

Solomon Childs, Passion Of The Christ

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Uh-huh, Theodore murder music
Uncle Tony, Trife Dilly, yeah
Tommy Whispers, Kryme, Wiganomics
The homey Richmond Slim
The most shady, Solly baby, yeah

(Solomon Childs)

These muthafuckas in the world today, if you let 'em
'll take everything you got, then run off to the police
When you hit 'em over the head with a cinder block
Just touch down, live, from Catsacky, New York
Did it for dolo, had no kind of backing up north
When them Germans was try'nna kill me up north
Give me control or die slow
Shit, you could choke on the gun smoke, but he
Loved by few, hated by many, S. Childs
New York City's president Aristene
Rap music, at it's highest militance
Salvage no wounds, bitch bleed
Body Brighton, Cobra Task Force Intelligence
To the wolves, we feed, let's see who really
Ready for what the boy got cooking
Plans big as real estate, I'm on the cocaine harvest
The size of Brooklyn, turmoil, torture
Like the Theodore, put stool softener, in your chopped meat
Or haunt the kids like Uncle Pete in Soul Food
The renaissance, muthafuckas is fooled

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

This dedicated to my niggas, killas
With money, like late night thrillers
This dedicated to my niggas...
This dedicated to my niggas, old school top billers
That'll stomp ya head out, like wild gorillas
This dedicated to my niggas...

(Solomon Childs)

That's the problem, niggas don't want you 'em till it's too late
And it's blood on your Superman cape
Why it gotta be games I'm playing?
Is it cuz I ain't telling you these feelings
From behind bars, you don't understand what I'm saying
Mad at the style I got, what is it, homey?
Shit, when I was young, I told a lotta lies
Nowawadays whatever I speak applies
Not only new found, the king of New York
Alert red, blood on the boardwalk
You muthafuckas ain't throwing it up
Stop wearing my colors, and if you product's garbage
Stop yelling around the hood you got the butters
Godbodies look at my eyes and say that I resemble the Mecca
From how my actions and voice is gon' lead
And run through the frontline like Julius Peppers
How can I not be in the form of God?
My little man was born in the Saddam wars
Praise due Allah, that they salvage the savage
Cocaine and guns be a boulevard marriage
Chase the Hennessey with cause
The streets is real, death if you pause
No time to live acts, get put on your back
Muthafucka...

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

This dedicated to my niggas, ridin'
With illegal registration stickers
Construction Timbs, Cuban Linx and chinchillas
This dedicated to my niggas...

(Solomon Childs)

Yeah, turn my mic up... yeah..

My ancenstors was dragon slayers, cold hearted
Sharp like crocodiles teeth, sasquatch, you big for nothing
We don't want beef, the smell of gun powder in the hood
Make the temperature rise, fear to have you feel, like BD, stylist
And Mike Kelly was alive, speak up
If I'm not the head of Staten Island, if not, I want silence
Cuz if it don't make 'cents', it don't make dollars
I want blood, like Biggie's mother Ms. Wallace
What you know about sleeping with death, living with death
Dreaming of death, semi-automatic cannons on the right and the left
Ghetto poem lister, that captivate your mind, body & soul
Like MacBeth, face it, this something that you gotta accept
Anything over the middle be bound to intercept

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

That's right... Theodore, muthafucka
Who got this in a headlock, man?
Staten Island, B-Town, Broadway & Henderson
Lights on, nigga...