

Solomon Childs, Rap Star

(Intro: Solomon Childs *singing a capella*)

If I could (yeah), I'd like to be (huh), a great big rap star (yeah)

B Q B N F D R (yeah)

Hear my music bumpin' in your car (aight, that shit would be proper)

Mad money, and jewelery (yeah), a big new fancy car (ha ha ha)

I'd do it all if I could be a rap star like you (get money baby)

{*beat kicks in*}

(Break: Solomon Childs)

Ha ha ha, word up, ha ha ha, yeah

Yeah, this right here, yeah yeah, this one right here

I'ma dedicate this one to the money, ha ha ha

And that's.. and that's it, the money, the money, the money

(Solomon Childs)

Since my younger days of Salt N' Pepa radio plays

The Daddy Kane's and the LL Cool J's

The Kid Capri's and the Bugsi's

A bunch of young dudes beatboxin in the public schools

In mama's eyes, we was all fools

Michael Jackson dancin at the barbeques

Crackheads lip-synchin New Edition on the avenues

Nana's cigarette butts floatin in the warm Beck's

No Atari, just a broken Vetrex

Seems like yesterday, we was kickin it in my cousin's room

Crumbs of Corn Pops in the box, I assume

My fam, poverty crews

I was nappy headed, on my arm - work them bubble gum tatoos, watchin cartoons

E'ybody squeezin to the front of the bed

Never fought though, "Make room for your cousins", mama always said

Me and papi, drinkin evaporated milk, eatin cold cornbread

Argumentes over cartoon shows, Growing Pains

I was in the next room watchin Soul Train

Since I was young, my word is bond

I sworn if I got on, I'd make music with my mouth like BizMarkie

Plus the +Leather+ I rock would be +Tougher Than+ Run and DMC's

The goal - eat, sleep, and talk rap - to make bodies move

'Bout the time I believed I'd marry Sheila E. after watchin Krush Groove

Many nights went to bed, Christopher William style dreamin

Refuse to inherit my family demon

Uncles on my mama's side was reefer steamin

While uncles on papa's side was crack beamin

Mama always gave good advice (right)

"Baby never mess wit a girl who ain't 'bout a buck

And if you see a white rose, then baby it's good luck"

And if it's your hood or not, you hear shots - you better duck

Nevertheless, this is takin over boss

Million dollar rap floss

Solomon Childs trenchrunners on the front of The Source (what, what, what, what?)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Right, ha ha

Yo, it's like I'm doin this for me and, and the money

Ha ha ha ha ha, you know what I'm talkin 'bout?

I mean, I don't know it's, you know I mean - Sabrina, where you at?

Nahmean? Ha ha ha ha ha

Where you at? Yo, yo J.R. baby, keep spinnin them man