Solomon Childs, My Prerogative

[Intro: Solomon Childs]
Word? Come on, man
This is it.. this for the thugs..
Yeah... you know?
Like I hold New York, I got nothing but ransom
I'm in it for the takeover, you feel me? Listen

[Solomon Childs]

This for niggaz round the way still pushing cookies The World of Shaolin, Ken Griffey at the plate, rookie You niggaz hood rat pussy, pardon me, Allah Shit, I'm still in the struggle, my team known For holding nine milli', gettin' round the way millies Octopuss, gambling in the state New York Daddy old school, son, hold my dick when I walk And I cram to understand, why brothers, don't be maxing You two thousand niggaz is lucky, '89 stick-up niggaz Started relaxing, code of the streets Winter time, North Faces silent with the Smith & Dry Wesson I'm taught, no more adolescents, this is how the hood sound When we cry, a wise God told me Milk slows down the high, bull room therapy We locked in, I drop songs, that keep thugs guns coughing If we was mobsters, you'd be the one getting hit up If we was pitbulls, you'd be the one getting bit up Bitch, you'd get smacked up, for being out of line, kid We left 'em blinded, fuck a rap deal, forever be criminal minded Living my life, ya'll talk what ya wanna talk, I'mma live my life

[Chorus: Solomon Childs]
Everybody talking, all the stuff about me
Why can't they just let me live?
I don't need permission, make my own decisions
That's my prerogative

[Solomon Childs]

This is real life, I'm giving New York, my real life I got guns that split kitchen Got more coke head friends than Todd Bridges This for the holes in my momma's socks Listen, this rap shit don't work I'mma return to criminal plots This is tug-of-war, I hope the time stop This be the 25 to life in Comstock Four kids, who try'nna die broke? I'd rather see the gunsmoke, you jealous bitches This is ghetto life, who try'nna play me? Rhymes will put you on the block with me You can't hear I'm hungry, the motto's, by another means necessary You get the money, and not for nothing My baby mother's, think I'm some kinda dummy Like I'mma blow a nigga, get half of some kinda money That's right, it's all about me

[Chorus]

[Outro: Solomon Childs] This is what a thug about... My hood... Body Brighton Yeah...