Aceyalone, Solomon Jones

A bunch of wild boys was hanging around
At the local neighborhood saloon
And some cat kept dropping quarters down in the jukebox
Playing all the favorite tunes

And back by the bar playing cards looking hard
Was big bad Solomon Jones
And watching over his luck
Was the love of his life
Is the lady that was known as Simone

When out of the night which was dark and cold
Into the smoke-filled dimly-lit room
Stumbled in a thug
Who was smelling like bud
And his eyes looked high as the moon

He looked like a man with his foot in the grave
And his lifetime about to be out
Yet he slapped down some hundred-dollar bills on the bar
And he yelled out "drinks on the house"

Now nobody could place where this dude was from
But we knew that he was far from home
But we drank to his health
And the last to drink was big bad Solomon Jones

Now there are some G's
Who just run the streets
And they live life in and out of jail
And such was he, that kind of OG
That looked like he'd been through hell

With his hair in cornrows
A mean mug grill
Like a dog who's day is done
He lit up the green stuff in his cigar
And took hits one by one

Now I got to thinking who this cat could be
And what the hell is- going on
Well I turned around and who was staring at him
The lady that was known as Simone

And the white t-shirt all stained with dirt
He was trying not to be rude
But he was trying to find another
Good song on the jukebox
So he could just set the mood

Have you ever been out in the city streets
With the gang-made players so clear
Where the police and gangsters control the block
And gunshots is all that you hear

When the only sounds are the drums of war
And you left out in the cold
A half-dead man in a half-dead world
And a yellow-brick road to go

Then all of a sudden the music changed
And everyone just held their post But it felt like a life had been robbed from you
And everything that you held close
That someone has stolen the women you love

And that her love was a devil's lie That your heart was gone and the best thing that you could do is

And the stranger turned
And his eyes had burned
In a most peculiar way
And the white t-shirt that was stained in dirt
He sat in to watch me sway

Then his mouth had frowned up in this kind of grin
And he spoke in a voice so clear
"Boys you don't know who I am
And I know that you just don't care"

"Now I'ma say these words
"cause these words are true
And when I'm done here I'll be gone
But one of you boys is a shiesty dog
And his name is Solomon Jones"

Then I ducked my head
And the lights went out
And two guns blazed in the dark
Then I women swooned
And the lights came on
And the two men laced with the starch.

With a bullet in his head
And pumped full of lead
Was big bad Solomon Jones

What a thug from the street
Who was hoeing his heat
And who knows to that lady named Simone