

# Solomon Childs, Corporate America

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Uh-huh, what up Bless?  
I'mma keep sending them to you, baby  
Ray Die-zee, politician man

(Chorus 2X: Solomon Childs)

Corporate America, top of the world  
The plan is to get back, the plan is to be strong  
And last long in this Corporate America

(Solomon Childs)

Off the record I promote violence  
Type of music that get you killed from the words that you muttered  
Come across like a right cross, and you get head bunted  
I live amongst crimes and criminals  
Subliminals who wanna be high powered & high blooded  
They say the jails is overflooded  
From Honduras to the Florida Keys with key money  
Air tight Willie and me, here to distort  
And it's all in your voice money, and you laughing  
Or with this spice, I left my house in plasma rock  
This police kept me marshalls and cock blocked  
Try'nna eat, I'm getting as fat as Jill Scott  
Strugglin', in and out of jail is a cold art  
Compose the ghetto like I was Mozart  
A talent like mine, that's how the drama start  
Nothing to gain.. you hear, that's how the drama start

(Chorus 2X)

(Solomon Childs)

I'm De La Soul, watch me plug one  
Plug two, burgundy spots on my bulletproof  
Funeral time, pull out the black suits  
Give it up for ratchet city, never met Fat Joe  
But me and my mans'll still run Trizzy  
We thug affiliates official, blow up shop for shizzle  
Won't have the Tyrone to miss you  
I'm at the ultimate point of the game; money  
And it's funny; cuz music attract high rolling  
A&R's wonder why I spit so hard, look God, I'm broke  
And momma had a stroke, and I'm a third time affendit  
Shorties think I'm a big spender, I tell 'em slow down  
Lead your own life, because mines you wouldn't wanna enter  
Bullet holes in the front of my fender  
Jealousy, could beside cats in my projects  
And I'm wondering if the God's next...

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Yo, Bless, I'mma politic it out for you baby...