

Solomon Childs, Redrum

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Yeah, son, these niggaz don't fucking want it
(New York City), yeah, my motion picture
Follow me, yeah, yeah, man, this sound serious, man
Listen to me dog (come on)

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

Top of the world, on top of your girl
Real recognize real, you feel the redrum?
Top of the world, then let me see you eat something
You cowards, you ain't try'nna watch nothing get hurt
And ain't try'nna hurt nothing

(Solomon Childs)

I'm from where niggaz snitch, and then be back on the block
The same day, forever rep Henderson and Broadway
I'm from where the guns in my hood foreign
From where these flatbox is borrowed in, from where the pigs don't go
From where you can't get a fair one, every apartment got at least one gun
From where the average nigga don't come
You feel the redrum? From where they mix hypnotic with the hennessey
From where the extortion your game move heavily
From where a nigga don't care, who your family is
But gotta make sure you handle your biz
But seriously, I'm from where it's a war
Fatigue jackets, car hard suits, Timberland construction boots
I'm from where winter time, we bought nana
A bulletproof coat, from when cats is turnin' hundreds into keys of coke
From where a nigga will hang himself with his own rope
The massagin' of a thug swing, I'm from where all white boys
Be wild like Axl Rose, you scared? I'm telling you what to do
Sign in, you getting closer to God
Or maybe getting closer to you

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

I'm from where cats turn they back on you
From where police'll put a bundle on you
I'm from where everybody in the hood cousins
From where you get popped for fronting
From where the beef patties are stale
From where the O.G.'s still sip Valentine Ale
From where the real niggaz is in jail
And got parole hoes, and ain't getting no bail
From where your baby mothers don't send no mail
Out of sight, out of mind, from where your little man being sponsored
By the next man, from where your man's police, and he'll lend you his nine
Lend you his glock, lend you his vest
Lend you his shield, cover up the nigga you killed, huh?

(Chorus)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Nothing at all...
My guns is all I got to bust
My dogs is all I got to trust
This CREAM is all I got to see...
Staten Island, New York City
My guns is all I got to bust
My dogs is all I got to trust
This CREAM is all I got to see...
We run the game, man