

You in the wrong place, like you drowning

Where the piranha's go

You in the wrong place, like the reverend's last word

In the chair on death row

(Solomon Childs)

Color is burgundy, all over my apparel

Like a hunter with bear's blood on a bow and arrow

Project wars, submit the dry blood

And I don't know what it is

I done been through so many Timb's

The in and out of jail bids, and from here on out

You cowards can't win, face it

Shit, you don't want death on your conscience

You don't wanna swing swords, regardless

Speak light, with that gladiator killer, one often

Before ya insides, start running down ya sides

Like faucets, or be known as the king

That walked out the coffins, Scarface, Charles Bronson portraits

All over the fortress, souvenirs from the enemy's body

The smell'll leave you nauseous

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

I don't know what it is, I wake up with war on my skull

When you eat in the hood, your razors get dull

I can't call it, I got Cacksaki correctional walls in my dreams

But still I can't stop the schemes, million dollar regimes

Imagine the taste of blood, when an alligator first taste it

Here's the sounds, coming live, from the gorilla cages

Full metal bulletproof jacket rages, I can't wait for the revolution

So I can start at the police stations

The toast at your little man's head

Shit, I love it when your wifey begs

I want money like cocaine kings

I mean business, gon' have me mail you ya general's legs

(Interlude: Solomon Childs)

Nigga, fuck is really good, what's really hood?

Theodore Unit, it's the movie, yo, Kay Slay

I told you, I had you, I told you, nigga

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Holla at you, nigga, brat

East side nigga, where the gangstas ride

And a nigga...