

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 & 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...