

Solomon Childs, This 4

(Intro: Solomon Childs)
New York... the finest, yup
Yeah, uh-huh, here we go

(Solomon Childs)
Rule number one, never let bygones be bygones
New York icon, kid Beneton
Style is so violent, by Louie Faton
From day one, told you cats was real
The models, hold mine, mistake you for yo mills
we thugged out, but when a brother fails
I pledge allegiance to hold mine, lyrics is strapped wit heat
Winter time, I'm a bad boy, get ya guns off, like I was Shyne
Studyin' the lines'll make ya soloist
To the industry, I'm puttin' on locks (Lox) like I was Jadakiss
Packin' 'em in, playoff time wit the New York Knicks
Clueminati, spring time's stick-up car six
Until ya make times of provin' me wrong, shit I'm the illest nigga doin' this
Rakim of the 2000, I bet a thousand
Just to have project niggas hatin' in housin'
Mama said, baby, you know they save the best for last
First album, 700,000 advanced
Goin' for mine, I'mma die by any circumstance
Nobody move, nobody'll get hurt
It's my time, my time around

(Chorus: Solomon Childs)
This 4 worldwide niggas who flip bricks
Fuck a fly bitch, trey-sixes out the dices
This 4 rooster bitches that strip coke
Be in ya man's pockets whether he sleep or woke
This 4 thugs up north, taped up wit books
Ice picks ready to die, catchin' a juk
For the fam, ya'll, from New York to L.A.
Crushin' bodies of Hennessey, takin' over

(Solomon Childs)
Solomon Childs, platinum dog, never gold
Frontin' ya hetero', rather have Uptown girls like Billy Joel
Hollow tips in the biscuits, pretty boy shit never Lord
This the militant flow, rock iceberg sweaters wit leather coats
While your on the row, possess a hell of a show time
At the Apollo, silly niggas, huh, go 'head and play desperado
Nigga, get caught sleepin' if ya want to
Fuck around and get clapped up like them kids in Colorado
Shit is real, it's 2Pac fuckin' Faith, no money in my pockets
Everything be up in the safe
This is my time, I'm on a worldwide rampage
Paragraphs be action like an arcade
Maria child, son, be front page
I back pretty nines, no more 12 gauge (who want it?)
My wrists frozen, I created an Ice Age (who want it?)
You cats is scarred, that I'mma get paid
My style Harvard, you cats is first grade
Gettin' serious, New York, Tony Danza
Takin' over, I'm as serious as cancer
Bottom line... King of New York

(Chorus)

(Hook: Solomon Childs)
When I rob, I rob to eat and stack a bill
Some people think that I'm sittin' on top the world
And if I be shootin' at you dog, then I'm shootin' to kill

Some people think I'm, sittin' on top the world
Give 'em shit

(Solomon Childs)

Money like Ron Montana, do the knowledge to the thug talk
Snake nigga, 5 to 15 years of my life represented in Cat Sack, New York
Married to the mob, dog, I'm comin' off like Carlos Rosa
Two B.M., in the suit wit Toyota
Twenties on a M-Class drop, product got crackheads yellin'
Nigga you better never stop
Lyrics attack like two pig-nose pitbulls
Rambo and Sheet-rock, champagne glasses, wit the cold Valentine ill
Money like Marvin and poppy deal
I came up, Mahoney's park, Now Born dynasty
The industry could never be live as me
Hit off semi-automatic's dog
Watch niggas jump like Shawn Kemp, females say I got game like a Chicago pimp
We here now, you poppin' shit niggas better be ready to ball
Dealin' wit more fly bitches than the Albie Square Mall
Fuck friends, dog, who want it?
Comin' for all of ya'll (that's right), comin' for all of ya'll...
(You heard, all of y'all)
That's right, this is it right here

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Solomon Childs)
King of New York