

# Solomon Childs, The Campaign

(Intro: Solomon Childs)

Aiyo D, you know what

They don't really be comin' to Shaolin actin' like they want it

They don't really want it

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)

I'm 'bout the thug where ya checks at?

To ya sweet life, I'mma bring the stress back

For them jewels and them things, plus invest that

Solomon Childs'll move on ya vest cats

(Solomon Childs)

Here comes the ride, reincarnated alumni

Ya whole time livin' a lie, Pillage once again

Correct direction, caught ya frontin' in the high post section

Face off ejection, lockin' it down, bitch runnin' ya town

Lyrics on when ya face millennium pace appeal wit masses

Stole off kids, talk to fast, Colombian gold and brasses

While you and ya mob at the club sippin' champagnes

We underground at the campaign, and body ya red when it rain

Nightmares stay in ya click like Dana Jame, this the man's dream

Cuban Link rugby, you couldn't catch wouldn't fuck wit me

Now I got the pull to plug me, so many playin' fly guy

All ya'll playin' the fly guy, King of New York runnin' this

(Chorus)

(Solomon Childs)

Lyrical bulldozer, whilin' like I'm supposed to

Supreme composer, wildcats sware to God, we went to Villanova, Colombian necktie

What up Fly Ty? You shall redeem, press ya butt twice, watch them scream

Get Superb like the Cream Team, eloheim, ear from ear

Dream Team, of the sound like Stetsasonic

Straight live, we found wit Kelly, it's b-bonics

Trench runners, T.M.F. and C-gunnaz

Universal master, to ya heard, B?

I'm next comin' to Flex, so now, ya better call me

My theory is razzle, ya'll can never harm me

I brozzle like Bob Marley, battery in ya back raps, Body Brighton, boulevard black

I'm comin' for real, the industry is soon kneel

I'm gettin' it done, ya'll, wit no rap deal

(Chorus 2X)

(Hook 4X: Solomon Childs)

Ya'll cats ain't crazy frontin'

Actin' ya'll ready to wet somethin, yeah

(Solomon Childs)

Liver than twin gem stars, behind bars

A clip of luxury cars, eyes redder than Mars

Starvin', a whole lot of New York walkin'

And stalkin', cats wit no actions, just a whole lotta talkin'

If it ain't blunts, it's cocktails, Valentine ails

You shoot 'em a rap tales, it's stale

Been doin' mine since river stakes and Sisqo wines

Blowin' holes responsible, for child support

Lyrics overload, what's all the New York's roads

Battin' a thousand like the Montreal Expos

I told you I wasn't playin' (stupid!), I told you about my world

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)

Uh-huh, listen  
I'mma tell ya'll one time, and one time only  
This is my world, my life, my time  
You heard? It's millennium shit