

# Solomon Childs, Gorilla Hood (Original Version)

(Intro: movie sample)

Though we stand in the shadow of death  
The Lord is our God

(Hook: Ghostface Killah)

It's a must that I take the streets back so fast  
Everybody thinkin' it's not gon' last  
I, got bad news, bad news, brot'man and I'm gon' stay alive  
I think y'all want my riches, I empty out on niggaz  
I'm gonna reach the top, Theodore's the crew and we ain't  
gon' stop now

(Ghostface Killah)

I'm like them '86 Brooklyn niggaz  
Fuck if I cook coke with niggaz  
Operate over snow, and I brought cold techs for bitches  
Draped out in them goose lick bitches  
You fuck around and get your whole crew shot at, blaow  
Dare you to pop back, under cars, cryin'  
Tryin' to come up out that  
Eric B. when I cut, twenty three's on a truck  
Like a dust joint, I'll have your whole hood stuck  
This is Ghost murder, we movin' like NARCs, go-karts  
Throwin' Sports Illustrated darts and watch  
Get the blade whip money, fuck your fame to part  
Depart when you see Starks, duck low  
Fuck up a rapper on the regular  
Blow his fuckin' arms off his cellular  
This is Don Mattingly, Don Bailer, Don King or Don anything  
A monster, silver back Guerrilla, pa  
Though I sleep outside the bing

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

Introducing Staten Island  
New York, New York, the Theodore Unit (It's yourz)  
And we bringin' back the Twin Towers  
We military, puttin' control on you cowards (It's yourz)  
Introducing Staten Island  
New York, New York, Toney show 'em how niggaz shine (It's yourz)  
This for the holes in my mamma's sock  
The scene's marked, got them six in a pack for 3.99 (It's yourz)

(Ghostface Killah)

Bulletproof goose pillows  
I'm still alive since the last time I left  
Tephlon pajama set, truck armor neck neck arm weigh your head  
Move a A-Bomb, get drunk and paint the whole town red  
Fuck a 5-0, hydro and perfume bottles  
Blow a hole through an avocado, blitzed on the Verrazano  
Wish that I became a leader, the day this old school nigga  
Placed a burner in my hand, 'cause I was very eager  
Big stories to tell, jail house, rock that Supreme Clientele  
Bricks we buy and sell, we made it, was on, when fam post bail  
When they ran up in, near the house, Pops went through hell  
2 O'Clock, the Apollo on, no socks, wallo's on  
Eatin' olives with Vodka, lampin' on plush sofas  
Big trophies on my wall, double X Moses, Ghost is M.C. Ultra  
You be suprised by the size of my holster, bitch  
The reason why I be dissin' y'all niggaz is cause y'all 0-for-6  
You hero head muthafuckas, I'll expose you quick  
Fuck around and get your waffle split  
Don Muraco when I cock let the glock go, Gotham's bridge  
Feelin' like a bad parent when I dropped those kids  
Body up your fuckin' man just like the Narco's did

(Chorus)

(Outro: Ghostface Killah (Carlton Fisk))

Yeah, yeah, like I told you (for real man)

Muthafuckas, it's me man (tired of niggaz tellin' niggaz)

Fuck that, it's Theodore (niggaz talkin' all flagrant)

(Ya'll niggaz is fuckin' up, son)

Let me say somethin', let me say somethin' one time (go head)

I'mma bust one of these niggaz wigs open one time

My banger too big and been starvin' for one of these little punk ass niggaz

(Yo these niggaz like bad children)

I'mma start sendin' y'all niggaz to the store

(Where we from, y'all niggaz don't know, fuck the rappers, God)

Ya'll niggaz whole style is chump, straight up and down

We them '88 babies, man, on the real man (Ya'll niggaz just war story niggaz)

I'll smack you off stage while you on man (Slap the shit out of one of y'all niggaz)

Spit in your girl's mouth, bitch (Shaolin, I fuck the bitch up)

I wanna bite this fuckin' mic, right now (I'm tellin' you...)