

Solomon Childs, I Really Mean It (Freestyle)

[Intro: Solomon Childs]

Uh-huh... yeah

West Brighton, uh-huh, yeah

[Solomon Childs]

My little sister wants Christian Diorre

These faggots just sent my little cousin to war

If poverty's real, I ain't crying for nothing

My baby's gotta eat, I ain't dying for nothing

And can blow a cathedral down, like George Benson

And I know I just got here but I'm collecting my pension

And I decided, to be the sacrifice

But the sacrifice got heat

And ain't afraid, we gon' harass a hanging

Somebody inform the first stage

Double homicide, still mix haze

With the so-so reefer, you should see the gun game

Something pretty like Aaliyah

Strong, like Fat Joe at the Fever

Momma said she had dreams

That they'll be shootouts at my photo shoots

Standing tall, saluting on top of my roofs

Staten Island stand up, Valentine, federal niggaz

And ain't no half stepping, my eyes burn the fire

And gonna get this money til my life retire

Snitch ass niggaz in the hood

You might as well be wearing a wire

Menace II Society Part II, this the soundtrack

Vengeance for the murder of my cousin King

Fuck a rap deal, we spending money like it's holiday time

Two open cases and supreme court

The Theodore, we wan't all of New York

Nigga, nigga, nigga...

[Outro: Solomon Childs]

Yeah, Staten Island, huh

Now Born, Killa Hill

Stapletilz, Body Brighton

Jungle Nilz, Southshore

My motion picture...