Solomon Childs, My Guns Is All I Got To Bust

(Intro: Solomon Childs)
My guns is all I got to bust
My dogs is all I got to trust
My guns is all I got to bust
My thugs is all I got to trust

(Solomon Childs)
Aiyo, Staten Island, back by popular demand
The revolver's put a silence through your bullshit noise
And you would swear I was from New Orleans
The way I move like hot boys, you with old school gangstas
Two-on-two, blowing ratchets in a compact room
You niggaz the type to hit the buddha, and start yelling
How it's getting, cold in the room, though shall respect God
You doing it for the rap, I'm doing it for kingpin niggaz
Reminiscing on they re-ennacts
Street messiah, we playing cops and robbers
And I'm give you and your click, the benefit, pa
Cuz I know you couldn't be that scared to move
Just the lyrics got your feet frozen
And I was schooled by the masters, baby
Yet many have come, but only a few have been chosen

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)
New millennium, ultimate thug music
New York City, throw up your hands and get money
New millennium, ultimate thug music
The dirty south, throw up your hands and get money
New millennium, ultimate thug music
The west coast, throw up your hands and get money
New millennium, ultimate thug music
The whole world, throw up your hands and get money

(Solomon Childs)
On the road to repeat, time to connect, let the sky rain with money
Momma'll never have to pull up to the projects no more
Life's like a hustle, dealing with good or bad connects
Hoods and blacks, with mags, livers and techs
When went from visiting floors, taking weed out of Sharea pussy
To the glamour life, with tours
Bitching throwing the pussy, huh, and what it look like
My momma and my papa struggling, hovering over a table
As if I don't generate money, like the charge of electric
When it connects to a cable, baby
And I'mma show you non believers in the industry, how to make an equal
To push a five hundred, playing "Spend" by Lord Superb
And what you say don't matter
We strike the shephard and the sheep'll scatter
Who want problems?

(Chorus)